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THE NEW YORKER

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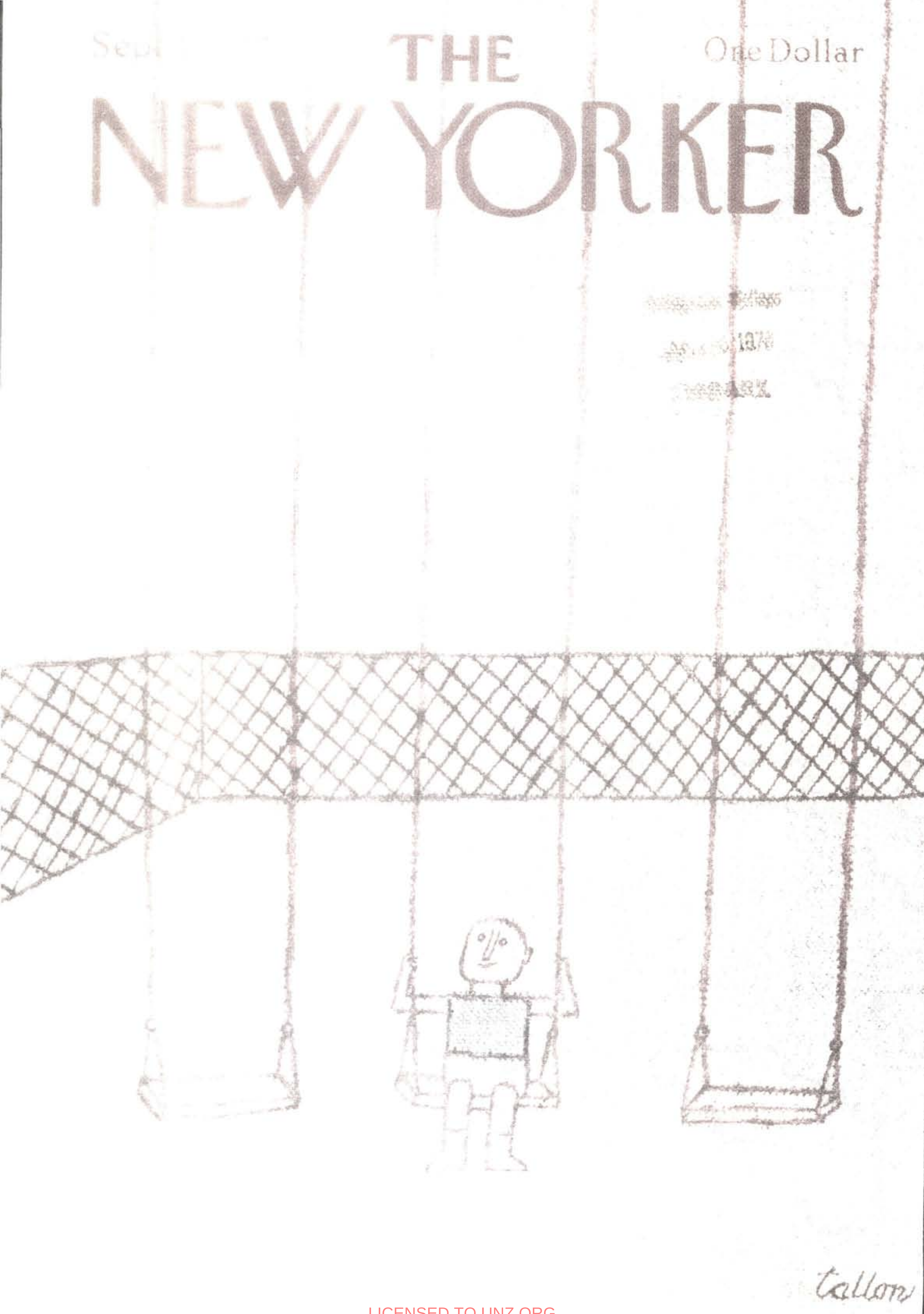

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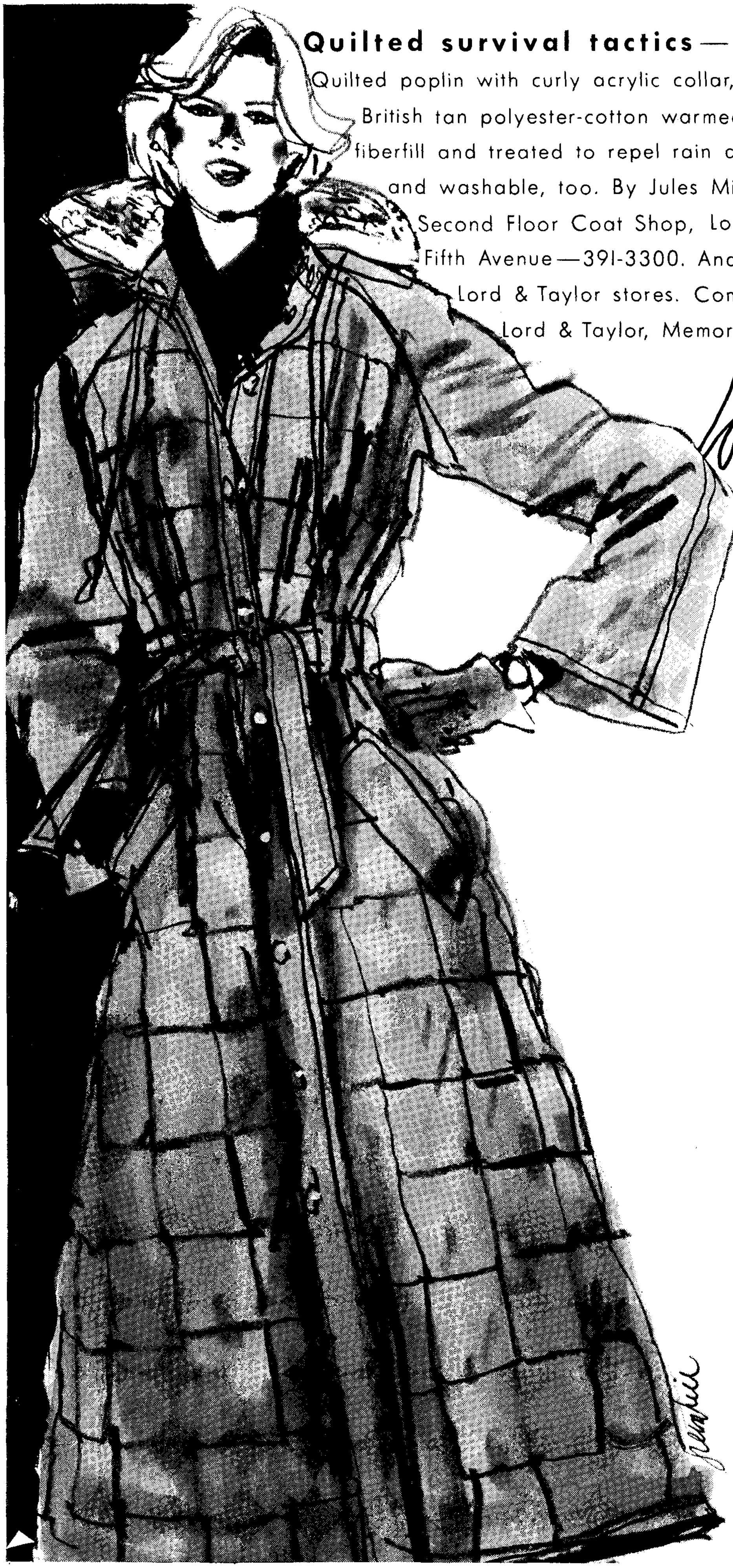

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Annie—An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 25.)

Counsellor at Law—This literal, earthbound production doesn't do much for Elmer Rice's forty-six-year-old melodrama about a self-made Jewish lawyer, exposing its hokum and often failing to register its valid points—its details of business and dialogue—of which there are more than you might expect. There are interesting performances, though, by Robert Nersesian and John Neary, as the lawyer's clerk and partner, respectively; and George Guidall and Claudine Catania are sincere in the leading roles. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 2.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I Love My Wife—A rather simpleminded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—A stirring revival of one of the most romantic of all musicals. Richard Kiley (Chev Rodgers fills in for him on Wednesday afternoons) is superb as Quixote, and Emily Yancy makes a satisfactory Dulcinea. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons is very funny as a mad, despotic schoolteacher in what is virtually a one-woman show, by the Brazilian dramatist Roberto Athayde. Miss Margarida, who embodies every conceivable aspect of tyranny over her helpless pupils (and every conceivable aspect of lunacy as well), is more entertaining than most benign rulers, as presented with relish and skill by Miss Parsons. But the play, clever as it is, is far too long. (Moves uptown, after a brief vacation, for a Broadway opening on Tuesday, Sept. 27; previews through Sunday, Sept. 25. Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are *ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas* of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Otherwise Engaged—Dick Cavett (Steven Sutherland takes over for him on Wednesday afternoons) and a first-rate company in a comedy by the English playwright Simon Gray. The hero is a publisher who prefers to have as few feelings as possible; this proves harder than he has had reason to hope. Directed by Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Shadow Box—A play by Michael Cristofer about how people face the imminence of death. With Sloane Shelton, Gwyda Don-*Howe, and Josef Sommer. The director is* Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An excellent display of Sondheim songs, splendidly performed by a company of six (including two pianists). (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Sponsor—A play by Ira Lewis, with Paul Sparer and Michael Strong. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 246-7277. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 23-25, and Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 28-Oct. 2, at 8.)

Tartuffe—The Molière play, translated into English verse by Richard Wilbur, with a cast headed by John Wood, Tammy Grimes, Mildred Dunnock, and Patricia Elliott. Directed by Stephen Porter. Previews through Saturday, Sept. 24. Opens officially on Sunday, Sept. 25, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 20. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Nightly, except Mondays and Thursday, Sept. 22, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE CLUB:**

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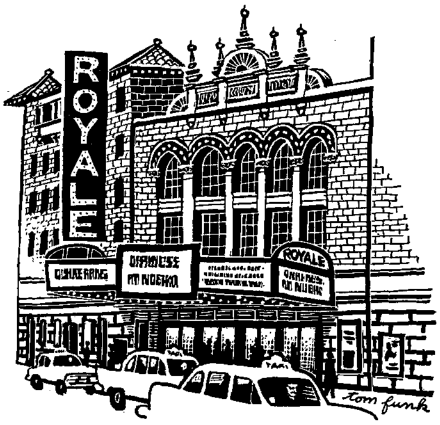
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's *continuously exciting melodrama about a boy* who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Leonard Nimoy and Ralph Seymour, directed by John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 1.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,249 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Hope Lange and Don Murray are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SLY FOX:** Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, Hector Elizondo, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD:** Rousing song and dance, inspired by the New Testament and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A mutimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring tent circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and gymnasts. (Battery Park Landfill City. Wednesdays at 10:15 and 1:15; Thursday and Saturday at 1 and 7:30; Friday at 7:30; and Sunday at 4 and 6:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 25. For information about tickets, call 586-3581.)

ESTRADA—A variety show from the Soviet Union—folk and rock and pop music, mime, dance, and acts from the Moscow Circus. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 8.)

DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday through Saturday evenings, Sept. 21-24, and Sunday matinée and evening, Sept. 25: "The Nutcracker."... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Sept. 27-28: "La Bayadère," "Pas de Deux," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Push Comes to Shove."... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 29 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 265-0903): "Giselle," with Alicia Alonso and Jorge Esquivel.... ¶ Friday and Saturday evenings, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, and Sunday matinée and evening, Oct. 2: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

KAZUKO HIRABAYASHI DANCE THEATRE—"Concerto," "Echoes," and "Farewell." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday, Sept. 23, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 24, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 25, at 2. For information about tickets, call 581-2394.)

YATRAN—Sixty-five dancers, singers, and musicians from the Ukraine. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 21-22, at 8.)

ASAKAWALKER DANCE COMPANY—A twelve-member multinational troupe in a program of contemporary dance that includes "Ecstasis," "Fantasy I," "Fantasy II," "Ritual," "Reflections of Romance," and "The Farewell." (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. 832-1155. Wednesday Sept. 28, at 7, and Thursday and Friday, Sept. 29-30, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club performers live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

●

DICKY WELLS (Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. 758-2272. Through Saturday, Sept. 24, from nine-fifteen to one.)—The noble trombonist **DICKY WELLS** has been in semi-retirement for most of the past fifteen years, and not long ago he almost died. But he has miraculously come out again, this time with the alto saxophonist **EARLE WARREN** and a rhythm section of **DILL JONES** (piano), **FRANKLIN SKEETE** (bass), and **JACKIE WILLIAMS** (drums). Wells is close to seventy, but he has lost little. His rumbustious tone still sounds as if it were always clearing its throat, his huge, shocking intervals are intact, his anti-melodic melodic lines are as witty and sly and surprising as ever, and everything is rimmed with emotion. In many ways, Wells is the greatest of trombonists and one of the greatest of jazz musicians. His originality was visionary (some of its beneficiaries: Vic Dickenson, Trummy Young, Bill Harris, Jimmy Cleveland, Roswell Rudd, Bill Watrous), his lyricism unbounded. Warren, his compeer from the old Basie days, is an ardent Benny Carter admirer, but, as the leader, he sets tempos that are nearly all fast or bouncy—when Wells' most intense ruminations often occur at slow speeds. The rhythm section tends to strain, and Wells, a born daredevil, is partly responsible, for he has spent his life working against the beat.

●

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop and new-jazz musicians are booked into these sympathetic quarters. Drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES,** who made waves with Miles Davis in the fifties, leads his quintet through Saturday, Sept. 24; on Tuesday, Sept. 27, **CHARLES BOBO SHAW,** who is making waves now, will bring in his band, the Human Arts Ensemble. Mondays are given over to singer Art Jenkins and trumpeter Sam Brown's seventeen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

AXIS IN SOHO, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—A weekend coffee-house-gallery-loft. Trombonist **GEORGE LEWIS** plays duets with his mentor (and the founder of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians), pianist **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS,** on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24. Sheila Jordan, an out-there singer for many years, will work with a quartet on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1. Music at nine and eleven-thirty.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white Formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. Liz Corrigan, an ex-folkie and a current studio performer—she sings the "Candid Camera" theme song and commercials for Coke, cornstarch, cigarette lighters, and diapers (and she sings them in her night-club act, too)—has a fine, colorful, wide-ranging voice. Her repertoire, which comprises a bit of Rodgers and Hart, a bit of bluegrass, a bit of seventies pop, a bit of gospel, is essentially a collection of fragments. Miss Corrigan is here through Saturday, Sept. 24. On Tuesday, Sept. 27, Betty Rhodes, a diminutive, brassy-voiced singer, will take over. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in good players and a healthy number of customers. Bassist Teruo Nakamura and his septet, the Rising Sun, will be here through Saturday, Sept. 24; Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 28-Oct. 1, pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** one-half of the Ron Carter quartet, will perform. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Friday through Sunday, Sept. 23-25, Gotham, three young men who still believe that there's a future in camp, will sing their Boswell Sisters-influenced numbers opposite **MILLSENBLUM,** two offbeat and charming neovaudevillians; pian-

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ist Peter Nero will show up on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 26-27, and jazz singer **BETTY CARTER** will trade sets with Nero and stay on through Thursday, Sept. 29; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, Murray McLauchlan, a Canadian folksinger, will bring in his rock-oriented band. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 21-22. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An attractive little bar where business *always* seems to be booming. Pianist **MIKE ABENE** is present through Saturday, Sept. 24; **JIMMY ROWLES**, the house favorite, will come in on Monday, Sept. 26. On Sundays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is back in the Café Carlyle with his aides, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage. They go on at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper.... ¶ Pianist **TEDDY WILSON** plays elegant, restrained solos in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Local, primitive rock bands on the bandstand; local, primitive rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of torn T-shirts, dirty sneakers, rear-guard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome plaid Madras shirt or two. Monday is showcase night. The music usually begins after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES**, forthright, cute, and cuddly, sings delicate ballads and authoritative blues. She's supported by pianist Gerry Wiggins. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Daly's Daffodil, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—Not to be confused with Daly's Dandelion (also owned by Skitch Henderson). Nice, earthy touches to this East Side hangout: the view of the 59th Street Bridge embankment and concrete floors. But the nicest attribute is **ELLIS LARKINS**, who is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine, along with his bassist, **BILLY POPP**. Dinner.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer-pianist, tosses off tunes by Porter, Coward, and Wonder (Stevie) in the Aquarium Lounge Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. Soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** and trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN** will sit in with them on Tuesday, Sept. 27. Sundays, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, directs a quintet, beginning at eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and his sparkling bassist, **FRANK LUTHER**, play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to three, and on Sundays from seven to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, pianist **AL HAIG** works with **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Weeknights, Gene Roland, Jim Watkins, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from five to ten.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**ANITA O'DAY**, who began making vocal breakthroughs nearly forty years ago, sings with support from pianist Norman Simmons, bassist Jay Leonhart, and drummer John Poole. Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICKY WELLS** (see above) and his quintet are here through Saturday, Sept. 24. Music from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

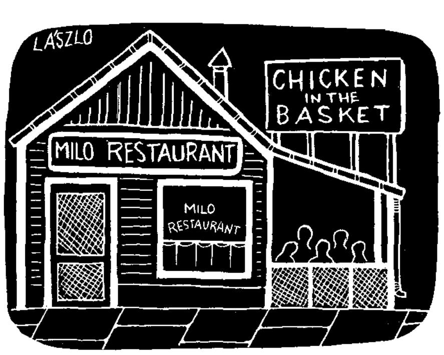
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side contemporary-music hangout that mostly features rhythm and blues. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. Wednesday, Sept. 21, is the second of two nights devoted to Catskill Mountain musicians Happy and Artie Traum, Eric Andersen, and others. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 22-25, Andy Gibb, whose three older brothers are the Bee Gees, will perform; on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 26-27, a rock band called Machine will be present. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** leads a dance septet that is firmly (except for the Fender bassist) rooted in the thirties—even when it plays the Watusi—and this is entirely appropriate in this spectacular thirties room. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Sarah Dash, who was the subdued member of the soul-rock trio Labelle, is now singing and wriggling about the stage in designer décolletage. She's backed up by an able rhythm-and-blues-flavored quartet through Sunday, Sept. 25. On Monday, Sept. 26, rock singer and pianist Ellen Shipley will lead her band; and on Tuesday, Sept. 27, female impersonator Holly Woodlawn will begin doing torch songs. Shows at nine and midnight. Wednesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** is at the piano and singing "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Following You," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua." Dinner.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A dark but somehow cheerful big, square, sprawling room that, with its heavy, distressed-wood furniture and ceiling beams and youthful audiences, resembles a college dining commons. Thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** leads his quintet through Saturday, Sept. 24; on Tuesday, Sept. 27, flugelhorn ace **ART FRAMER** will arrive with a quartet. On Mondays, electric pianist David Chesky leads a fourteen-piece jazz-rock band. On Sunday, Sept. 25, Jazz Interactions (the non-profit jazz-promoting organization) will hold its twelfth-birthday party, beginning at five. Some of the participants will be **HELEN HUMES**, **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS**, **BARRY HARRIS**, **LEON THOMAS**, **FRANK FOSTER**, and **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON**. Music from ten to two-thirty.



Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays, electric pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** smiles and leads his twelve-piece band through his arrangements; on Tuesdays, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and his nonet play tunes by Lennie Tristano, trombonist Jimmy Knepper (who is usually in the band), Chick Corea, and others; on Wednesdays, guitarists **JOE PUMA** and **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** team up; on Fridays and Saturdays, trumpeter **CHET BAKER** and his nouveau-cool quartet perform; on Sunday, Sept. 25, trombonist Harry Shields will pilot a six-trombone combo; and on Thursday, Sept. 29, Lee Konitz will work with a trio. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** has charge of a quartet through Saturday, Sept. 24; Sunday and Monday, Sept. 25-26, are given over to the young alto saxophonist **BOB MOVER**, who can play bebop with an astonishing degree of drive and conviction; and on Tuesday, Sept. 27, **CHARLES SULLIVAN**, a very fine trumpeter, will come in with his quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

Third Phase, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—A Spartanly simple and appealing downstairs music haunt that brings the Columbia University community swing music. Trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham, on trombone and guitar, and their quartet are here through Thursday, Sept. 22; on Friday, Sept. 23, pianist and boogie-woogie specialist **SAMMY PRICE** will head up a quartet; on Saturday, Sept. 24, and Monday through Thursday, Sept. 26-29, trumpeter Ed Lewis's quintet will perform; on Friday, Sept. 30, **DICKY WELLS**, **EARLE WARREN**, **DILL JONES**, et al. (see above) will drop in; and on Saturday, Oct. 1, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will let loose. Sundays through Thursdays from eight to two; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and midnight. Snacks and setups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**LARRY CORYELL** will perform guitar solos on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, at the Top of the Gate; at the same time, the **BILL EVANS** trio will be jamming in the downstairs room. They begin at ten. On Monday, Sept. 26, tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER** will work at the Top of the Gate with his sextet, beginning at eight.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous *jazz institution is unacceptable*, but go anyway. Tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** heads a quartet that includes pianist **JIMMY ROWLES**; through Sunday, Sept. 25; on Tuesday, Sept. 27, pianist Hal Galper, trumpeter Randy Brecker, and saxophonist Mike Brecker will join forces. Monday night, **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS**-big-band night, should never be taken for granted. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can sound like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Armen Donelian has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** leads a trio on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The rest of the week is allotted to fledgling and more experienced musicians. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, except Mondays. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Brothers Johnson—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, at 8.

Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge and **Billy Swan**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at

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50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, at 8.

James Spaulding—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Saturday, Sept. 24, from 2 to 5.

Bill De Arango—New York Jazz Museum. Sunday Sept. 25, from 2 to 5.

David Soul—Radio City Music Hall. Sunday, Sept. 25, at 3 and 6:30.

Al Jarreau and **Earl Klugh**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Sept. 25, at 8.

Jane Olivor and **Michael Franks**—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8.

Buck Clayton and Friends Remember Billie Holiday—A benefit concert, with Eddie Barefield, Dicky Wells, Ram Ramirez, Tommy Benford, Franklin Skeete, and Carrie Smith. (Grand Ballroom, Hotel Biltmore, 55 E. 43rd St. Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-2430.)

America and **Jimmy Webb**—Radio City Music Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8.

Sergio Mendes and the New Brasil '77—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:30.

Sammy Davis, Jr., Nancy Wilson, and **Buddy Rich and His Killer Force**—Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Sept. 30, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 1, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, Oct. 2, at 3 and 8.

Randy Newman—With Stephen Bishop. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Sept. 30, at 8 and 11.)

Foghat's Blues Tribute—With John Lee Hooker, Paul Butterfield, and others. A benefit for the New York Public Library at Lincoln Center. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Sept. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Geils—Palladium. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8.

Lonnie Liston Smith & the Cosmic Echoes, Ronnie Laws, and **Phyllis Hyman**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8.

Don Reno and the Tennessee Cutups and **Bill Emerson**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

Note—Film clips and short subjects that document the times and styles of various celebrated jazz musicians are being exhibited by the New York Jazz Museum on a weekly schedule. Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 7:30: "Jazz Dance"—Count Basie, Jimmy McPartland, Claude Hopkins, and Duke Ellington. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 7:30: "Jazz Vocalists"—Bessie Smith, Cab Calloway, Fats Waller, and Nat King Cole. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Alan Davie—Abstracts inspired by Caribbean-island life. Through Oct. 22. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Judith Godwin—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 12. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

John Grillo—Abstract paintings based on the landscape. Through Oct. 7. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Raffi Kaiser—Surrealist paintings and drawings with medieval elements; first one-man show in New York. Through Oct. 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Robert Morgan—Vividly colored realist landscapes, some with figures, that were done in Venice; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Sept. 24. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Russell Patterson (1894-1977)—A retrospective of this illustrator's works includes drawings, watercolors, stage sets, and marionettes. Through Friday, Sept. 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Michael Price—Female figures in bronze, most of them life-size, by a sculptor who uses the lost-wax process. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Joseph Solman—Paintings and monotypes of motorcycles. Through Oct. 8. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Warik Wheatley—Landscapes thickly brushed in with lavish colors and sometimes including slightly sentimentalized figures. The artist, born in Australia and seasoned in Europe, once designed for Dior and has a considerable following in the world of high fashion. Through Oct. 2. (Clay, 1162 Madison Ave., at 86th St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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25	26	27	28	29	30	1

Dick Wray—Loose-jointed Abstract-Expressionist oils and drawings by a Texas artist trained as an architect; first one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, Sept. 29. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Brooklyn College Art Faculty—Paintings, sculptures, photographs, drawings, and prints by current faculty members, including Lennart Anderson, Lois Dodd, and Sylvia Stone, at the **Schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Sept. 24, from 10:30 to 5:30), and by former faculty members, including Mark Rothko, Berenice Abbott, and Joseph Stefanelli, at **Davis & Long**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Sept. 24, from 10 to 5). Both shows through Oct. 8.

Group Shows—At the **Center for Inter-American Relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Warp-Patterned Weaves of the Andes," an exhibit of modern and ancient textiles. Through Nov. 13. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **Knowlton**, 19 E. 71st St.: Carol Anthony, Frank Faulkner, Bert Stern, and other gallery artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **Nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The contemporary art scene is the common subject of this group of cartoons and magazine covers by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **Wauters**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Eighty-two drawings from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries which afford some interesting contrasts—Delacroix nudes with one of Tom Wesselmann's, for instance. Through Saturday, Oct. 1.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Miriam Bloom—A selection of large earth-colored or black papier-mâché sculptures, all of them in the basic shape of a bowl. Through Oct. 8. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Harrison Burns / Hunt Slonem—Video images of the Taj Mahal and the White House precisely reproduced in acrylics on paper. / Brightly colored still-lifes of such objects as pillows and furs. Through Thursday, Sept. 29. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Larry Engel—Every day for a whole year, this artist made charcoal drawings of his own face, as a discipline, and twenty-two of them are now on exhibit. Some days he saw himself in a better light than others. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jared Fitzgerald—Two environments, one made up of a double row of potted palms arranged in an arc, and the other a rather funereal room dimly lighted by four hand-sculpted lamps, each with two tall, slender stems surmounted by prim little shades. Juxtaposed to these, in this newly opened gallery, is a room full of lively Roman sculptural fragments. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Peter Flaccus / Marja Vallila—Abstract paintings in which a subdued, monochromatic background is interrupted by a sparse pattern of gaily colored keyhole shapes. / Foursquare steel sculptures—essentially rectangular boxes with mysterious subdivisions inside. Through Oct. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Howard Hodgkin / Stanley Boxer—Abstract paintings. / Pastels of imaginary birds, insects, animals, and women. Through Oct. 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Christopher James—A series of photographic prints that have been hand-dyed and coated with translucent enamels. Through Oct. 8. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Aristodemos Kaldis—Abstract paintings derived from the landscape. Through Oct. 20. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Peter Lobello—Wall pieces and tabletop sculptures made of nickel-plated steel, most of them composed of hinged geometric parts that the viewer is invited to bend and fold into new structures. Through Saturday, Sept. 24. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Agnes Martin / David von Schlegell—New grid paintings on silver-gray fields. / Painted-steel floor sculptures. Through Oct. 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Ree Morton (1936-77)—Two-panel paintings in which the top panel shows a sunset framed by a three-dimensional papier-mâchélike drapery, and the lower panel depicts tropical fish. Also drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Murray—Large painted metal sculptures. Through Oct. 15. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Fairfield Porter (1907-75) **and Andrew Hudson**—Drawings. Through Oct. 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Reed—Abstract collages and monotypes, in color or solid white, by an assistant dean of the Yale School of Art. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Alonzo**, 30 W. 57th St.: Works in various mediums by Théo Stavropoulos, Ruth Eckstein, Legh Myers, and others. Through Thursday, Sept. 29. . . . **Arras**, 29 W. 57th St.: A few pieces each by the gallery regulars include the shaped and fitted-together abstract canvases of Clayton Gorder and the colorful, infinite checkerboards of Victor Vasarely. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **Midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by gallery artists Isabel Bishop, William Palmer, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **René**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Leon Polk Smith, Tadaaki Kuwayama, Michael Goldberg, and Olle Baertling. Through Oct. 8. . . . **Sachs**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Alice Baber, Power Boothe, Stephen Lorber, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 1.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dottie Attie / Herbert George—A hundred and thirty-nine tiny, superbly finished drawings, medieval in feeling, that relate a strange story made up by the artist. / Large wooden sculptures—frameworks, really—strung with wide belts of sheet aluminum, giving an industrial effect. Through Oct. 8. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Frank Culotta / Larry Tritten—An outdoor piece made of variously colored rubber bands stretches from just above the front door of the gallery clear across the street to another wall. Other rubber-band sculptures, encased in Plexiglas boxes, are indoors. / Color photographs of inanimate urban objects, mostly street findings. Through Wednesday, Sept. 28. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Sari Dienes—Silhouette portraits (Sylvia Sleigh and John Cage, for instance) cut out of aluminum, cardboard, and other materials and mounted on the gallery walls. Through Oct. 5. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

William Graham—Carbon-dust drawings, and collages. Through Oct. 8. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Grevis Melville / Frank Pagnato—Winter and summer views of Damariscotta, Maine. / Four portraits of the artist's father, watercolors of Monhegan houses, and other subjects. Through Oct. 6. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

George Peck / Sam Tchakalian—Complex tones of black, some matte and some glossy, by an artist who grinds his own pigments from rocks and paints on shaped convex canvases. / Two outsize paintings, about twenty feet long, and some smaller works, in which backgrounds of one dominant color are divided into horizontal panels by streaky brush marks. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Salvatore Romano—A single large moving sculpture. Through Oct. 15. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Lucy Sallick—Still-lifes centering on two themes: studio furnishings and seascapes, grouped together. Through Oct. 5. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Joyce Stillman-Myers—Outsize and superrealist oil paintings, mostly of decorator-colored

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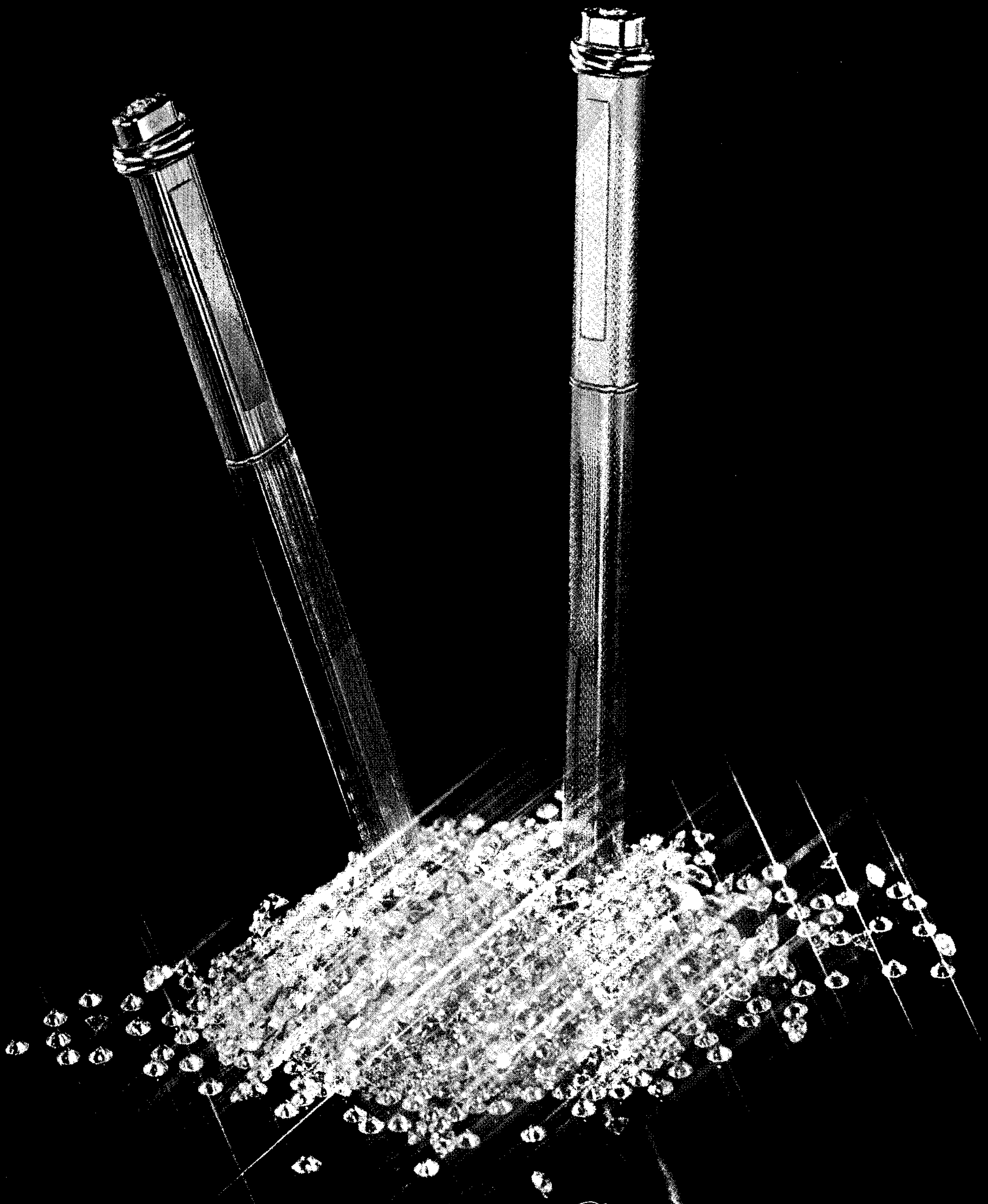

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dishes soaking in the sink, detailed to the last bead of soapsuds. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At the **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Lynda Benglis, Kes Zapkus, and others. Through Oct. 12. . . . **55 MERCER STREET GALLERY:** Lois Baron, Cynthia Eardley, Barbara Knight, and Gail von der Lippe, contributing paintings, sculptures, and constructions. Through Saturday, Sept. 24. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Terry Allen and David Parrish are among the artists showing paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through Oct. 12. . . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Alice Aycock, Stephen Rosenthal, and others. Through Tuesday, Sept. 27.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Alexander Alland—Photographs of New York made in 1938. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) (1832-98)—Eighteen portraits of Ellen Terry and her family, which were recently printed for this exhibit. Also vintage prints by Carroll and some of his contemporaries. Through Oct. 15. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Chauncey Hare—A show of interiors of homes and other spaces has been mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Herta Hilscher-Wittgenstein—Black-and-white photographs, mostly of nudes. Through Oct. 8. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Vilem Kriz—Surrealist prints by a Czech photographer who was closely associated with Cocteau and Renoir when he lived in Paris during the forties. Through Oct. 15. (Kimmel-Cohn, 1 W. 64th St.)

Christopher Makos—Twenty-five of his recent works. Through Oct. 8. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Cynthia MacAdams—Photographs of women. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Irving Penn—A hundred and twenty-five platinum prints spanning his entire career. Through Oct. 11. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robert J. Steinberg—Albumen-process prints of abandoned railroad terminals and other architectural subjects, on muslin (some four feet by five) and paper. Through Oct. 28. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—A retrospective of more than a hundred vintage prints. Through Nov. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Larry Williams—Recent black-and-white works. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tad Yamashiro—Silver-emulsion prints on handmade paper. Through Friday, Sept. 30. (Arsenal Gallery, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:45.)

Group Show—George A. Tice showing a series of portraits of Artie Van Blarcum, a New Jersey factory worker and amateur photographer; Mr. Van Blarcum showing his own works; and Ruth Bernhard showing still-lifes and nudes in black-and-white. Through Oct. 8. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by the French Neo-Impressionist Paul Signac, all taken from the museum's collections. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Book jackets, posters, magazine covers, and such, juxtaposed with architectural models, furniture, decorations—all produced in Holland, Germany, and the Soviet Union between 1920 and 1940—in a show that underscores the relationship between graphics and other art forms. Through Oct. 31. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Chauncey Hare. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of contemporary music Fridays and Saturdays at dusk.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper acquired by the museum during the past year. Louise Nevelson, Richard Diebenkorn, and Eva Hesse are among those represented. Through Oct. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The years 1890 to 1910 are covered in an exhibit of nearly three hundred paintings, graphics, and photographs by Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Charles Dana Gibson, Gertrude Käsebier, and others. Through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works of twentieth-century artists—Burchfield, Calder, Christo, Johns among them—from collections owned by Friends of the Whitney. Through Tuesday, Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"City Life" is a show of paintings and drawings (on loan from the uptown branch) by Raphael Soyer, Kenneth Hays Miller, Howard Kanovitch, and others, dating from 1900 to 1975. Starts Thursday, Sept. 22. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than fifty large color woodcuts made by Carol Summers during the last twenty-five years. Through Sunday, Sept. 25. (Museum open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Summers show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such stones as the deLong Star ruby, the Star of India sapphire, and the Patricia emerald. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and autograph letters by nineteenth-century luminaries, among them Washington Irving, Thoreau, Emily Dickinson, and Henry James. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Musical manuscripts that trace notation from the eighth century through the sixteenth. Through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, most of them landscapes and portraits. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Andy Warhol's folk-art collection which includes ceramics, painted furniture, weathervanes, and a cigar-store Indian. Through Nov. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Reginald Marsh's renderings of popular entertainments (burlesque, amusement parks, the vaudeville acts of Houdini and Ina Claire) make up this show of more than eighty works in a variety of mediums. Through Nov. 19. (Open daily, except Sundays, noon to 6.) A complement to this show is a selection of about twenty of Marsh's works on paper, these of the New York scene from the thirties through the early fifties, at the Sid Deutsch Gallery, 43 E. 80th St. Through Oct. 8.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by Adrienne W. Hoard. . . . ¶ Paintings of Ghanaian scenes by Andrews Ofori Danso. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Nov. 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Thursday, Sept. 22, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Johanna Meier, Catherine Malfitano, Delia Wallis, Samuel Ramey, William Justus, and Richard McKee; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 23, at 8: "La Traviata," with Faye Robinson, Jacque Trussel, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 24, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Gianna Rolandi, Sandra Walker, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Pablo Elvira, and Will Roy; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mariana Niculescu, Sherry Zannoth, Lando Bartolini, William Justus, Robert Hale, and Thomas Jamerson; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 25, at 1: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Schauler, Herman Malamood, and Charles Long; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Kenneth Collins, Richard Fredricks, and Charles Roe. Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 25, at 7: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Diane Curry, Richard Taylor, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Mariana Niculescu, Ermanno Mauro, Will Roy, and Thomas Jamerson; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Catherine Malfitano, Delia Wallis, Samuel Ramey, William Justus, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 30, at 8: The American première of Thea Musgrave's "The Voice of Ariadne," conducted by the composer, with Frances Bible, David Holloway, Thomas Jamerson, and Richard T. Gill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2: "La Traviata," with Mariana Niculescu, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Johanna Meier, Samuel Ramey, and Ermanno Mauro; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting on Thursday, Sept. 22, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 23, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 7:30 (all with Shirley Verrett, soprano). . . . ¶ Andrew Davis conducting on Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 30, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 1, and Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8:30 (all with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Sol Greitzer, viola).

RECITALS

Jerome Rosen—Playing the complete sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin by Bach, in two recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, at 8:30.)

Roman Rudnytsky—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 2:30.)

Music for Monarchs: English Music from 1300-1700—A program played by the Ensemble for Early Music, the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble, the Western Wind, the New York Consort of Viols, Calliope: A Renaissance Band, and Music for a While. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Sept. 25, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Beethoven Society—An all-Beethoven program, performed by Ingrid Dingfelder, flute; Anita Gordon and Cameron Grant, piano; Samuel Rhodes, viola; and Hiroko Yajima, violin. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Sept. 25, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Elizabeth Wright and Joel Krosnick—Piano and cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Sept. 26, at 8.)

Mary Alderdice—Harpsichord and piano, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

Eduardo Fernandez—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Grenadier Guards and Scots Guards—The Regimental Band of the Grenadier Guards and the Pipes, Drums, and Dancers of the Scots Guards. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 25, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 8:05. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 23, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 24-25, at 2:05. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Monday through Thursday, Sept. 26-29, at 8. . . . ¶ Detroit, Friday, Sept. 30, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2.

Professional Basketball—Cleveland vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. Nets, in exhibition games. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 6.)

Boxing—Muhammad Ali vs. Earnie Shavers, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Sept. 29. Preliminaries at 8; main bout at 10.)

College Football—**saturday, sept. 24** (all games at 1:30): Boston College vs. Army, at Chestnut Hill. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . **saturday, oct. 1** (all games at 1:30): Army vs. Colorado, at West Point. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Pittsburgh, at Chestnut Hill. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Rutgers, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Hofstra, at Fordham. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Colgate, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. St. John's, at Gaelic Park.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 25: Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas.

Hockey—Exhibition games—At **madison square garden**: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum**: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **belmont**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 15. The Matron, Wednesday, Sept. 21; the Ruffian Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 24; the Cowdin, Monday, Sept. 26; the Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 28; and the Marlboro Cup Handicap and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 1. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **meadowlands**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Rutgers, Saturday, Oct. 1.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Santos of Brazil. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2:05.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.

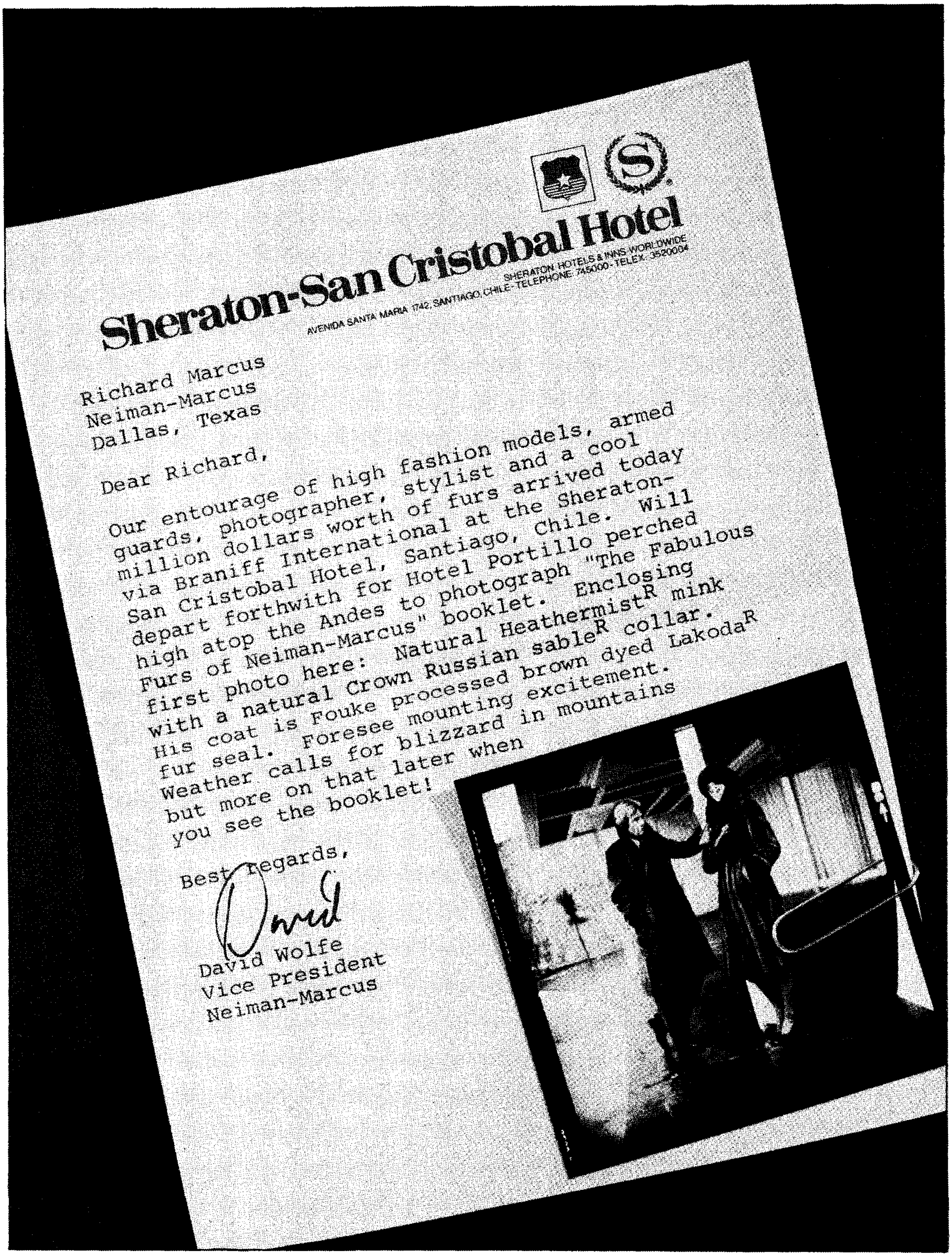
Yachting—The eleventh annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from a point near the Statue of Liberty to a mark south of the George Washington Bridge and back. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 1. A spectator boat will embark from the Battery (Gangway 2), at 9:30; for information about tickets, call 766-9072.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Walking Tour—"Mrs. Astor's Fifth Avenue," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 25, starting at the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and 33rd Street, at 2:30. For information, call 534-1672.

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental furniture and decorations, silver, clocks, porcelains, and paintings; from the estate of Mrs. Lytle Hull.



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David

David Wolfe
Vice President
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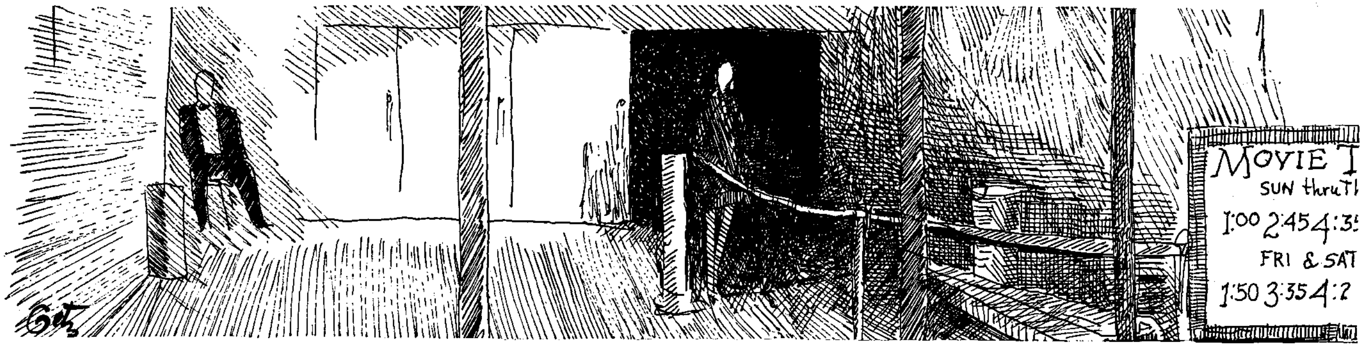
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Cria!"

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 27: "Jabberwocky" and "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."
From Sept. 28: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 27: "Cria!"
From Sept. 28: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Sept. 29 (tentative): "One on One."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Kentucky Fried Movie."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Last Remake of Beau Geste."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"New York, New York."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Sept. 29 (tentative): "One on One."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"In the Realm of the Senses."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Sept. 28: "Pardon Mon Affaire."
From Sept. 29: "Bobby Deerfield."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Sept. 27: "The Other Side of Midnight."
Sept. 28: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 29: "Bobby Deerfield."

59TH ST. EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Dirty Duck" (X-rated).

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous!"

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Sept. 22: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
From Sept. 23: "Femmes Fatales."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 24: "La Grande Bourgeoise."
From Sept. 25: "A Special Day."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Let Joy Reign Supreme."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"You Light Up My Life."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 27: "Smokey and the Bandit."
From Sept. 28: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 22: "Smokey and the Bandit."
Sept. 23-27: "The Other Side of Midnight."
From Sept. 28: "One on One."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Kentucky Fried Movie."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"MacArthur."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Suspiria."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Sept. 27: "Black Oak Conspiracy."
From Sept. 28: "American Tickler" and "Tunnelvision."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Chac."

RENOIR CINEMA, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Sept. 21: "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."
Sept. 22: "Le Joli Mai."
Sept. 23: "The Taira Clan."
Sept. 24: "Charulata."
Sept. 25: "The Hunt."
Sept. 26: "Yesterday Girl."
Sept. 27: "Faces."
Sept. 28: "Lions Love."
Sept. 29: "Wind from the East."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Sept. 27: "Suspiria."
From Sept. 28: "La Grande Bourgeoise."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 27: "New York, New York" and "The Front."
From Sept. 28: "The Spy Who Loved Me."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 27: "Stroszek." From Sept. 28: "Ninotchka" and "The Philadelphia Story."
Theatre 2: "The First Nudie Musical."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 22: "The Kentucky Fried Movie." From Sept. 23: "Femmes Fatales."
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 27: "Dirty Duck" (X-rated). From Sept. 28: "American Tickler" and "Tunnelvision."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"MacArthur."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 27: "Cousin, Cousine."
From Sept. 28: "One on One."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Allegro Non Troppo."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"A Woman's Decision."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Annie Hall" and "Take the Money and Run."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 25: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."
From Sept. 26: "The American Friend."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 27: "You Light Up My Life."
From Sept. 28: "La Grande Bourgeoise."

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 27: "MacArthur." From Sept. 28: To be announced.
Theatre 2: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "The First Nudie Musical."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 29 (tentative): "The Kentucky Fried Movie."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 27: "The Island of Dr. Moreau" and "Futureworld."
From Sept. 28: "One on One" and "Drive-In."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Sept. 22: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.
Sept. 23-24: "Rock Around the Clock" (†) and "Let the Good Times Roll." (†)
Sept. 25: "Pather Panchali" (†) and "Aparajito." (†)
Sept. 26: "Aparajito" (†) and "The World of Apu." (†)
Sept. 27: "Harakiri" (†); and "Zatoichi's Fire Festival" (1962), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi, with Shintaro Katsu.
Sept. 28-29: "Providence" (1977), directed by Alain Resnais, with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; and "Last Year at Marienbad." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 21: "Sisters of the Gion" (1936) and "Women of the Night" (1948), both films in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.
Sept. 22: "Harry & Tonto" (1974), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Art Carney; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.
Sept. 23: "Les Violons du Bal" (†); and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.
Sept. 24: "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart.
Sept. 25: "A Man and a Woman" (1966), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "César and Rosalie." (†)
Sept. 26: "Beat the Devil" (1954), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre; and "We're No Angels." (†)
Sept. 27: "Lust for Life" (†) and "Moulin Rouge." (†)
Sept. 28: "Pit of Loneliness" (†) and "La Religieuse." (†)
Sept. 29: "The Golden Fortress" (1975), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray; and "Two Faces: Indecision" (1973), in Hindu, directed by Mani Kaul.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 22: "Fellini's Casanova"

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(1977), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland; and "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

Sept. 23-24: "Rainbow Bridge" (1974), directed by Chuck Wein; and "Jimi Plays Berkeley" (1970), Jimi Hendrix in concert.

Sept. 25-26: "Network" (†) and "Marty." (†)

Sept. 27: "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, Thomas Mitchell, and Spring Byington.

Sept. 28-29: "Voyage of the Damned" (†) and "Hester Street." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Sept. 24: "The Little Foxes" (1941), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, and Patricia Collinge; and "Queen Bee" (1955), directed by Ranald MacDougall, with Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan, Betsy Palmer, and John Ireland.

Sept. 25-27: "The Sisters" (†) and "Chained." (†)

From Sept. 28: "Now, Voyager" (1942), directed by Irving Rapper, with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "A Woman's Face." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Sept. 22: "A Nous la Liberté" (1931), in French, directed by René Clair; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

Sept. 23-24: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat.

Sept. 25-27: "Stagecoach" (†) and "The Long Voyage Home." (†)

From Sept. 28: "The African Queen" (1951), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn; and "Stand-In." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Sept. 22: "Ladies of Leisure" (1930), directed by Frank Capra, with Barbara Stanwyck, Ralph Graves, Marie Prevost, and Lowell Sherman; and "Miracle Woman" (1931), directed by Frank Capra, with Barbara Stanwyck, Sam Hardy, and David Manners.

Sept. 23-24: "Second Chorus" (†) and "Blue Skies." (†)

Sept. 25-26: "The Princess Comes Across" (1936), directed by William K. Howard, with Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray; and "Swing High, Swing Low." (†)

Sept. 27: "Reveille with Beverly" (1943), directed by Charles Borton, with Ann Miller and Larry Parks; and "The Thrill of Brazil" (1946), directed by S. Sylvan Simon, with Evelyn Keyes, Keenan Wynn, and Ann Miller.

Sept. 28-29: "The Fleet's In" (†) and "Every Night at Eight." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 22 at 2:30: "Diamond Jim" (1935), directed by Edward Sutherland, with Edward Arnold and Jean Arthur. . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 6: "The Rage of Paris" (1938), directed by Henry Koster, with Danielle Darrieux and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 8:30: "The Phantom Bullet" (1926), directed by Clifford S. Smith, with Hoot Gibson; and "Spurs" (1930), directed by Reaves Eason, with Hoot Gibson. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 2:30: "Merry-Go-Round of 1938" (1937), directed by Irving Cummings, with Bert Lahr and Mischa Auer. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 6: "China Express" (1929), a Russian silent film, directed by Ilya Trauberg, no English intertitles; and "Arsenal" (1929), a Russian silent film, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko, English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at noon: "Destry" (1954), directed by George Marshall, with Audie Murphy and Mari Blanchard. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 2:30: "Destry Rides Again" (1939), directed by George Marshall, with Marlene Dietrich, James Stewart, and Una Merkel. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 5: "Destry Rides Again" (1932), directed by Ben Stoloff, with Tom Mix, ZaSu Pitts, and Francis Ford. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 12:30: "Father Goose" (1964), directed by Ralph Nelson, with Cary Grant and Leslie Caron. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 3: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (1948), directed by Max Ophuls, with Joan Fontaine and Louis Jourdan. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 5: "Zero for Conduct" (1933), in French, directed by Jean Vigo, with Jean Dasté, English subtitles; and "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1932), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon, English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at noon: "The True Glory" (1945), produced by U.S. Office of War Information and British Ministry of Information. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 2:30: "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (1935), directed by Stuart Walker, with Claude Rains, Valerie Hobson, and Heather Angel. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 6: "The House of the Seven Gables" (1940), directed by Joe May, with George Sanders and Vincent Price; and "The Invisible Man Returns" (1940), directed by Joe May, with Cedric Hardwicke and Vincent Price. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at noon: "The True Glory.". . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 2:30: "Escape" (1948), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Rex Harrison and Peggy Cummins. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6: "Broadway" (1942), directed by William Seiter, with George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Janet Blair. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 2:30: "Canyon Passage" (1946), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Susan Hayward, Dana Andrews, and Brian Donlevy. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 6: "A Double Life" (1948), directed by George Cukor, with Ronald Colman and Signe Hasso. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 8:30: "Crazy House" (1943), directed by Edward Cline, with Olsen and Johnson. (*A limited number of tickets are available,* but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Sept. 25: "Revolve," a video film directed by Nancy Holt. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 27: "Sincerity—Reel #1" (1973) and "Sincerity—Reel #2" (1975), both films directed by Stan Brakhage. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Breer, Broughton, Peterson, Jonas, Bresson, Baillie, and others. Showings Sept. 21-22 at 7 and 9; Sept. 23 at 8; Sept. 24 at 2:30, 7, and 9; and Sept. 25-29 at 7 and 9.

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **AVERY FISHER HALL,** Lincoln Center. Sept. 23 at 9: "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (Agnès Varda; France). . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL.** Sept. 24 at 1: "L'Enfant de Paris" (Léonce Perret; France, 1913). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 3: "Tent of Miracles" (Nelson Pereira dos Santos; Brazil). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 6: "Men of Bronze" (Bill Miles; United States) and "Children of Labor" (Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, Richard Boardman, and Al Gedicks; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 9: "The American Friend" (Wim Wenders; West Germany). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 1: "Padre Padrone" (Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; Italy). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 3: "The American Friend.". . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 6: "Tent of Miracles.". . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 9: "Padre Padrone.". . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 3:15: A program of animated films titled "Mixed Moods & Mindscapes.". . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 6:15: "L'Enfant de Paris.". . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 9:30: "Men of Bronze" and "Children of Labor.". . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 3:15: A program of animated films titled "The Cartoon—Now & Then, Here & There.". . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6:15: "Pafnucio Santo" (Rafael Corkidi; Mexico). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 9:30: "The Truck" (Marguerite Duras; France; reviewed in this issue). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 3:15: A program of animated films titled "Life in the Fast Lane.". . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 6:15: "The Truck.". . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 9:30: "Short Eyes" (Robert M. Young; United States; reviewed in this issue). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 3:15: A program of animated films titled "Soundwaves.". . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 6:15: "Short Eyes.". . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 9:30: "The Devil Probably" (Robert Bresson; France). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE (1954)—Luis Buñuel's color version of the Defoe novel is free of that deadly solicitude that usually kills off classics. The film is a simple, unsentimental account of Defoe's basic themes: a man alone face to face with nature; then a man terribly alone, unable to face lack of love and friendship; and finally, after the lacerations of desire, a man ludicrously alone. Buñuel used Dan O'Herlihy, a fine actor with a beautiful voice, and photographed him in the jungle of Manzanillo, near Acapulco. In the delirium sequence, Buñuel is the same startling director who made film history. When Crusoe shouts to the hills in order to hear the companionable echo, and when he rushes to the sea in desperate longing for a ship, loneliness is brought, in sudden shocks, to a pitch of awe and terror. Crusoe's eventual meeting with Friday (James Fernandez) changes the tone to irony. (Renoir Cinema; Sept. 21.)

AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. The leader of the conquistadores is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (Cinema Studio; through Sept. 25.)

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO—An animated film by Bruno Bozzetto. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

THE AMERICAN FRIEND—With Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz, directed by Wim Wenders. (Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 26.)

ANNIE HALL—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (4/25/77) (Paramount.)

APARAJITO (1957)—The central film of Satyajit Ray's great Apu trilogy is transitional in structure, rather than dramatic, yet it is full of insights and revelations. Ray takes the broken family of "Pather Panchali" from the village to Benares and follows the boy Apu in his encounter with school and the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. (There is a luminous moment when Apu recites a poem in a classroom—one understands how it is that art survives in the midst of poverty.) The film chronicles the emergence of modern industrial India, showing it to be not a primitive society but a corrupted society. However, Apu himself embodies Ray's belief that individuals need not become corrupt. In Bengali. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 25-26.)

BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

BLACK OAK CONSPIRACY—With Jesse Vint and Karen Carlson, directed by Bob Kelljan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Sept. 27.)

BLUE SKIES (1946)—With Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Joan Caulfield, directed by Stuart Heisler. The Irving Berlin songs include "Heat Wave," "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," "How Deep Is the Ocean," "Always." The story is about a night-club proprietor who undermines his wife's faith by selling every bistro he gets hold of as soon as he has made a success of it, which she solemnly takes to be an indication that he has no real stability. Joan Caulfield's perform-

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Grande Femme Debout I,
bronze.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ance could be reënacted in Lord & Taylor's window without exactly stopping Fifth Avenue traffic, but Bing and Astaire flourish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 23-24.)

Bobby Deerfield—With Al Pacino and Marthe Keller, directed by Sydney Pollack. (Baronet, and Coronet; starting Sept. 29.)

César and Rosalie (1972)—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 25.)

Chac—A film about Mayans seeking rain in a drought. The subtitled speech—there is not much of it, as usual in solemn ethnological films—is in Cariban, Mayan, and Tzeltal. Rolando Klein directed this extra-beautiful, subnormal-minded picture, with a non-professional cast, apart from an extremely well-trained midget from Mexico City. (9/5/77) (Waverly.)

Chained (1934)—Joan Crawford and Clark Gable and a superabundance of M-G-M's big, turgid, melodramatic emotions. It's all somewhere between camp and plod. Clarence Brown directed; the cast includes Otto Kruger, Stuart Erwin, Akim Tamiroff, Una O'Connor, and Mickey Rooney. (Regency; Sept. 25-27.)

Charulata (1964)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. His most nearly flawless film, apart from his great Apu trilogy. A flowing, opulent tale of love and restrained longing, set in the eighteen-seventies. A triumph of period comprehension, with an understanding of the Indian character that seems to light it from the inside. In Bengali. (Renoir Cinema; Sept. 24.)

Cousin, Cousine (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. A French film, dubbed in English. (Playboy; through Sept. 27.)

Cría!—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Art. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Sept. 27.)

Drive-In (1976)—With Lisa Lemole, directed by Rod Amateau. (Olympia; starting Sept. 28.)

Every Night at Eight (1935)—Moderately pleasant program picture from Paramount, with Alice Faye, Frances Langford, Patsy Kelly, and George Raft. (He was certainly a star, but why?) Unusually good songs, including "I'm in the Mood for Love" and "I Feel a *Song Coming On," by Dorothy Fields and* Jimmy McHugh, and also the neat "Then You've Never Been Blue." Directed by Raoul Walsh. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 28-20.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the *meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled* middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Renoir Cinema; Sept. 27.)

Femmes Fatales—With Jean-Pierre Marielle, Jean Rochefort, Bernard Blier, and Brigitte Fossey; directed by Bertrand Blier. In French. (Columbia II, and Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 23.)

The First Nudie Musical—A spoof of low-budget porno films and the musical comedies of the thirties and forties, with Stephen Nathan, Cindy Williams, and Bruce Kimmel; directed by Mr. Kimmel and Mark Haggard. R-rated. (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Fleet's In (1942)—Intended to be restful to the Navy in wartime (sailors figure a good deal in the picture) but rather tiring now. Dorothy Lamour throws things a lot, and William Holden marries her. Heavy period stuff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 28-29.)

The Front (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for *blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its* comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front; the funniest, most original scenes show *the stirrings of literary vanity within this* non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. *The pacing of the director,* Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated and flat. (10/4/76) (Greenwich; through Sept. 27.)

Futureworld (1976)—Futurebunk. With Peter Fonda, Blythe Danner, and Arthur Hill; directed by Richard T. Heffron. (8/30/76) (Olympia; through Sept. 27.)

La Grande Bourgeoise—A noble, beautiful piece of work by Mauro Bolognini, set in the Italy of 1897. The story has the quality of a fable. The Countess (Catherine Deneuve), daughter of the famed and powerful house of Murri, is married to a boorish doctor but is in love with her brother (played by Giancarlo Giannini). The Murris are rich Socialists; they excite the rage and envy of poorer fellow-Socialists and traditional monarchists alike. In French and Italian. (8/8/77) (Beekman; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 28.)

Harakiri (1962)—As grisly as the title hints, but a classically beautiful film. Directed by Masaki Kobayashi and probably his masterpiece. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 27.)

Hester Street (1975)—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. The weaknesses are in the casting and the handling of the aggressive characters, and in the thin, audience-pleasing attitudes toward the Americanization process. (11/24/75) (Cinema Village; Sept. 28-29.)

The Hunt (1966)—A marvellous movie out of Spain, and of Spain, in the course of which the shooting of a few luckless rabbits cul*minates in an appalling human carnage.* Written and directed by Carlos Saura. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; Sept. 25.)

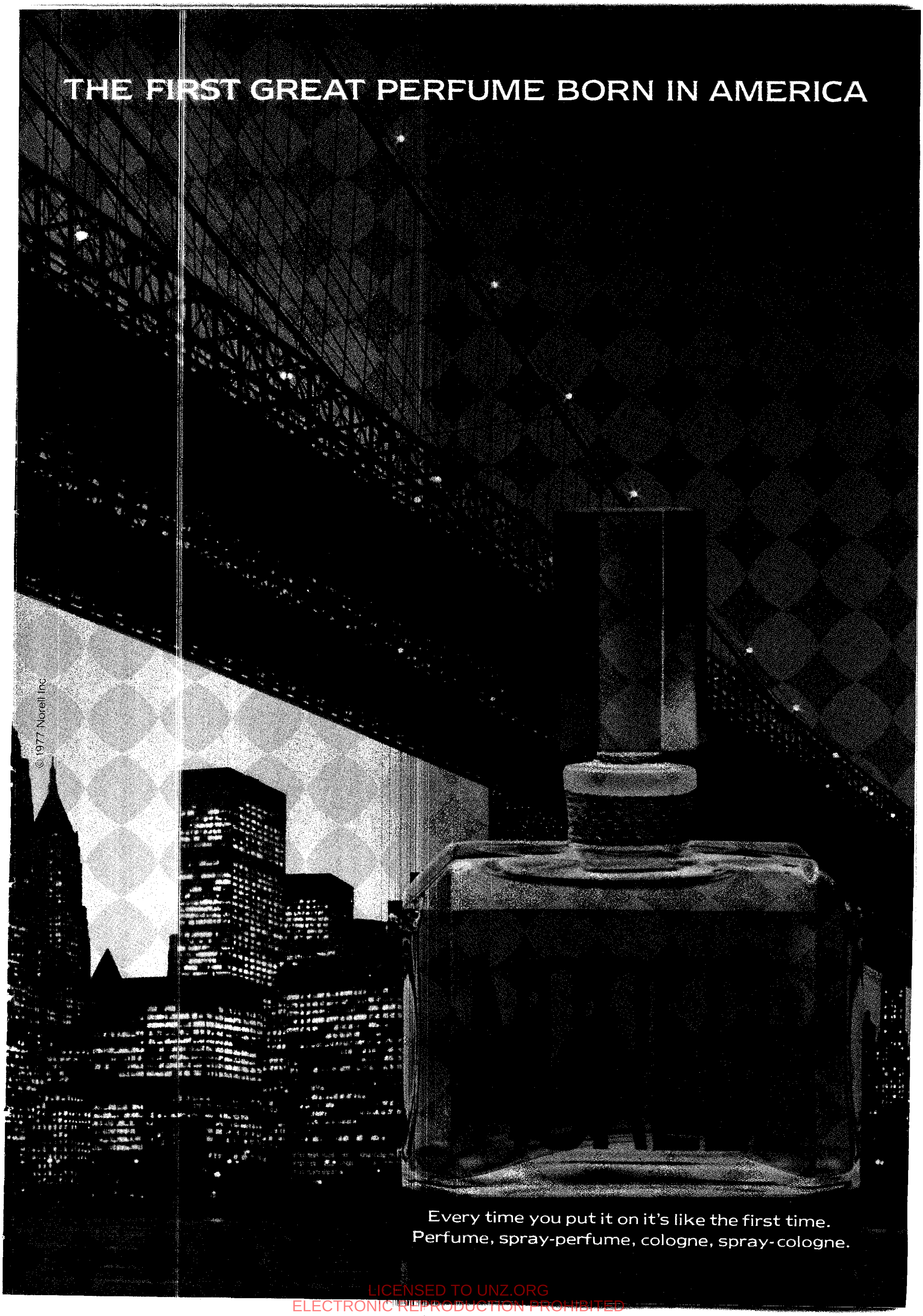
I Never Promised You a Rose Garden—Anthony Page treats the topic of a pretty, schizophrenic girl (Kathleen Quinlan) with charity and distress. Bibi Andersson plays—marvellously—the therapist who works with the girl in the frightened margins of her life, which is hedged with demons. (8/8/77) (Cinema I.)

In the Realm of the Senses—With Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji, directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

The Island of Dr. Moreau—With Burt Lancaster and Michael York, directed by Don Taylor. (Olympia; through Sept. 27.)

Jabberwocky—Blithely announced as "at last, a film for the squeamish," this is an agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. The villain is the Jabberwocky, who looks batlike, in a cobwebby way, below, but has a fishy face. Highly recommended. (5/9/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 27.)

Le Joli Mai (1963)—In May, 1962, the month the war ended in Algeria, the French documentarian Chris Marker recorded a series of casual, impromptu interviews with Parisians and discovered that they would rather think of anything but politics. This Anglo-American version of his film is marred by a commentary spoken in almost mockingly accented English by Simone Signoret, but Marker's distinctively lyric and generous approach to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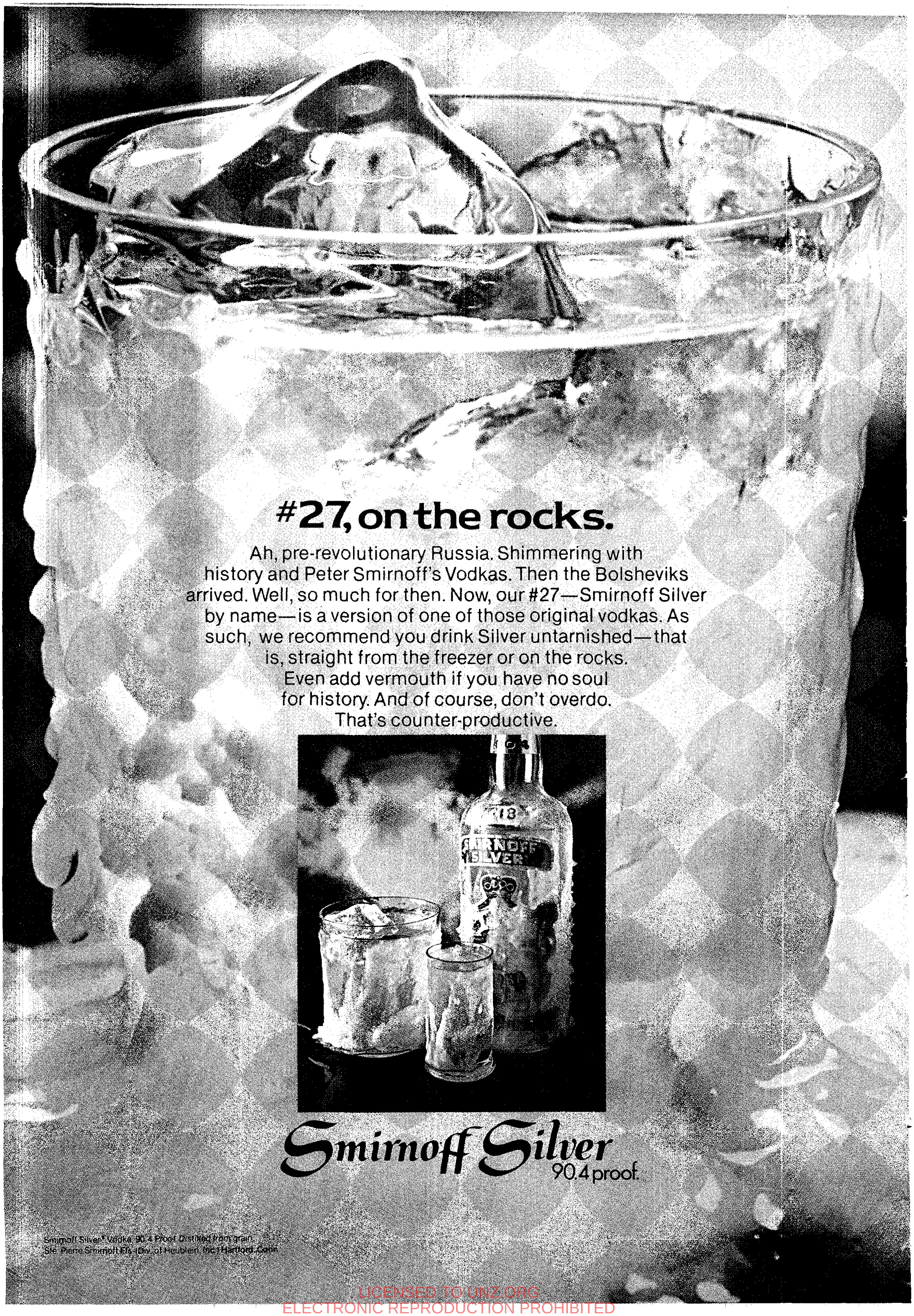

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his subject keeps the picture afloat—though just barely. (Renoir Cinema; Sept. 22.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Sept. 29, tentative.)

The Last Remake of Beau Geste—Sir Hector Geste, of Geste Manor, gnashes his teeth when his nice wife bears him a beautiful daughter instead of the son he has pined for. At the Wormwood & Gall Boys Orphanage, he picks out the very lad: strong-jawed, blond, destined to grow up into Michael York, a twin wildly held to be identical to the slithery-eyed boy destined to grow up into Marty Feldman (who wrote and directed this recklessly funny film). (7/25/77) (Sutton.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept 28-29.)

Let Joy Reign Supreme—Bertrand Tavernier's sage reconstruction of the year 1719 in France, when the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Noiret) was running the land as regent for the sickly little boy who was to survive—to everyone's surprise, and in the face of many hopes—to become Louis XV. Tavernier tells his story in the present tense that was so subtly used in Rossellini's later films about the past. We are in a world of galloping inflation, corruption in high places, the sleepless nights of the powerful, the puny budget of any possible usurper. Tavernier shows us the luxe, the muddle, the cruelty of the time, with many scenes full of wit, and one sequence that points straight ahead to the Revolution. Highly knowledgeable and intelligent, with a low voice about dreams of power that rings in one's ears long afterward. In French. (9/19/77) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Let the Good Times Roll (1973)—A documentary film about the fifties, and so, perhaps, not about the best of times. The film dwells on musicians, mostly. It would have been better if there were more real footage of the period and less about where-are-their-waistlines-now. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 23-24.)

Lions Love (1969)—Agnès Varda is probably the finest technician among women movie directors, but she's not too strong on matters of substance in this, her first feature made in America. Viva, fluttering limply, and the two authors of "Hair," Gerome Ragni and James Rado, talk about getting into the movies, cuddle in bed, watch the television coverage of Robert Kennedy's death, and murmur inanities. It all looks very pretty, but the inanity becomes overpowering. (Renoir Cinema; Sept. 28.)

The Long Voyage Home (1940)—One of the finest of all the movies that deal with life at sea, and one of the most successful of all attempts to put Eugene O'Neill on film—perhaps because the director, John Ford, and the adapter, Dudley Nichols, were so free in their approach to O'Neill's material. The young Mildred Natwick has a memorable scene in a café with John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald's return to the ship is a truly great moment. Gregg Toland did the cinematography (which includes some early experiments in deep focus); with Thomas Mitchell, Wilfrid Lawson, Ward Bond, John Qualen, and Joe Sawyer. (Thalia; Sept. 25-27.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. Pretty lousy, with a lot of emphasis on the ear. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 27.)

MacArthur—A blockbuster film that is an act of homage to egocentricity and battle hunger. Gregory Peck plays the General perfectly: his skill in reproducing the characteristics of a noisy, obtuse, brave, Red-baiting man makes the actor and subject seem uncannily matched. At West Point, stripped of his command, the General has some moving moments: you feel that without war this authoritarian man is made inert and void. (7/11/77) (86th St. East, and Guild. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through Sept. 27.)

Marty (1955)—Ernest Borgnine is the shy Bronx butcher who goes to a dance hall (it suggests Roseland) and meets a lonely high-school teacher (Betsy Blair). Delbert Mann directed this small-scale, overly celebrated film version of Paddy Chayefsky's television play. (On TV it starred Rod Steiger.) You have to have considerable tolerance for Chayefsky's repetitive dialogue and his insistence on the humanity of "little" people. With Esther Minciotti as Borgnine's Italian mother, and Augusta Ciolli as his aunt. (Cinema Village; Sept. 25-26.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 27.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 27.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. Who has—him? Oh, no, the blacks, the revolutionaries, and a power-hungry executive at the fictional UBS network named Diana Christensen (Faye Dunaway). The cast of this messianic farce includes William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Cinema Village; Sept. 25-26.)

New York, New York—It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (7/4/77) (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Sept. 27.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 28.)

One on One—With Robby Benson and Annette O'Toole, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Playboy, and Olympia; starting Sept. 28. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Fine Arts; through Sept. 29, tentative.)

The Other Side of Midnight—A fatuous, money-spinning film from a fatuous, money-spinning book about a girl called Noelle Page (Marie-France Pisier), who rises from lowish life in Marseilles to become the most famous and best-dressed film star in France. The dialogue and the plot are so dull that the film chiefly embeds itself in the memory as a conversation between women's clothes. (7/11/77) (Coronet; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; Sept. 23-27.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. The outrageous thing about this crass picture is the lines of patient people waiting in front of the movie house to see a piece of work that leans on giggles, not laughter, and easy weeping, not sensibility. (9/12/77) (Cinema II.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (Baronet; through Sept. 28.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—The first film by Satyajit Ray—beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love; an extraordinary beginning in the career of a modern master. This reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village brought a new vision of India to the screen. In Bengali. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 25.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry

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wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of the big-studio system of movie-making. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation, George Cukor directed. (Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 28.)

Pit of Loneliness (1951)—Called "Olivia" in France; the American title for this study of lesbianism was an obvious attempt to connect it to the popular novel "The Well of Loneliness." Edwige Feuillère and Simone Simon play teachers who try to win more than their share of affection from their students. The film is serious, not exploitative, but it doesn't compare with that other study of lesbianism at school, "Mädchen in Uniform." Born in 1908, the director, Jacqueline Audry, worked her way up from script girl and made a series of popular films, such as "Mitsou" and the French non-musical version of "Gigi;" she was more deft at light comedy than at this sort of earnest sensitivity. Colette did the script, from the English novel "Olivia." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 28.)

La Religieuse ("The Nun;" 1965)—Anna Karina plays Diderot's mid-eighteenth-century nun, boxed into a convent to save her parents the cost of her marriage dowry and the embarrassment of her illegitimacy. Directed by Jacques Rivette. Slow, stately, suffocating stuff, full of images to inspire high-bred dread in atheists and claustrophobics, and entirely missing the point that Diderot's novel is funny. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 28.)

Rock Around the Clock (1956)—Fifties rock, in one of those blatantly cheerful cheapies that Sam Katzman produced. With Bill Haley and His Comets, The Platters, Johnny Johnston, Freddie Bell and His Bellboys, etc. Fred F. Sears directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 23-24.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

Second Chorus (1940)—A misbegotten Fred Astaire musical. At the time, it was generally considered his worst picture, and Astaire himself later concurred in the judgment. He plays an overage undergraduate—a swing bandleader who keeps flunking his exams so that he can stay in college. The band is actually Artie Shaw's, considerably augmented. Astaire's romantic and tap partner is Paulette Goddard, who manages the band, and his rival for her affections is Burgess Meredith. The funnymen, Charles Butterworth and Jimmy Conlin, don't compensate for the scarcity of good numbers. The most memorable song is the one known by the line "I ain't hep to that step but I'll dig it." H. C. Potter directed; Bobby Hackett dubbed Astaire's trumpet, and Billy Butterfield dubbed Meredith's trumpet. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 23-24.)

The Sisters (1938)—A costume melodrama beginning on the evening of Theodore Roosevelt's election and ending on the evening of Taft's election. During those years, a benign Bette Davis elopes with a transient newspaperman (Errol Flynn) who drinks. He deserts her For Her Own Good, and she undergoes strenuous hardships, including the San Francisco earthquake, which drives her to take brief refuge in an Oakland brothel, where a good-hearted whore (Lee Patrick) and a kindly madame (Laura Hope Crews, in a frilly negligée) nurse her back to health. The marital fortunes of the heroine's sisters (Anita Louise and Jane Bryan) are interwoven. It's an inoffensive but rather pointless story, with a good deal of attention to realistic detail. Anatole Litvak directed; taken from a novel by Myron Brinig. With Beulah Bondi, Donald Crisp, Ian Hunter, Alan Hale, Patric Knowles, Dick Foran, Henry Travers, Harry Davenport, and Mayo Methot. (Regency; Sept. 25-27.)

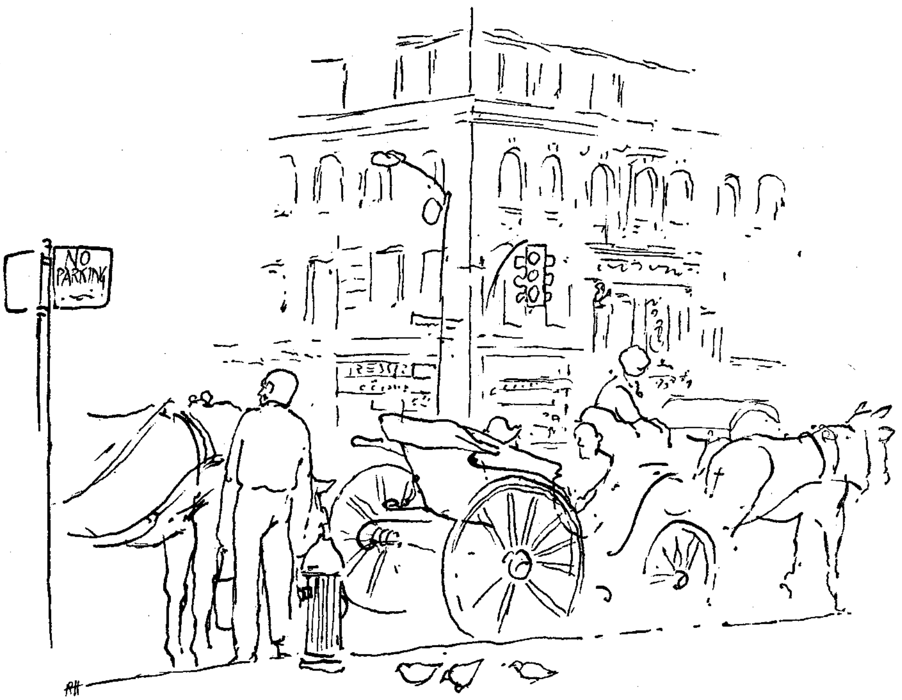
Smokey and the Bandit—With Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jerry Reed, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Hal Needham. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Sept. 27.)

A Special Day—With Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Beekman; starting Sept. 25.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (Columbia I, and Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ Columbia II; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Sept. 28.)

Stagecoach (1939)—Perhaps the greatest of all Westerns, and a Grand-Hotel-on-wheels movie that has just about everything—adventure, romance, chivalry. John Ford directed, from a script by Dudley Nichols, based on a story by Ernest Haycox; the cast includes John Wayne (at his most appealing), Claire Trevor, Louise Platt, John Carradine, George Bancroft, Thomas Mitchell, Andy Devine, Donald Meek, and Tim Holt. (Thalia; Sept. 25-27.)

Stand-In (1937)—An erratic script about a high-strung Hollywood director (Humphrey Bogart, howlingly miscast); a classy efficien-



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cy expert (Leslie Howard) trying to make sense of the motion-picture business; and a sensible girl (Joan Blondell) who was once a child star. At one point, she does a wicked imitation of Shirley Temple. The movie was moldy even when it came out, but it's harmless and good-natured. With Alan Mowbray and Jack Carson; Tay Garnett directed. (Thalia; starting Sept. 28.)

STAR WARS—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

STROSZEK—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. A masterwork. In German and English. (7/25/77) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 27.)

SUSPIRIA—With Jessica Harper, directed by Dario Argento. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 27.)

SWING HIGH, SWING LOW (1937)—A screwball comedy that tries to be effervescent and is merely overactive. Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Jean Dixon, and Charles Butterworth look giddy and buzz around in bars in Panama and night clubs in New York. Mitchell Leisen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 25-26.)

THE TAIRA CLAN (1964)—Directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. In Japanese. (Renoir Cinema; Sept. 23.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Paramount.)

TUNNELVISION (1976)—With Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor, directed by Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 28.)

LES VIOLONS DU BAL (1974)—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation, and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 23.)

VOYAGE OF THE DAMNED—This movie is based on the actual 1939 voyage of the S. S. St. Louis with nine hundred and thirty-seven German-Jewish refugees aboard, yet there is not a single moment in the star-packed epic that carries any conviction. As the lines drone on—paced with a sledgehammer—you may feel you could die for a little overlapping dialogue. But with this material you can't even have the frivolous pleasure of derision. Seeing Faye Dunaway cast as a Jewish woman who can't turn her husband on, you should be able to laugh, but how can you? As the ship's captain, Max von Sydow acts with some distinction; most of the others—Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Katharine Ross, Janet Suzman, Maria Schell, Victor Spinetti, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, James Mason—are crippled by the banal lines, written by Steve Shagan and David Butler. The atrocious direction is by Stuart Rosenberg. (Cinema Village; Sept. 28-29.)

WE'RE NO ANGELS (1955)—Humphrey Bogart, Peter Ustinov, and Aldo Ray trying very hard to be funny as a trio of convicts who escape from Devil's Island late in the nineteenth century. They take refuge in the home of a none too bright merchant (Leo G. Carroll) and his opaque wife (Joan Bennett), and coyly busy themselves protecting the kindly dumb merchant from his mean, rich cousin and boss (Basil Rathbone). Michael Curtiz directed this oppressive, misbegotten venture, adapted from the French play "La Cuisine des Anges," from which the Broadway play "My 3 Angels" was also taken. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 26.)

WIND FROM THE EAST (1969)—Jean-Luc Godard directed this film (possibly in association with Jean-Pierre Gorin) from a script he (or they) wrote with Daniel Cohn-Bendit. As originally planned, the film was to be "commercial," and the profits were to help finance the international student movement. But it turned didactic, and there were no profits. Shot in Italy, it is about a group of Marxists who are making a Western while engaging in self-criticism. With Gian Maria Volonte, Anne Wiamzemsky, Glauber Rocha, Godard, and, briefly, Cohn-Bendit in a red sweater. In French. (Renoir Cinema; Sept. 29.)

A WOMAN'S DECISION—A Polish picture (awful title), directed by Krzysztof Zanussi, that has a touch of "Brief Encounter." An impetuous woman is married to a strict-faced, hidebound man, and she foreseeably falls for a physical-education instructor who is the very symbol of spontaneity and ease. Much the best part of the film has to do not with marriage and reconciliation but with the beguilingly forthcoming woman's excessive emphasis on her own good opinion of herself. And Zanussi goes as far as he probably can go in Poland to draw a picture of a scared, line-toeing director of the office where the woman works. He is obviously a symbolic Communist official, and there is a fine, whining scene when, after manhandling the heroine for standing up for an older woman colleague, he complains of the strain on his own blood pressure. In Polish. (9/19/77) (Cinema 3.)

A WOMAN'S FACE (1941)—Joan Crawford as a woman whose soul is blighted by the horrible disfigurement of one side of her face, in a remake of a Swedish film that the very young Ingrid Bergman had been a hit in. The Swedish setting has been retained—rather inexplicably, since the story is about Crawford's ruthless blackmailing activities, and then her spiritual transformation, once a surgeon (Melvyn Douglas) has healed her face. As her mad, treacherous lover, who wants to involve her in the murder of a child, Conrad Veidt is the gaudiest character. Too bad that the director, George Cukor, doesn't have a little more feeling for frenzied perversity; the loony, baroque story is treated much too soberly. However, Cukor toned down Crawford's notorious emotionalism—no small feat. Funniest sequence: a Swedish folk dance, with Crawford in a peasant getup. With Marjorie Main, Osa Massen, Connie Gilchrist, and Donald Meek. (Regency; starting Sept. 28.)

THE WORLD OF APU (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito," marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. Rich and contemplative, and a great, convincing affirmation. In Bengali. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 26.)

YESTERDAY GIRL (1967)—With Alexandra Kluge, directed by Alexander Kluge. In German. (Renoir Cinema; Sept. 26.)

YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE—If the producer-director-writer Joseph Brooks had written a script with a few more strands woven into it, he wouldn't have had to overwork the gamine vulnerability of his star, Didi Conn. The single plot thread has her trying to break away from a career as a comic, which her borscht-belt comedian father (Joe Silver) shoved her into in childhood, and find her own way as a composer-singer-actress. The movie is both amateurish and slick—it oozes heart. The scenes go on too long, and there isn't enough in them—they're stretched out with closeups of the heroine grinning or singing (though she's dubbed)—yet it's all so unabashedly on her side that many in the audience (young girls, especially) seem to respond happily. Stephan Nathan is amusingly relaxed as the fiancé born to be jilted; with Melanie Mayron and Michael Zaslow. (Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 27.)

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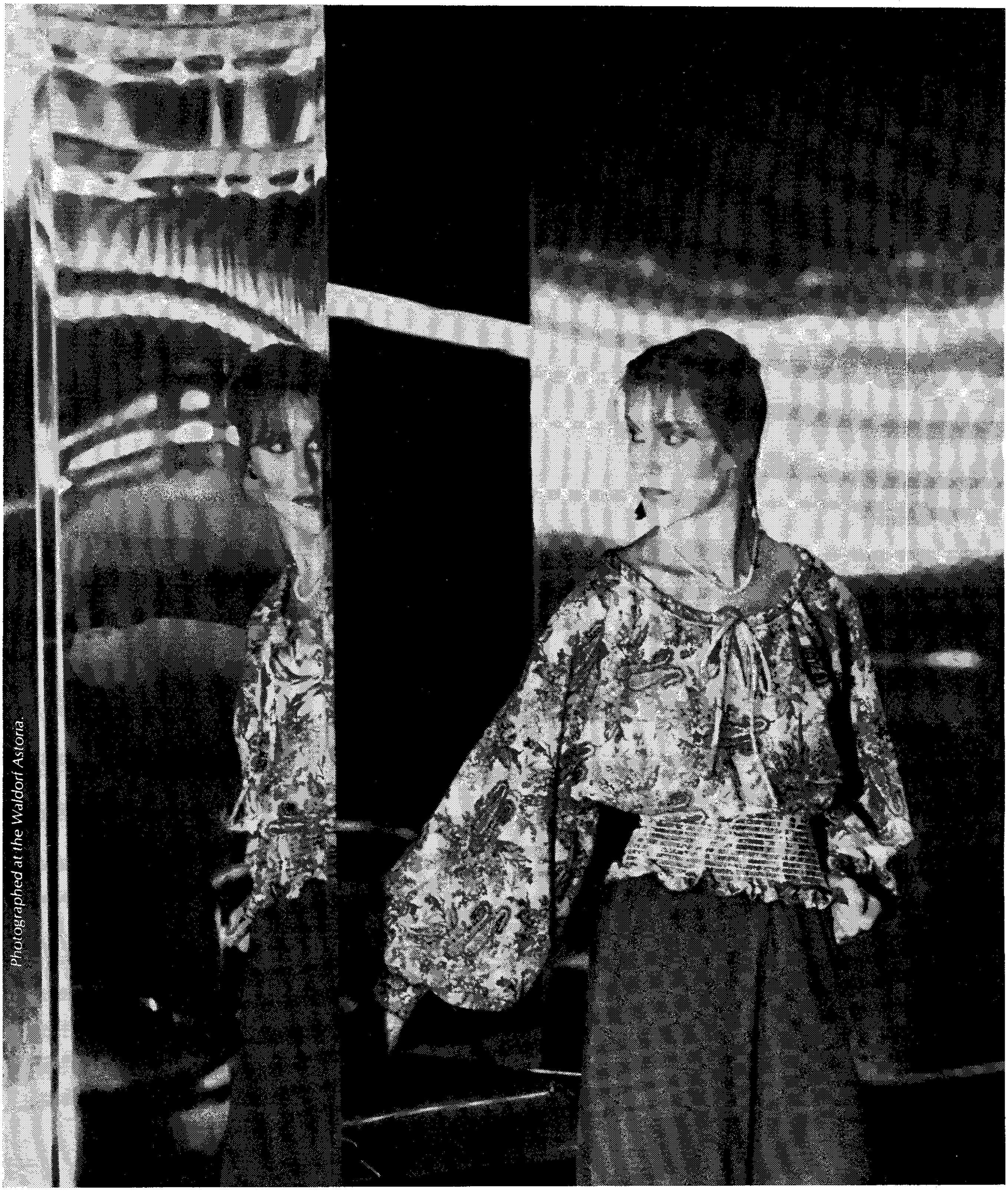

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE morning, years ago, in a London kitchen, a British airplane pilot on the far side of youth was cooking breakfast for his nephew's American guests. The pilot, Daniel, had flown in from Sydney the night before and was due to fly out for Cape Town the following evening: in the brief interlude, his state of mind was compressed. Around his blue, rock-steady eyes, his face was volatile with surprise and dismay, and he shot about the kitchen with a virile purposefulness ever brought up short by the smallness of the tasks at hand—putting bread in the toaster, seeing if the kettle had come to a boil. There was the same disproportion between the polite questions from the young people present and the concentration and candor with which he answered them. Piloting, he said, was no more interesting than driving a car, once you got the knack; British pilots netted about half of what their American counterparts earned, and were even worse off when it came to pensions; he might have been to just about anywhere in the world you cared to mention, but in effect he had been no farther than the cockpit of his plane. He made statements of this sort without self-pity, offering them as unadorned facts with a directness that implied that there was no time left for anything but the naked truth. And the naked truth seemed to confront him at every turn—another locked door that he hadn't expected to find there. When a young man refused a cigarette, saying that he had given up smoking, Daniel stared at him. "You mean you have stopped just like that?" he said, and, rising suddenly and muscularly, he went to check on the eggs.

Everything Daniel said and did conveyed his sense that his life had hardened into a narrow place. He had awakened to the realization that he was shut into those corridors in the sky, into his vices, into a more or less fixed, merely adequate income—into a place where he gave out much and in return received only echoes rebounding off walls of limitation. For Daniel, society was less something that supported him than a mechanism closing in on him. He had become isolated in a situation in which he could not grow. Daniel, in other words, was a very modern man, fighting for his life in the modern Western world, and for this reason something else he said struck his listeners far more sharply than it otherwise might have. Someone had suggested that he try to get a job with an American company—as though money were really the issue—and he had answered that he was too old, but offhandedly; his mind was already somewhere else. He would never leave England, he said. Every time he approached England in an airplane, he was moved: England was so green; there was no green like the green of England anywhere in the world. How many times, over and over, he must have seen England materialize on the horizon, and every time he had been comforted and restored. He belonged in England. England was home

"*Querencia*" is a Spanish word that means affection for the place one calls home and the sense of well-being that that place gives one. It is an offshoot of the verb "*querer*," to desire, and can be applied to the contentment of a wild animal in its haunts as well as to the comfort felt by a person in familiar surroundings. It means the sense of being nourished by a place in which you belong. It means needing that place and having it. Narrowly defined, the word applies to the immediate environs in which a person lives, but one can apply it to home in a larger sense without vitiating its meaning. One could say, for example, that T. S. Eliot moved to England because he found his *querencia* there, and that Solzhenitsyn, despite his opinion of the Soviet government, remains cold in his attitude toward the West at least partly because his *querencia* is in Russia. We live in a world awash with people torn from their *querencia* who face the enormously difficult task of cultivating another. A person might find *querencia* in more places than one, but not in many more. Once found, it cannot be lightly discarded, because lack of *querencia* is a kind of starvation. *Querencia* nurtures. Not only did Daniel recognize this but by his sudden shift away from desperation he demonstrated it in a way that those who had breakfast with him that morning have never forgotten. His gritty, realistic description of his situation—this frontal view of the trials of middle age—had been particularly shocking to his listeners because it seemed to mock maturity and deny the fruitfulness of human life. Against such alienation, his tenderness for England seemed a soft, old-fashioned sentiment; it was difficult to see what possible relation such a sentiment could have to his predicament. Yet what he said had the effect of seeming to loosen the grip of that predicament. One no longer saw him as isolated. He existed in a context. The context was England, English history, and English people, but it was something more. His attachment to a tiny part of the world placed him in the world. It brought him into the

company of the whole human race. And this, for some reason, affirmed the significance and fertility of his individual life.

The American *querencia* is as real and vital to Americans as England is to Daniel or any other land to its natives; but it is difficult to express this attachment without sliding toward patriotism. The distortion inhibits the sense of *querencia*, because for many of us patriotism is a corrupt sentiment, containing the seeds of violence and fanaticism, of a dangerous sense of being right where others are wrong, of being superior where others are inferior. For all its noble aspects, patriotism is almost always connected to political institutions, hence to power, and hence to an at least latent belligerence. It is inherently antagonizing and exclusive. *Querencia* is in many ways the opposite of patriotism. It is a humble, creaturely symbiosis that is unrelated to governments or power. The experience of *querencia* has nothing to do with pride—sooner with a sense of one's limitations. It is not in any way aggressive. In fact, an expression of *querencia* in one person is likely to set up a similar vibration in another, even if the other's home is on the opposite side of the globe. Possibly *querencia* and patriotism are confused by Americans because we identify our country so closely with its system of government (never having had any other) and its power that we cannot on any level distinguish it from these. Affection for country as *querencia* is mixed up with whether one is critical or supportive of the government's policies. It is as though the current of feeling for country were dammed up in such a way that it was forced to divide into opposite extremes—chauvinistic aggrandizement and self-flagellatory contempt. The chauvinism is usually accompanied by overtones of xenophobia, and the self-flagellation by sycophancy toward other nations (traditionally European ones, more recently those of the Third World)—an antithetical symmetry suggesting that the two extremes are consequences of the same disorder and that the disorder is an uncertain sense of our position in the world. It's a disorder that may be inevitable in a young country but surely not in a middle-aged one that, rather like Daniel, has come up against some hard and disappointing truths of its own weaknesses and limitations—of its ordinariness, of the fact that it is neither hero nor villain but a mixture of virtues and vices, successes and failures, much like any other country. The people of such an aging nation, in order to carry on, cannot afford to deny themselves the simple, comforting sense of their country as a place that, despite its faults, is on balance dear to them because it is needed by them.

Strictly speaking, the word "*querencia*" does not apply to something as vast as a nation. Strictly speaking, it describes the satisfaction of a groundhog surveying his domain in the evening from his customary post outside his burrow. It describes the tender serenity of the people on the porch once again noticing the groundhog in the familiar field beyond the porch. Immediacy is the essence of *querencia*. Yet there is a genius in the word which makes it almost infinitely expandable, as long as the meaning is fed by that instinctual experience. Separation most effectively enlarges the meaning. Away from neighborhood, away from region, away from nation, we become aware of neighborhood, region, and nation as objects of *querencia*. And, having travelled even farther away, having journeyed into dead and chilly space and looked back at a small orb spinning in a void—having taken it in as a single image—we have sensed our extraordinary, precious *querencioso* relationship with the blue-green, cloud-coddled earth. But the engagement from which all these larger attachments flow is a personal, specific affection for one's own place which is insignificant by any abstract standard—the finite, almost sensual feeling for some little corner of the world: the affection that connects us to the world to begin with.

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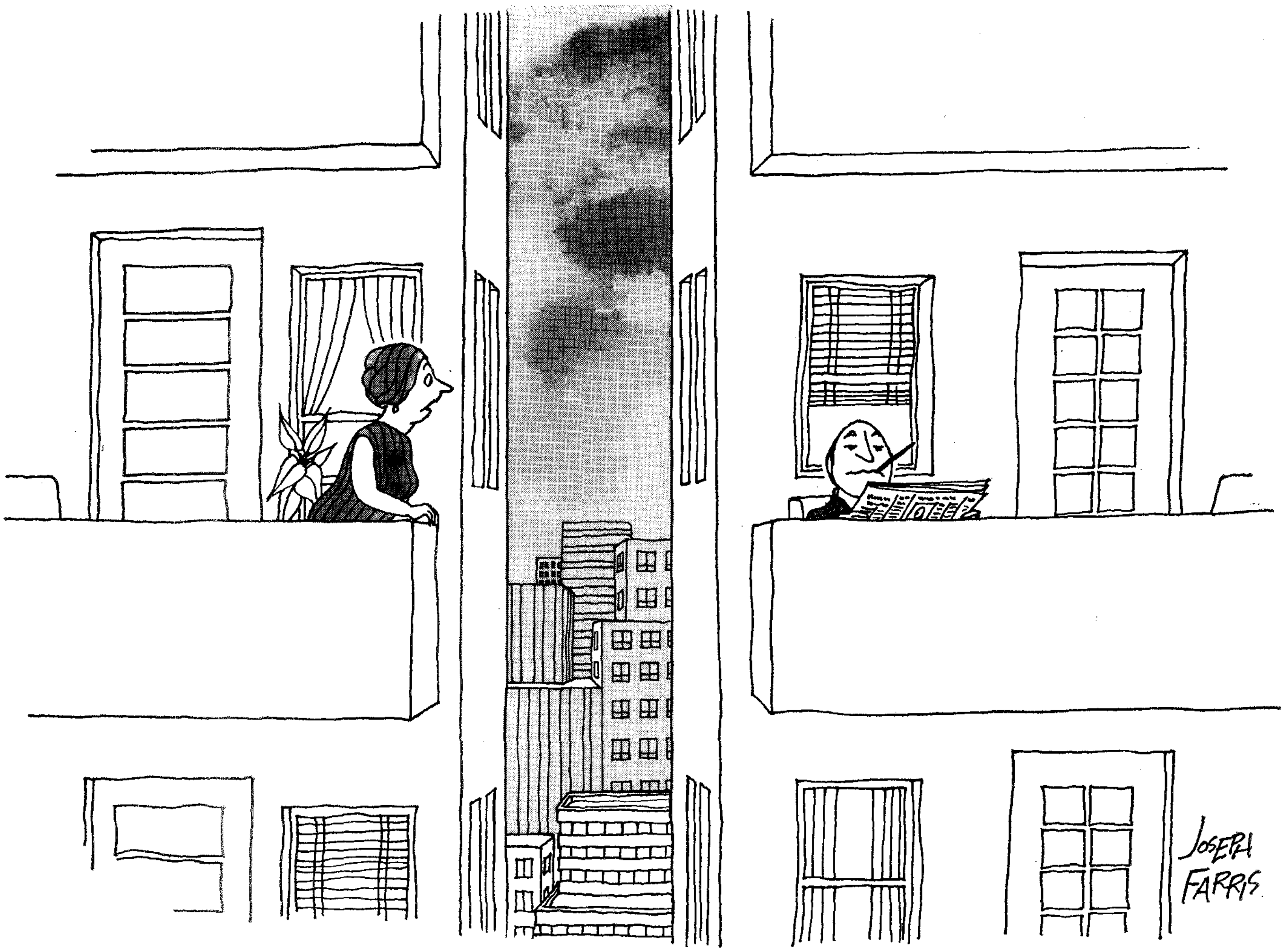
Old Friend

A LETTER from E. M. Frimbo, world's greatest railroad buff (considerably delayed, since it came by mail):

Too many birthdays! No sooner am I booked to fly British Airways first class to London for the Queen's Twenty-fifth than a request arrives that I attend the Broadway Limited's Seventy-fifth—being celebrated on the New York-Chicago run, in both directions—the very day before I take to the air. I confess that the Twentieth Century Limited was my pet way of making Chicago, and the Broadway was second choice—but not at all a bad one. And, as it has turned out, my second choice has long survived the Century, which was gleefully put to the sword by the New York Central ten years ago. The two trains were remarkably similar in running time, appointments, and cuisine, but the Century was It. For one thing, it ran out of Grand Central Terminal, which was thoughtfully nested in a gaggle of noble hotels—the Ritz, the Ambassador, the Murray Hill, the Chatham, the Commodore, the Biltmore (the Commodore had one night club, the Biltmore had two, including the eighteenth-floor Cascades, at which Scott Fitzgerald dabbled before he took the Century to begin his famous journey to Hollywood)—and, naturally, the Racquet and Tennis Club was only a short sprint up Park Avenue, the Union League Club only a short sprint down. The Knickerbocker (in whose bar the King Cole mural by Maxfield Parrish originally presided) was only ten minutes away on the Forty-second Street trolley car. And, when an ever-accelerating Century took to leaving late in the afternoon, Wall Street, which had the benefit after closing time of a practically nonstop express on the Third Avenue "L" uptown to a short spur that went across Forty-second Street to Grand Central, found this open-air excursion a pleasant way of catching it. Poor, dear Pennsylvania Station, from which the Broadway then departed and still does depart, was distinctly wrong-side-of-the-tracks.

The man who above all others should have been aboard for the Seventy-fifth was Raymond Loewy, the interior (and exterior) decorator and designer of the streamlined Broadway of forty years past. But he, now a dapper and jaunty eighty-three-year-old Légion d'Honneur *type*, was—though he is now an American—back in his native Paris. Not long before, he had ventured a trip to this country. That was because one of the locomotives he had designed to haul the Broadway over the electrified track between New York and Harrisburg had been restored, with the approval of Amtrak, to its original Loewy livery—glittery black, with long stripings of glittery gold which made it seem perpetually in motion. At the time that that happened, I had not seen him in all those forty years, but when I boarded the private car that was taking a group of us down to Washington for



"Geoffrey, what's happened to our marriage?"

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the unveiling of the locomotive in its original décor, he rose, walked across the aisle as Amtrak was moving us at eighty miles an hour, shook hands, and said, "Hello again, Mr. Frimbo."

That very locomotive was rolling us toward Harrisburg today, and Mr. Loewy should have been there, sipping, as always, something cool but invigorating, and telling the *jeunesse* aboard about his many other triumphs—the celebrated and ageless Coca-Cola bottle, an early Studebaker, Air Force One, the interior of Skylab. As it was, he missed the garlands tossed by pre-Amtrak Pennsy hands—from the Fair signal tower, just before the Trenton station ("Hey, Mac, where'd you get that beautiful motor up front?"), and from the Zoo signal tower, in Philadelphia ("Hey, Mac, now you're talking!"). These compliments came through sputteringly on the intercom of a brakeman, but the message was clear.

For the birthday, Amtrak laid on a couple of birthday cakes adorned with the old red keystone device (Pennsylvania *is* the Keystone State) of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which now exists only in the minds of embattled lawyers trying to pick up the pieces, and there was one slice of cake for every customer, along with a glass of champagne. For the first time since 1968—three years before Amtrak inherited what was left of the Broadway Limited from its grudging parents—there was an observation car on the rear end. The old Broadway observation car—in which I was often to be found, because it sported not only a bar but two master bedrooms, each with its private shower—was withdrawn early in 1968, and that was the start of the downgrading of the Broadway and the discouraging of its friends. This magnificent vehicle was replaced, in the name of efficiency, with a sleeping car from New York to Erie—a car that had previously been assigned to a train that departed from New York an hour and forty-five minutes after the Broadway. The sleeping car now had to sit in the station in Harrisburg for that hour and forty-five minutes, so that it could arrive at its normal time in Erie on another train. Somehow, this arrangement discouraged the Erie patrons, too. But removing the observation car did not turn away enough of the old patrons, so the Pennsy then removed its next-best sleepers—the duplex-bedroom cars. These cars had alternating upstairs and downstairs bedrooms. If I couldn't get a master bedroom, I always asked for Bedroom J in one of these cars—big, roomy, comfortable, and so far above the rails that it was like sleeping in the country. Removing them had greater success, and replacing the Broadway's unusual double dining car with a secondhand single was even more effective. The morning newspaper, stuffed in your shoebox along with your shoes, which had been brilliantly polished overnight by your porter, had already disappeared, and so had the Pennsy Keystone imprinted on every pat of butter in the dining car. Thus the march of progress.

Because I was booked to fly the Atlantic next day, I had thought of alighting at North Philadelphia and returning to New York on the train called The Bankers (a name that suggests the sort of clientele the Pennsy used to have). But hordes of men were working on the track east of Trenton—Amtrak has had six thousand men outdoors this summer between Boston and Washington improving the poor track it also inherited—so making my proposed connection at North Philadelphia seemed less and less likely. Besides, the cake and champagne were not to be on tap until the dinner hour. I therefore opted for Harrisburg, dinner, cake, and champagne, but at Harrisburg friends who were aboard the portion of the Broadway that comes out from Washington joined me. We took dinner in the double diner, which Amtrak had magnanimously restored, and I decided that a brief night's repose in a downtown Pittsburgh hotel could be worked in before I caught the eastbound birthday Broadway at seven the next morning, which would put me back in New York in time for British Airways. On today's midsummer schedule, the Broadway usually climbs the celebrated Horseshoe Curve west of Altoona by daylight—another good reason to stay on board as far as Pittsburgh. When the Broadway celebrated its Fiftieth, in 1952, the Pennsy still had a lot of other things to celebrate. Memory proclaims that there was full silver service in the diner that night, and that both Chateaubriand and pompano on a board enhanced the menu. And there were strawberries for breakfast—an almost invariable rule for the Broadway in those days.

In those days, too, the Pennsy was a Philadelphia institution—really *the* institution—and in the years when I was a commuter to New York from the Main Line I did a lot of my journeyings on the Broadway. The timetables always insisted that the train took passengers out of New York only for cities west of Pittsburgh, and that it called at Paoli and North Philadelphia eastbound only to let off passengers, not to pick any up. But the Pennsy was benevolent in that long-gone era toward us regular commuters, informally known as the Philadelphia Lawyers—a term that in this instance was definitely not opprobrious.

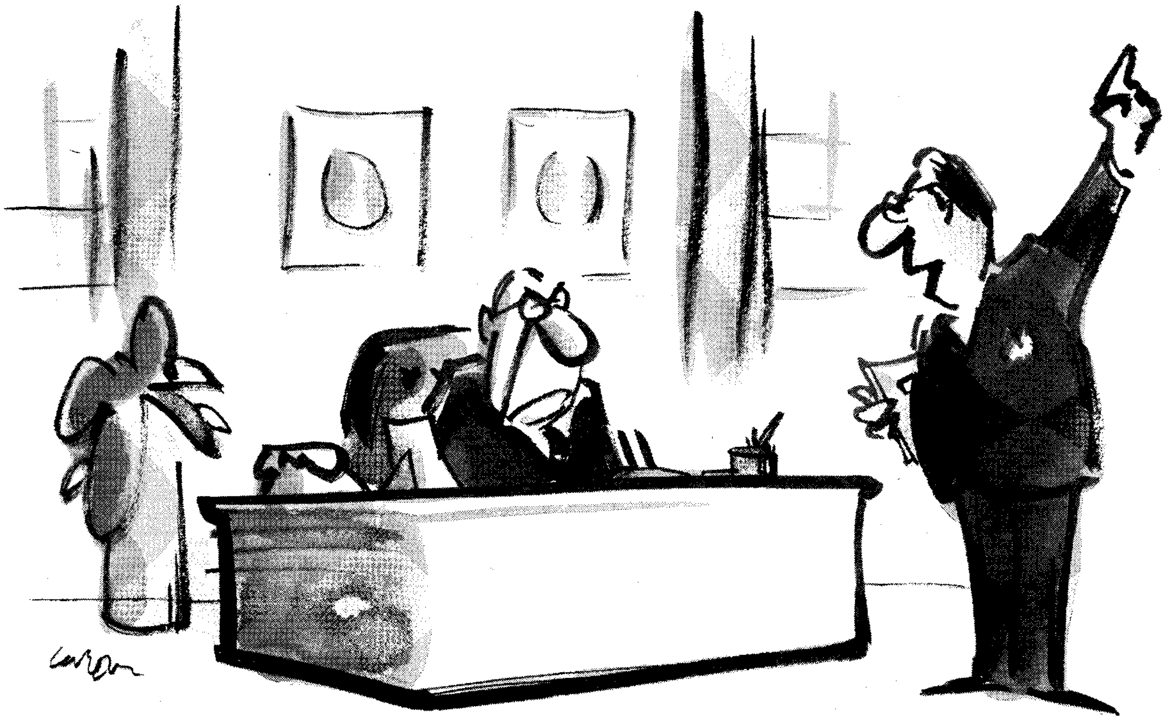
Friday nights out of Pennsylvania Station, we'd simply walk aboard the Broadway and say to the conductor "It's North Philadelphia" or "It's Paoli tonight."

"Take Bedroom D in the lounge car, Mr. Frimbo, and put your luggage there," the conductor would tell me.

Then it was drinks and a highly satisfactory dinner on my way home. Over the weekend, if I had left the train at North Philadelphia I'd visit friends of mine strung out along the Main Line all the way to Paoli, and so on Monday morning I'd be at the station in Paoli a minute or two before 7:19 A.M., when the Broadway pulled in from Chicago, right on time. "No passengers! This train stops only to discharge passengers!" the conductor and his crew would be shouting. And then: "Good morning, Mr. Frimbo," the conductor would say to me. "It's Roomette 7 in Car 281 this morning. Have a nice breakfast!"

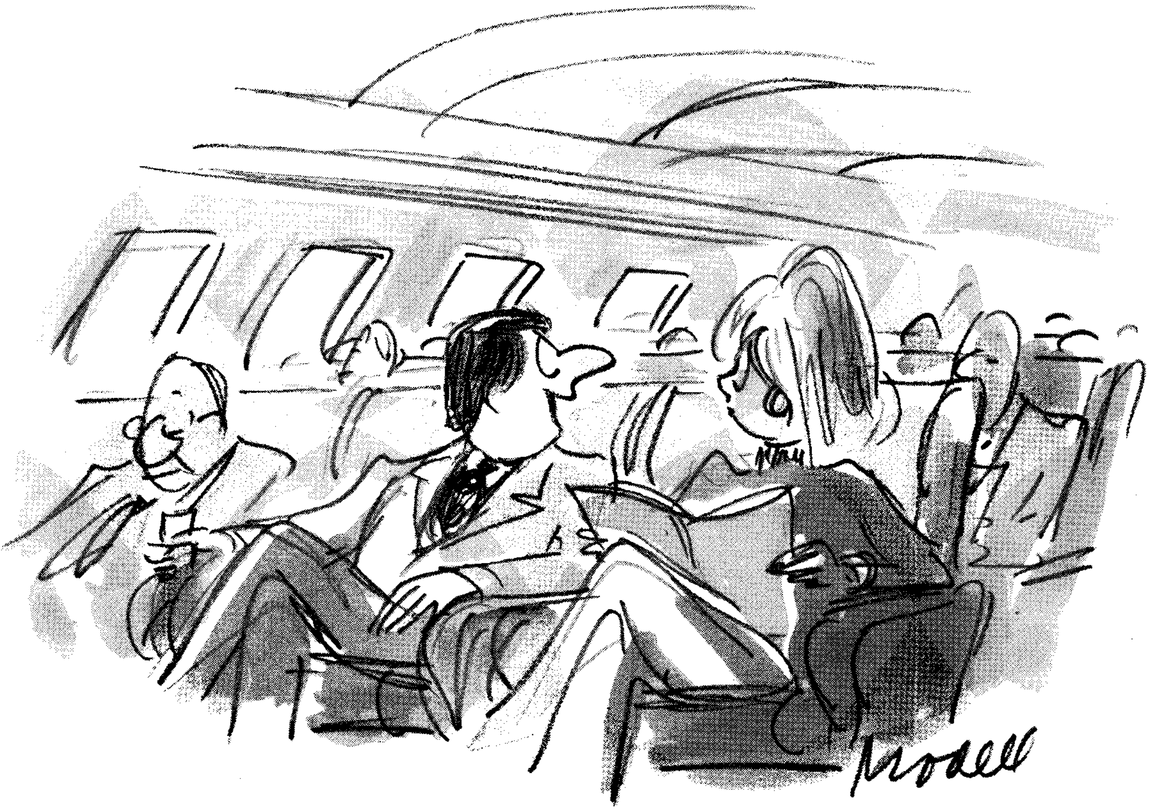
Lottery

THE ballroom at Roseland Dance City was mostly empty and only half lighted for the drawing of the second million-dollar winner in the history of the New York State Weekly Lottery Game, a couple of weeks ago. No one was at the tables around the dance floor, except for a few spectators right across from the bandstand; Roseland employees on their breaks lounged in the outer reaches of the room; TV technicians set up equipment while a TV reporter wrote his story in green Pentel on a yellow legal pad, leaving blanks for the names of the winners. Dick Cavett, the celebrity who was going to assist with the drawing, sat on a folding chair a few steps away from a large hollow Plexiglas sphere at center stage, which a woman with waist-length blond hair and wearing a shrimp-colored floor-length gown of the sort usually associated with auto shows and cigar and shaving-cream ads turned listlessly with one hand, causing a number of blue envelopes inside to flop around. The woman was whistling and shifting her weight from foot to foot. Dick Cavett folded his arms and made a soft noise like a horse blowing out through slack lips. Directly in front of center stage sat the fifteen finalists: Lee Mayback, a truck driver for Lapp Express, from Albion, New York; Marie Oresto, retired, from Brooklyn; Mary Armini, a price-marker at Abraham & Straus, from Brooklyn; Charles Militello, a foreman with the Erie County Parks and Recreation Department, from Derby, New York; Higinio Perez, a machine operator, from North Bayshore; Angelina Smith, a housewife, from Glendale; Antonio Espinal, a stereo repairman, from Corona, whose brother had come with him to act as interpreter; a representative appointed by the State Lottery for Albert Barbieri, retired, of Manhattan, who was sick and could not attend; Victoria Higuera, a



"You leave me no choice, J.T. I'm going over your head to the American people."

housewife, from Flushing; Henrietta Petri, a telephone training coordinator, from Monsey, New York; Perry Scott, an aircraft mechanic, from Bridgeport; Lola Mitchell, a housewife, from Brooklyn; Anne Battis, a supermarket manager, from the Bronx; Helen Capriola, retired, from Brooklyn; and Leroy Dankertsen, who wouldn't tell anyone what he did for a living, from Staten Island. Each of them represented one ticket holder in half a million, according to the Weekly Lottery odds, and they sat with quiet, upturned faces, knees together, all shins parallel.



"I certainly never dreamed I'd run into a classy girl like you on a two-hundred-and-thirty-six-buck flight."

"This drum has been rotated very frequently. Officer D'Ambrosio, of the New York City Police, has seen that everything is open and aboveboard," said Master of Ceremonies Bernard Higgins, of the Lottery staff. The final lottery was in fact a compound lottery, and so complicated that many of the spectators had little idea what was going on. Before the ceremony, the contestants had drawn numbers between 1 and 15. They had also written their names on pieces of paper and sealed the pieces of paper in unmarked blue envelopes. The finalists sat in the order of their pre-assigned numbers, and as Dick Cavett drew envelopes from the Plexiglas sphere the finalists came up, one at a time, in numerical order. Each took the envelope handed to him and (not knowing whose envelope it was) put it in a slot—one of fifteen numbered slots in a wall set up at center stage—that corresponded to his own number. After all the envelopes had been drawn from the sphere and all the numbered slots had been filled, attention turned to a special, air-powered hopper, in which fifteen numbered green Ping-Pong balls were flying around like gas molecules. When Dick Cavett flicked a switch, one ball was suddenly sucked up a chute. Dick Cavett took the ball out of the chute: it was No. 12, and Mr. Higgins put a card saying "Jackpot" over Slot No. 12. The first ball drawn was the million-dollar winner; the second was the fifty-thousand-dollar winner; and the third through the fifteenth were fifteen-thousand-dollar winners. Then Dick Cavett drew the envelopes from the slots of the twelve fifteen-thousand-dollar winners and read off the names, reading the Italian and Spanish names with Italian and Spanish accents. Then just three contestants were left: Victoria Higuera, Perry Scott, and Henrietta Petri. The last fifteen-thousand-dollar envelope was drawn—it was Henrietta Petri's. Then the fifty-thousand-dollar envelope—Victoria Higuera's. The only person left was Perry Scott, the aircraft mechanic from Bridgeport. There was a quick flurry of TV equipment being readied and microphones thrust forward, and Dick Cavett opened the last envelope, to make it official. He read off Perry Scott's name, and Mr. Higgins handed the winner the first of twenty yearly installment checks for fifty thousand dollars (forty thousand, actually, because twenty per cent federal income tax had been withheld). Perry Scott, a broad-faced man in glasses and a blue leisure suit, stayed calm, and stood foursquare to the cameras and smiled. Mr. Higgins made some remark about Perry Scott's long former career as a sergeant in the Air Force, and, indeed, Perry Scott looked at the moment like a man who had been stationed in a lot of places and moved around a lot and who had now come to the conclusion that life is great and people are great. After one of the photographers showed him how to hold up his check in an exultant manner, Perry Scott posed for ten minutes.

"My name wasn't picked, and neither was yours," one Roseland employee said to another, standing beyond the dance floor.

After the ceremony was over and the TV lights were off and people were beginning to leave, some of them noticed they were in a dance hall. The woman in the shrimp-colored gown began doing little parody dance steps. Lola Mitchell danced so well that we wished she had won more than fifteen thousand. As for Perry Scott, he was talking with his nineteen-year-old son, and he began to laugh in sudden, echoing bursts, and stamp his foot on the resonant stage, and smite his forehead with the palm of his hand.

A few minutes later, Perry Scott and his son stood in the lobby of Roseland.

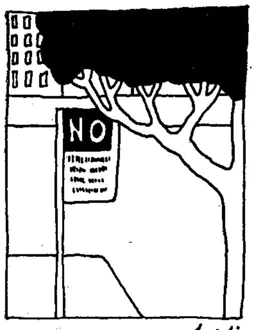
"Well, what do you want to do?" the son asked, not looking at him.

"I want to go *home!*" Perry Scott said. "Let's call Mother!"

METHINKS THE LADY DOTH PROPEL TOO MUCH

WHAT red-blooded male of my generation, unless he has spent his life immured in a Nepalese monastery or footloose in the Empty Quarter of Arabia, has not heard of toothsome Alma Mahler? For those who haven't, Alma Mahler was the foremost sex kitten in Central Europe in the first quarter of the twentieth century, a lady whose fame rested on the fact that four headliners rested on her—the eminent composer; the poet and novelist Franz Werfel; Walter Gropius, of the Bauhaus; and Oskar Kokoschka, the painter. She was, successively, if not in that order, the wife and/or sweet patootie of the quartet, and the veracity of the anecdote that follows was sworn to me by a stateless Bukovinan in Rhodes. And for anyone who has ever known a stateless Bukovinan in Rhodes, nuf sed.

It appears that, in the period she was rooming with Kokoschka, Alma became infatuated with a celebrity in the world of science—a biologist named Pitzel. Physically, Professor Pitzel was unimpressive; a troglodyte just over four feet in height, he was myopic, ill-favored, and snappish, but he was engaged in a wondrous experiment. From deep in Lake Titicaca, on the Peru-Bolivia border, he had retrieved a family of salamanders, creatures that had been sightless for two hundred million years, and was grafting eyes onto them. Day after day, Alma hung around his laboratory breathlessly watching the Professor amid his retorts and Bunsen burners, and at nightfall she would hustle back to rhapsodize to Kokoschka.



"A genius, Oskar—*ganz unglaublich!*" she bleated. "While you stand here schmiering on canvas, over there is a wizard creating miracles. Professor Pitzel . . . Professor Pitzel . . ."

Naturally enough, her bedfellow's amour-propre was not increased by such hosannas, and he sometimes became so jealous that he broke his maulstick over his knee. The episode reached its climax on the afternoon she raced into his studio with her face aglow.

"Oskar, Oskar!" she exulted. "Glorious news! Today, for the first time in two hundred million years, the salamanders opened their eyes!"

"Yes," said Kokoschka through his teeth, "and the first thing they saw was Professor Pitzel."

The story obtruded itself on my memory last year, when I read about someone who seemed to have accomplished a feat quite as remarkable as the Professor's. "A Brooklyn woman," the *Times* announced in its weekly tally of recent inventions, "has invented a suit designed to convert a female swimmer into a mermaid. Mrs. Chloe Grilli, a professional pianist, was granted Patent 3,344,449 this week. Her garment covers the body and legs from the waist down, with a pair of fins, or flippers, over the feet. . . . The patent explains that the wearer gets propulsion by kicking and manipulating the fins. It is said that the swimmer can dive gracefully, and on land can maneuver along, caterpillar style." Evidently on the assumption that if the invention flopped a buck could be made elsewhere, the item added, "Mrs. Grilli has written an Off Broadway show, 'The Very Gay Prima Donna,' and hopes to have it produced soon."

No sibyl, not even the most gifted astrologer, could have foretold that Mrs. Grilli's oceanic doodad was fated to touch my life, yet early in July, commencing a fortnight's vacation on Martha's Vineyard, I shortly became aware that complications were in store. The manager of Breinig's Market, where I bought a sizable order of groceries, refused to honor my New York check. I explained I was a longtime visitor to the Island, currently staying in a nearby efficiency that I rented from Herman Moulmein.

"You mean the Herman Mealman who's the mailman?"

"No, Moulmein, as in Kipling. You know, the old Moulmein pagoda in 'Mandalay.' "

"What about it?"

"I'm only trying to tell you how the name is spelled. His family have lived here for generations—they made whaling history."

"The one I mean made deadbeat history." The grocer was a leathery old crab, with eyes of pure flint. "We're a cash-and-carry operation, friend. It'll cost you thirty-one dollars and eighty-seven cents cash to carry that bag out of here."

Well, you can't argue with a mentality like that, so I shelled out the money. Moulmein was reading the Vineyard *Gazette* on his piazza when I got home.

"Look, this is a nuisance," I said. "They always took my check up-Island, at Chilmark and Menemsha. Why are they so suspicious down here?"

"Not suspicious, just careful," he said, with a cold little smile. "We get a lot of riffraff in the summer."

I chewed that over, wondering how he classified me, and decided to skip it. "Thing is"—I cleared my throat—"I'm going to run short of cash very soon. Maybe you could vouch for me over at the bank."

His wattles froze as if someone had applied an ice collar to them. "Are you asking me to stand good for your checks?"

"No, it's just that I come from a long line of eccentrics. I like to have a fiver or so in my pocket in case of emergency."

"Then do what I do." He hiked up his sweater. "There's two thousand berries stowed in this money belt at all times. That way, I don't have to go around begging folks to vouch for me."

"I see. Well, I'll get one, in case I ever come back here."

"But keep it a secret from your family," he warned. "I don't even tell my wife. Women gabble."

For someone raised, as I was, in New England and weaned on the works of Joseph C. Lincoln, I had forgotten how salty the natives were. I tried another tack. "By the way, could you recommend a good barber in town?"

Moulmein scratched his nose reflectively. "I could, but I won't," he said finally. "If you complained, he'd probably give me a rotten haircut next time I go in."

"Yes, that makes sense," I agreed. "Hmm. Well, guess I'll drive over to Edgartown and buy a can opener. I *was* going to borrow one locally, but I imagine people are wary about lending them."

The hush that ensued, plus Moulmein's absorption in his paper, confirmed my fears. I went upstairs, parked the groceries, and, assembling the gear I needed for the beach, bore it down to my car. Moulmein had vanished, and, to insure against depredations by the riffraff, had taken his rocker with him.

UNPROPITIOUSLY as the day had begun, though, an hour later I was in as paradisaical a situation as any mortal could wish for, recumbent in a sheltered nook on the beach between West Tisbury and Chilmark. The sky was cloudless, and zephyrs fanned my brow as I lay there, my

"Steer clear of that group. They're all terribly self-aware."

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head supported by Motley's "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," watching the majestic combers boom in from Portugal and thinking equally majestic thoughts. Why not gather a few kindred spirits in a poets' commune right here? We could subsist on cranberries and fish cunningly netted from these waters, wax our own batiks, and betweentimes play the lute and recite the georgics that must inevitably spring from such halcyon surroundings. By Jove, what a crackerjack idea! I sat up, overcome by the brilliance of the inspiration. It was then, despite vision dazzled by the noonday sun, that I caught sight of the phenomenon crawling toward me along the shoreline.

She was incontestably female, and she was moving ahead like an inchworm, using elbows for locomotion—her only recourse, inasmuch as her trunk ended in a fishtail. Unable to credit my senses, I stared at her transfixed, and at last, satisfied that she was no chimera, approached for a closer look. How to describe her loveliness? She was rapture personified, a naiad whose olive skin, blue-black hair, and green eyes would have captivated the most embittered misogynist, and from the instant her lashes fluttered upward at me I was hers, body and soul.

"Uh—excuse me, Miss," I stammered. "I hope I'm not being forward, but who are you?"

"What do you mean who am I?" she demanded pertly. "Haven't you ever seen a mermaid before?"

"Oh, come on," I retorted. "I wasn't born yesterday. Do you see any green in my eye?" Then, as the words left my mouth, I hurried to make amends. "I mean, I see plenty in yours—and they're very beautiful, may I say—but everyone knows mermaids are fabled creatures who lure sailors to their doom."

She bridled. "Why, that's hateful—*I* never have. Some of my best friends are sailors."

"Right, right," I agreed quickly. "Where would we be without them, plowing the deep and reefing the topsails and all? But what I'm driving at is, can I assist you in any way, me being well acquainted in these parts and you a stranger? You've evidently crept a long way, judging from the amount of sand in your hair."

"Yes, I have." She fingered her locks self-consciously. "Goodness, I must look a perfect fright. You wouldn't happen to have a comb, would you?"

"Sure, in that grocery bag over yonder. Can you reach it O.K.? If not, I'll be glad to carry you."

She signified there was nothing wrong with her—a diagnosis I had already made—and cumbrously wove her way there. I sat by, munching a Goldenberg Nut Chew while she untangled her tresses and shook them luxuriously over her shoulders.

"Listen, why don't you pile your hair up in a knot the way the Gibson girls used to?" I suggested. "You know, in what they call the *guiche*, or concierge, style. It may be a trifle sexy, but we older chaps go for it."

Typical of womankind, whether terrestrial or marine, she knew better. "No, it's more becoming around my face. It softens the features."

"Golly, nobody's could be softer than yours," I protested. "You haven't got a wrinkle I can see. Oh, yes, maybe a crow's-foot or two, but that's undoubtedly from the strain of creeping."

"And hunger, too—I'm starved. What is that you're eating?"

"It's a candy bar, invented by a little professor in Central Europe. People had been eating plain chocolate for two hundred million years until he grafted peanuts onto it. Do you care for some?"

"It sounds horrid."

"No, it's quite yummy, in fact. But I suppose you generally subsist on briny foods like plankton and mollusks, what?"

"Yes, and salads. I adore salads—I often make a whole meal off them."

"I shouldn't wonder. These waters around the Vineyard teem with salads. By the way," I broke off, "we haven't introduced ourselves properly, have we? My name's Henry Knifesmith. It used to be Hans Messerschmitt in the old country, but we Anglicized it when we came over."

Her eyes clouded with suspicion. "I think you're pulling my tail."

"No, really. When my brother Fritz and I were boys—we were known as Hans und Fritz—we were two little devils, always up to some mischief. We used to tease our father, der Captain, unmercifully, and as for his best friend, the Inspector, he used to cry '*Was ist los?*' and jump up and down on his tall beaver hat."

"But why are you telling me all this?" she asked, echoing a line I recalled having heard in a play.

"Oh, I don't know—I guess it's because I feel so drawn to you." Assuming a shy expression compounded of equal parts of James Stewart and Glenn Hunter, I dug my toe awkwardly in the hot sand. "Gee, Miss, you're the most beautiful lady I ever saw. I'm crazy about you, but I know that if I reached out to touch you you'd vanish."

"Listen, Buster." Her face hardened. "If you reached out to touch me, you'd get a blow from these flukes that would send you reeling. You don't know what strength we mermaids have in our tails."

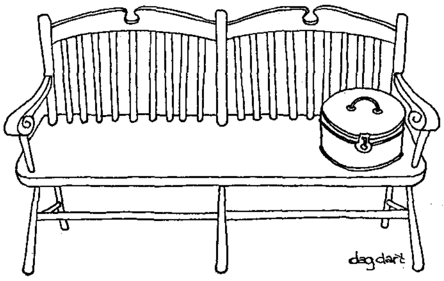
"Ah, yes, you mermaids." Suddenly my face hardened to twice the rigidity of hers. "I was just getting around to that. Tell me, did you ever hear of a Mrs. Chloe Grilli, in Brooklyn—a pianist-playwright who invented a suit designed to transform a female swimmer into a mermaid?"

"I—I've no idea what you're talking about." Olive an instant before, her face had gone white.

"Don't play the innocent with me, sister," I said roughly. "You knew all about that suit, *didn't* you? And you lusted for it with every fibre of your being, *didn't* you?" I drove on remorselessly. "And finally you found one at a garage sale, mayhap, or a students' and misfits' clothing store. And you saw in it a way to ensnare the unsuspecting, first borrowing their combs, then graduating to saltwater taffy, shore dinners, joyrides—"

Defenses crumbling like sand castles, she burst into sobs. "We meant no harm," she blubbered. "It was a thoughtless schoolgirl prank, devised between I and others at Miss Madeira's School over a Welsh rabbit in our dorm. Ere I knew what possessed me, I was inching up here from Oak Bluffs, elbows sorely enchafed. Please, please don't squeal on me."

"I have no wish to, my dear," I said generously, and arose. "Good day, and leave us hope this experience will be a salutary lesson in eschewing false plumage. The environment is bleak enough without phony mermaids lousing up the strand."



MOULMEIN was again seated on his piazza when I returned. He looked up from his paper. "Get your can opener?"

"Well, no, but I saw a very strange thing up-Island."

"What's that?"

"Never mind," I replied, and shut up like a clam. I knew what kind of response I'd get out of him.

—S. J. PERELMAN

MNEMOSYNE

Baryshnikov remembers
a sunny day in Latvia

holding on to his mother's dress
which is chiffon
with yellow and purple flowers

remembers her ash-blond hair
her bright blue eyes

•

The escape artists
are identical twins

and remember each other

•

The three-year-old boy says
"It was red

and very cold"

•

Susan Hansford
summered on Lake Michigan

Her father
afraid of storms
would often embrace her as the clouds darkened

repeating
"How beautiful" "How beautiful"

•

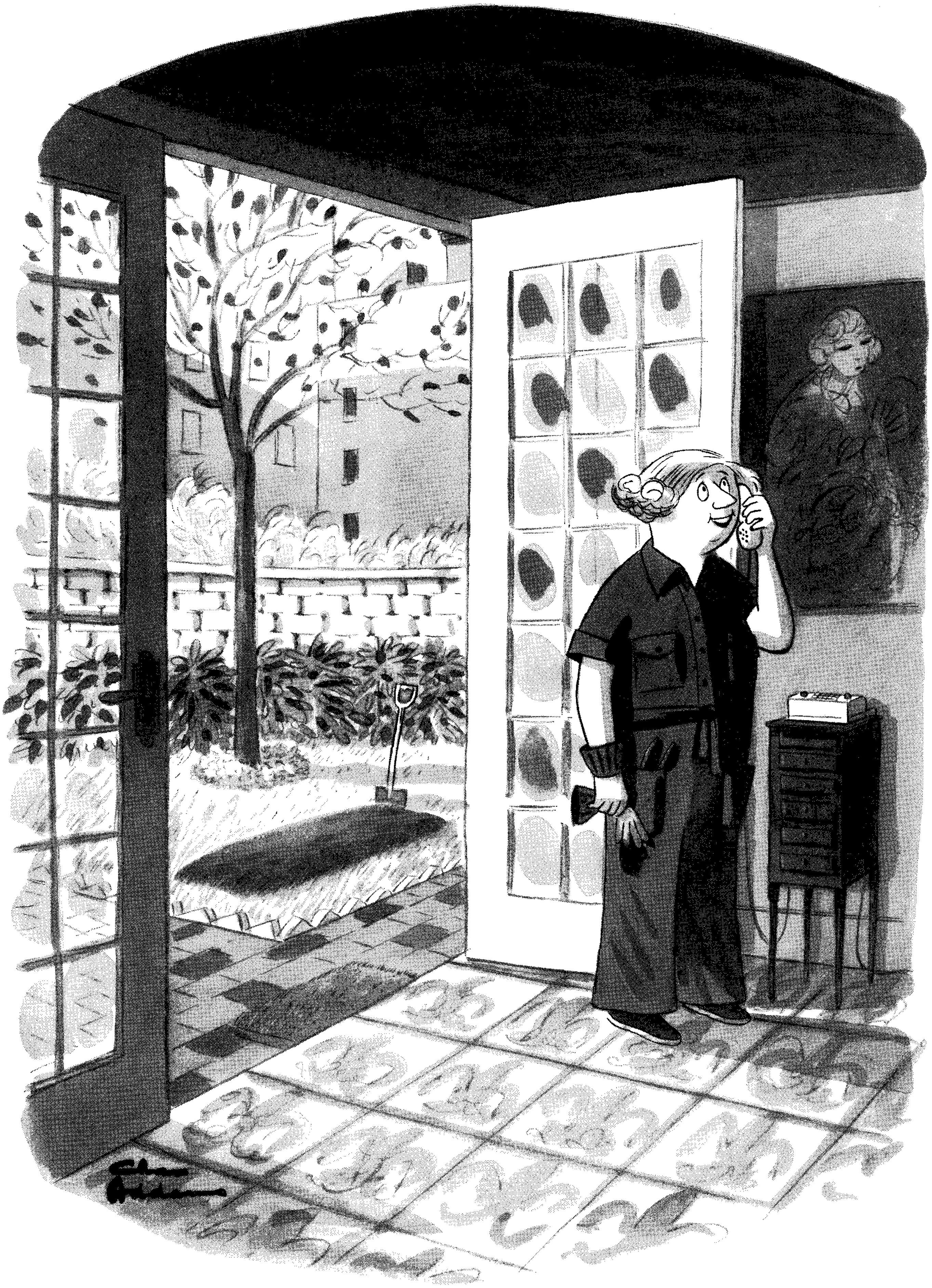
A trap springs
in the rat-infested grapes

Harry's fingers ribbon with blood

I remember Harry
sweet drunken Harry

—ROBERT DANA

• •



"He's in the garden."

A CRUSH ON DOCTOR DANCE

When Rupert Thrale was thirteen and had trouble with his back, his mother took him to a new hospital across the river. After the X-rays had been studied, it was again Grace Thrale who sat beside him in a waiting room while he turned pages of a book on marsupials and tested a loose green rubber tile with the toe of his school boot. When, at the name of Thrale, they got up together to be shown to a doctor's empty office, they walked with arms touching. And, as they sat alone beside a desk, Mrs. Thrale leaned forward out of her anxiety and kissed the boy; and the door opened.

The man who came in saw the mother bending forward, her arm extended on a chair back, her throat curved in helpless solicitude, her lips to her son's hair which palely mingled with her own. In the next instant she turned and looked; and Rupert, getting to his feet, disowned her caress.

What Grace Thrale saw was a solid man of about thirty in Nordic colors—high-complexioned, blue-eyed, bright-haired, and dressed in white—standing at an open door.

The tableau was brief; but even the boy remembered it.

The three of them sat at the desk, and the young doctor said, "Don't worry." He put a row of photographs up on a metal rack and lit them: the notched segments, the costal arcs, the gray knuckled frame of a bare existence with its deathly omen. "These are what we call the dorsal vertebrae." He pointed with a pencil; and Grace Thrale looked at her son's mortality—all the respiring tissue blazed away, all that was mobile or slept, could resent or relish. It was as if she stared at an ossified remnant in a child's grave.

Handelsman

"Hail, Caesar! The enemy has been totalled."

There was to be a corrective operation—which was delicate, infrequently performed, and involved a rod of stainless steel. It did not affect growth. "You'll be better than new, I promise." The doctor addressed himself in this way to the boy, without heartiness, in a low clear voice and slight Scots accent, including the mother by a filament of experience which was almost tender. His face, in its revealing color and kindness, might in another era have been beautiful. His hair glowed, gold enough to be red.

When they were leaving, he told Grace she should make an appointment to come with her husband. "We should talk it over with the surgeon."

The boy's father, Christian Thrale, was about his country's business, conferring at Dar es Salaam. Grace would come alone on Thursday.

At the door there was a projecting sign: Angus Dance, M.D.

On Thursday he lit the photographs and showed with the pencil. He said it was tricky but would be all right. They had the best man in London to do the job. Grace Thrale sat side by side with Angus Dance to look at the plates, and, handling one of them, left a tremulous print of humid fingers. When the surgeon arrived, Dance got up and stood in the sun by the window, where he was white and gold, a seraph, a streak of flame.

Grace told him that her husband was coming home, to be present for the operation.

"You'll be seeing my colleague. I'll be on leave that week." He saw she was disturbed. "Just for a few days." When the surgeon left them, Dance sat to fill out his portion of a form. He told her he was going to his parents' house, near Inverness.

"What's Inverness like these days?"

"Oh—like everywhere—full of Japanese." Reading over the form, he said, "We're neighbors. I see you're in the Crescent. I live around the corner, in the place that's painted blue."

They agreed they did not like the shade. Grace said she often walked past the building, taking the short cut through the brick passage—which, originally reserved for pedestrians, was now abused. She knew he said conventional things to calm her; and was calmed by his humane intention.

The Doctor said, "Rupert will run me down there one day on his bike and I'll be a cot case." He gave her back the form and touched her sleeve. "You'll be anxious. But there is no need."

The operation went so well that Christian Thrale was back at Dar es Salaam in a matter of days. The boy would be in hospital a month or so. Grace came every morning and afternoon, bringing comic books, a jigsaw, clean pajamas. There was a cafeteria where she had lunch.

"How was Inverness?"

Doctor Dance was carrying a tray. "The gateway to the Orient. I'm glad Rupert's doing so well." His upright body gave a broad impression, both forcible and grave. He had short muscular arms, on which the hair would be red.

They sat down together and Grace conveyed Christian's gratitude all the way from Tanzania, even bringing out a letter. Relief gushed from her in forms of praise: the nurses were so kind, the surgeon, the therapist from Karachi. Sister Hubbard was a saint, and Rupert would be spoiled beyond repair. She then said, "Well—why should you hear this in your time off."

"I realize I haven't provided much intelligence for the Agency, sir, but it's not my fault the Times reassigned me to the Leisure Section."

• •

Her light hair was sculpted down from a central parting and fell in wings over her ears. Once in a while she would touch it, a ring glinting on her raised hand. Her nails were of a housewifely length, unvarnished. "What about your journey?"

He said he always took the train. His parents lived an isolated life, but now had the telly. The house, which was in the Black Isle, was always cold, not only from heatlessness but from austerity. "They like it bare. Predictably enough, my sister and I tend to clutter." There was only one picture in the house: "A framed photograph of the Tirpitz, which was sunk the day I was born. Or at least the news came that forenoon that they had sunk it." His sister was also a doctor, and lived in Edinburgh.

Grace pictured the old crofters in the stark house uttering monosyllables like aye and wee and yon; the maiden sister, a ruddy, tweedy pediatrician called, in all likelihood, Jean. "They must miss the two of you."

"My father still does consultant work. He's an engineer. Then, I run up fairly regularly. And Colette is going to them for Easter. It's really harder for her, since she's married, with a family."

That evening Grace asked at a dinner party, "Does anyone remember what year we sank the Tirpitz?"

It happened that Grace Thrale and Doctor Dance spoke every day. There were the X-rays to light up and look at—each of these tinged with the bloom of deliverance; there was Rupert's bedside, there were the corridors and the cafeteria. Once they stayed ten minutes talking on a stair. They soon dispatched the neighborhood topics—the abused brick passage, the hideous new hotel nearby that took groups—and Grace found out that Angus Dance was divorced from a student marriage, voted Liberal, had spent a year in Colombia on an exchange program, and kept a small sailing boat at Burnham-on-Crouch. He had done prison visiting at Wormwood Scrubs, but now lacked the time. One day he had a book on his desk, about the Brontës.

Mentioning his marriage, he said, "Young people aren't doing that so much now." Younger than she, he already considered himself an elder.

Grace told him how her parents had died in the wreck of a ferry when she was four. Next—so it seemed, as she came to relate it—there had been Christian. Recounting these things, she felt her story was undeveloped, without event; years were missing, as from amnesia, and the only influential action of her life had been the common one of giving birth. The accidental foundering of her parents had remained larger than any conscious exploit of her own, and was still her only way to cause a stir.

This vacancy might have affected growth. Compared with his variousness, she was fixed, terrestrial; landlocked, in contrast to his open sea.

These exchanges with Doctor Dance were Mrs. Thrale's first conversations. With Christian there was the office, there were the three children, there were the patterns and crises of domestic days. She had not often said, "I believe," "I feel;" nor had felt the lack. Now beliefs and feelings grew delightful to her, and multiplied. Between visits to the hospital, she rehearsed them: she held imaginary discourse with Angus Dance, phantasmal exchanges in which Grace was not ashamed to shine. There was a compulsion to divulge, to explain herself, to tell the simple truth. The times when she actually sat by him and looked at X-ray plates generated a mutual kindliness that was the very proof of human perfectibility. After these occasions there was consciousness of exertion—a good strain such as the body might feel from healthful, unaccustomed action.

One day, passing a paper from hand to hand, their fingers touched; and that was all.

"I suppose," said Grace Thrale, "that Angus was always a Scots name."

"It's a version of Aeneas."

She could not recall what Aeneas had done, and thought it better not to ask.

He was changing her. She wished more than anything to match his different level of goodness—his sensibility that was precise as an instrument, yet with a natural accuracy; his good humor that was a form of generosity; his slight and proper melancholy. It was virtue she most desired from him, as if it were an honor he could confer. He could make an honest woman of her.

The bare facts of Mrs. Thrale's love, if enumerated, would have appeared familiar, pitiful, and—to some—even comical. Of this, she herself was conscious. It was the sweetness that was unaccountable.

Because the condition struck her as inborn, she raked her experience for precedent. She dwelt on a man she had known long ago, before her marriage—a moody schoolteacher who often broke appointments or came late, and over whom she had suffered throughout a cold summer. Only the year before, she had heard he was now farming in Dorset, and had looked up his name in the telephone directory. He provided no prologue to Angus Dance. In contrast to the schoolteacher, on the other hand, Christian had appeared a model of consideration, a responsible lover whose punctuality had from the start prefigured matrimony. Angus Dance had no precursor.

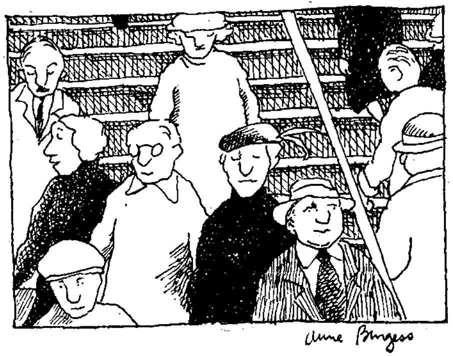
Grace put the end of a pen between her lips. Hugh, her middle son, said, "Why do you look that way?"

"I'm thinking what to tell Daddy."

At night she was alone with Angus Dance when she lay down solitary in the dark with her arm half clasped about her body. She thought that Christian would soon return from Dar es Salaam. The knowledge that he would at once make love to her brought mere acceptance.

The week after Rupert came home from hospital, Mrs. Thrale ran into Doctor Dance in the street. They met at a site of road repairs, and could hardly hear each other for the electric drill. Grace stared at his clear, hectic skin and tawny head, his noonday colors, while concrete particles exploded and the pavement thrilled. Consciousness shivered also, on some inward Richter scale.

"Let's get out of this." Dance went through a motion of taking her elbow but did not in fact do so. They were both going to the cake shop, and agreed that the woman there was grumpy but the croissants good. When they crossed at the corner Grace said, "We all miss you." She heard this speech turn coy with trepidation, and a little tic started up in her cheek. He smiled: "Now, that's going too far." But added, "I miss you all too." Saying "all" both made it possible and detracted: a pact, scrupulously observed.



In the shop Grace had to wait for the seedcake. Angus Dance shook hands. "Doctors are always overdue somewhere. I hope we meet again."

When he had gone out, the grim woman behind the counter said, "So he's a doctor is he. He has a lovely face."

When Christian praised the seedcake, Grace said, "I got it from that nice woman at the corner."

EVERY spring the Thrales gave a party—drinks and little things to eat. They called this decorous event "our smash." Grace went over her question in silence: I would like to invite that young doctor. We might ask Rupert's doctor, who lives practically next door. What about asking that Doctor Dance, who was super with Rupert.

To the question as ultimately phrased, Christian responded, "Good idea." He had it in mind to ask someone very senior from his department, and supposed a doctor would mix.

Grace telephoned the hospital. Dance knew her voice: "Hello." He did not say Mrs. Thrale, and had never done so. He wrote the date of the party, and six to eight. "Is it a special occasion?"

"It's my birthday. Not that we tell people."

She had a new dress that displayed her breasts. Christian said, "Isn't it a bit bare?" He traced the outline of black silk with his finger on her flesh. "Happy birthday Grace darling."

Although they had a couple from Jamaica to do the drinks, it was Grace who opened the door to Angus Dance.

THE PALACE

The Palace is not infinite.

The walls, the ramparts, the gardens, the labyrinths, the staircases,
the terraces, the parapets, the doors, the galleries, the circular or
rectangular patios, the cloisters, the intersections, the cisterns,
the anterooms, the chambers, the alcoves, the libraries, the attics,
the dungeons, the sealed cells, and the vaults are not less in quantity
than the grains of sand in the Ganges, but their number has a limit.
From the roofs, toward sunset, many people can make out the forges, the
workshops, the stables, the boatyards, and the huts of the slaves.

It is granted to no one to traverse more than an infinitesimal
part of the palace. Some know only the cellars. We can take in
some faces, some voices, some words, but what we perceive is of the feeblest.
Feeble and precious at the same time. The date which the chisel
engraves in the tablet, and which is recorded in the parochial registers,
is later than our own death; we are already dead when nothing touches us,
neither a word nor a yearning nor a memory. I know that I am not dead.

—Jorge Luis Borges

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Alastair Reid.*)

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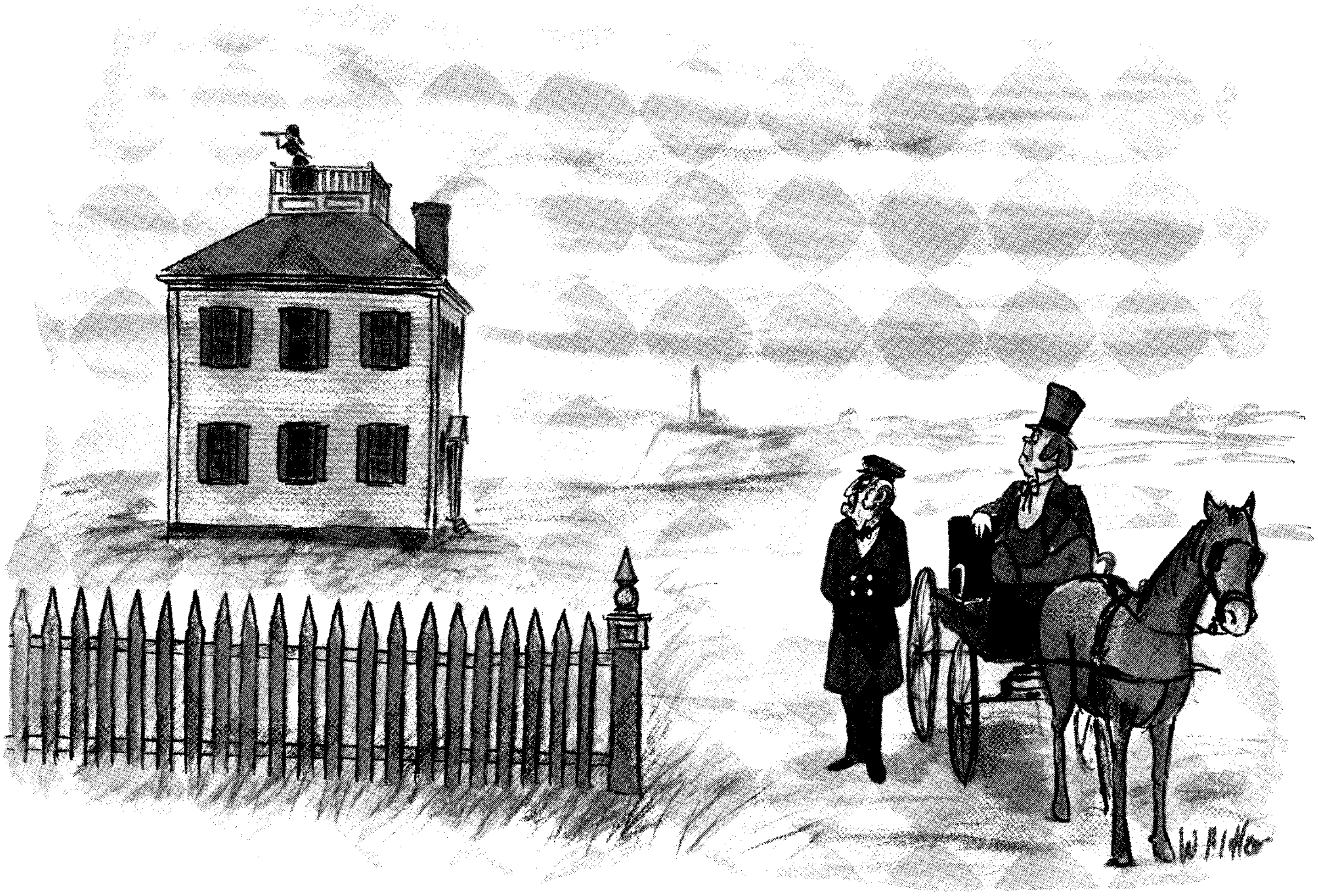


"It's most curious, Hiram. My wife knows perfectly well I returned home over two weeks ago."

• •

Before entering, he bent and kissed her cheek, murmuring "Birthday." He gave her a little packet, which was later found to contain lavender water. Grace trembled under the astonishing kiss, from which she turned away with the male impress of jacket indelible on her silk and female arms. When Christian came over from the foot of the stairs, discarding his party face for the serious theme of Rupert, she moved back into the curve of the piano, where Dance soon joined her.

"Who plays?"

"I do." For once she did not add, "My sole accomplishment." He leaned to look at stacked music. She had put the Chopin on top to impress. She saw him turn the sheets with deliberate, large hands; she watched his almost spiritual face. Authority had passed from him in this amateur setting, and his youth was a blow, a disappointment. Authority had in fact passed to her. She presided, a matron, over her household, her associates, her charming children: mistress of the situation.

She did not know how to address him now that he was disestablished. At the hospital the nurses had called him Doctor, as women with a family will call their own husbands Father—or Daddy.

They spoke about the community center, and Grace told him the art show would open on Sunday. Dance said, "I might look in."

Rupert appeared with Dance's whiskey, and other guests were introduced. In an oval mirror they had bought at Bath she saw the room, tame with floral charm and carpeted, like England, wall to wall in green. And herself, in this field of flowers—practically indistinguishable from cushions and curtains, and from ornaments that, lacking temperament, caused no unrest. In the mirror she could see, rather than hear, her husband saying "Let's face it," and watch her eldest son, Jeremy, blond and beloved, behaving beautifully. She saw the rings on her fingers, and a bracelet that was insured. Look as she might, she could not see Angus Dance in that mirror (he had been taken to the dining room for a slice of the ham), and knew she never would.

The head of Christian's department had a Common Market face. He put his drink down on the Chopin and said, "I don't really know you well enough to tell you this story." Grace watched the room rippling in mirrored waters: such slow movement, such pastels; and, again, herself—upholstered, decorated, insured, and, for the first time, utterly alone. A big woman in violet leaned against the mantel, purpling the view. Christian's chief said, "Now comes the bawdy part." Grace listened abstractedly to the end of the joke. When she did not smile, Sir Manfred was displeased; and looked at her white flesh as if to say, You started it. He took up his drink and moved off toward the bookcase: "I'm a voracious reader." He had left a circular stain on a nocturne.

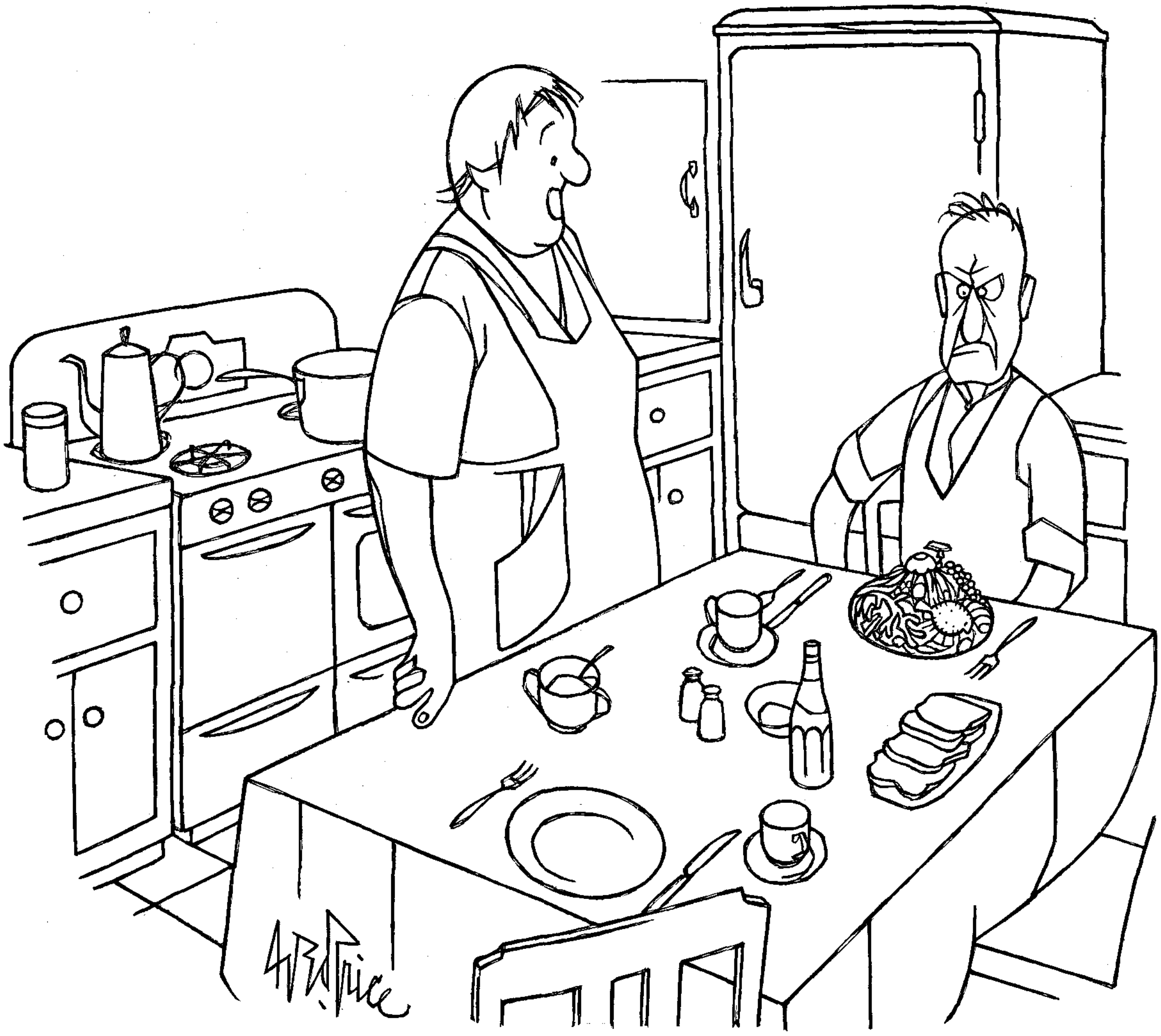
She saw, or knew, that Angus Dance had come back into the room. Making sure about some cheese puffs, she found him close to her, talking to a black-haired, blue-eyed girl who had come with the Dalrymples.

And why on earth not? A man like that could not possibly be leading a celibate life, abstinent in tribute to her own romantic fancies.

"Grace, I've got the info for you on the Tirpitz."

It was their oldest friend, whom she at once wished dead.

"Don't say I ever let you down. A



"They're comestibles. What the devil did you think they were?"

promise is a promise. Twelfth of November forty-four."

Grace folded her hands before her. Sunk.

"Capsized at her moorings. We'd disabled her with midget subs the year before, but the R.A.F. gave her the coo de grass in forty-four. Somewhere in the Arctic Circle, up in the Norwegian fjords, don't ask me to pronounce the place, it's one of those names with dots over the top of it."

Angus Dance was back to back with them, well within earshot.

"Damn fool Germans brought her well within our range, you see. Always be relied on for the stupid thing. Utterly gormless. Well, does that take care of everything?"

"I'm grateful, Ernie."

Ernie spoke no German but could do a good accent at parties. "Effer at your serffice." He clicked his heels.

Angus Dance was fetching an ashtray for the Dalrymple girl. He had said, "They sank." For Grace and Ernie, it was "We sank"—even the schoolgirl Grace had attacked the great battleship Tirpitz with all her nine-year-old might. Angus Dance was out of it, free from guilt or glory. For him, Ernie and Grace might as well have rioted on Mafeking night.

Grace revolved a cold glass between her palms. Ernie ran a proprietary finger along the black waist of the piano, in the same way Christian had done with the rim of her dress. "She took a thousand men to the bottom with her."

People were kissing her, one after the other: "Dored it, dored it. Simply dored it." Angus Dance left on a wave of departures, shaking hands.

When it was over, they brought the Spode out from a safe place. Someone had broken a goblet of cut crystal.

Jeremy remarked, "You did say smash."

Two calico cats were let out mewing from the upstairs bathroom, but would not touch leftovers. Jeremy and Hugh put the chest back between the windows. Rupert, who was not allowed to lift, helped Christian count empty bottles: "I liked Doctor Dance the best."

I too.

Christian half turned his head to where Grace stood, and lightly winked. "So we have a crush on Doctor Dance, do we?" He had assembled the bottles in a box. "I liked him myself."

Later still, winding his bedside clock, Christian asked, "Why on earth was Ernie babbling on like that about the Tirpitz? Or was it the Scharnhorst?"

Grace was drawing the black dress over her head. "I think it was the Scharnhorst."

HE could have called next day to thank for the party but did not, although the phone rang all morning and Christian's chief sent flowers.

"It was a success, then," announced Jeremy, who was becoming worldly.

Grace was turning over the mail.

Christian said, "I don't know when I've seen a finer bunch of marguerites."

Mrs. Thrale was now embarked on the well-known stages of love: the primary stage being simple, if infinite, longing. She might, in a single morning, see a dozen Dances in the streets. Then, high-strung to an impossible phone bell whose electric drill reverberated in her soul, she constructed myths and legends from a doorway kiss; that was the secondary phase. Tertiary was the belief that all significance was of her own deranged contriving, and any reciprocity on the part of Angus Dance a fantasy. She had no revelation to make to him: he had even seen her best dress.

The trouble was, the very abundance of her feelings sufficed for mutuality. So much loving kindness also made it appear moral.

The phases mixed and alternated. If he came on Sunday, to the art show, she would know.

Grace lay awake, then slept uneasily.

Christian said, "You're up so early these days."

"It's that dog next door, barking at daybreak."

Rupert cackled. "Like a rooster."

By now, Mrs. Thrale had committed adultery in her heart many times.

On the Sunday, Christian took the boys to a horse show. Christian knew quite a bit about horses—their dimensions and markings and matings, their agilities. The boys, too, could adroitly use words like roan, skewbald, and gelding.

"We should be back by six."

Grace said, "I might look in at the art show."

When they had gone out she made up her face with care. She put on a heavy blue coat that was old but became her. It was a raw day, almost lightless; heavy clouds suggested snow. In a shopwindow she saw herself clasping her scarf together—hurrying, aglow.

A woman at the door charged her 10p. The floor of dirty wooden boards was uneven, and scrunched as she walked in. She was almost alone in the hall but could not bring herself to look about for Angus Dance. A fat man in a mackintosh stepped back to get perspective and collided: "Sorry." There were two or three elderly couples who had nothing else to do, and a dejected girl who was perhaps one of the exhibitors. The paint was in many cases green and red, in whorls; or had been applied thinly in angular grays. She knew he would not come.

When she left the place it was getting dark and there was sleet. She did not want to go home; it was as if her humiliation must be disclosed there. She shrank from home as from extra punishment—as a child, mauled by playmates, might fear parental scolding for torn clothes. But stumbled along with no other possibility. Pain rose up from her thorax, and descended like sleet behind her eyes. It was scarcely credible there should be no one to comfort her.

She thought, my mortification. And for the first time realized that the word meant death.

Alone at home, she went into the bathroom and leaned both hands on the sink, pondering. This anguish must be centered on some object other than Angus Dance. Such passion could scarcely have to do with him—the red-haired Doctor Dance of flesh and blood and three months' acquaintance—but must be fixed on a vision. This mirror, in its turn, showed her intent, exposed, breathing heavily. She had never seen herself so real, so rare.

She had just taken off her coat when they came in from the horse show, speaking in a practiced manner of chestnuts and bays. Christian had been jostled in the Underground: "Perhaps I'm not suited to the mass society."

Grace said, "Perhaps we are the mass society."

MONDAY was Mrs. Thrale's day for the hairdresser. She said, "Mario, I have some gray hairs," and put her hand to her brow. "Here."

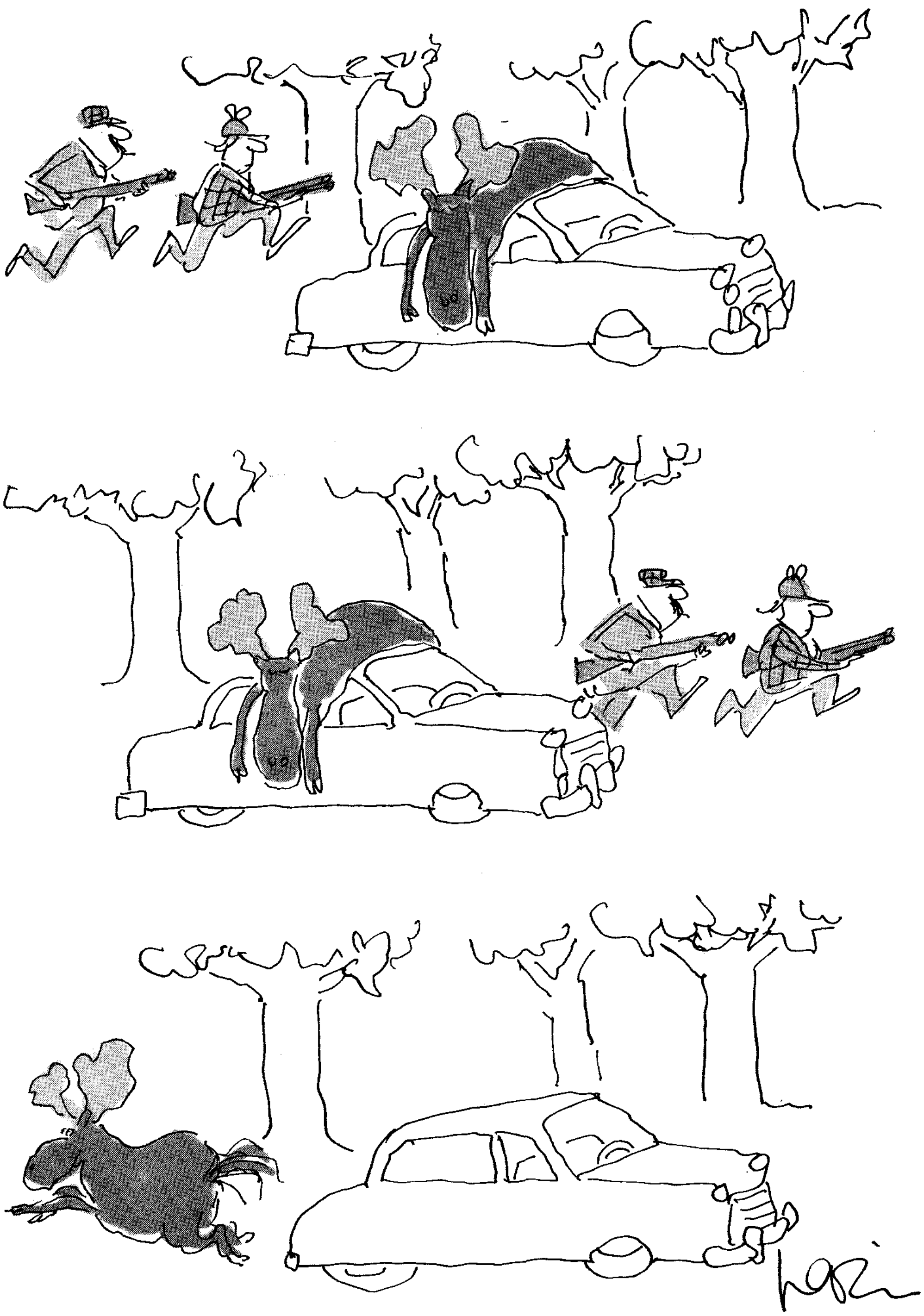
He took her head between his hands, under a light, as if it were a skull held *norma frontalis*. Alas, poor Grace. After a while he said, "It is not a case for dyeing."

He released her. "You are not ready to dye."

"No."

"Being fair, you can wait a bit." Grace sat in a plastic chair and he said, "It is worse for the dark ladies."

When she was settled under the dryer with *Vogue* and "The Gulag Archipelago," the immemorial pathos of the place struck at her. There was hardly a young woman present, except the shampoo girl whose hipless jeans and prominent pectoral arch made Grace Thrale's soft flesh appear historic. Grace looked down at her own round little arms, stared at them as into a portrait by an Old Master. She thought of her body, which had never been truly slim, and showed a white mesh from bearing children, and now must passively await decay and mutilation. Her hands, clasped over a magazine picture of a bronze man on a



beach, instinctively assumed an attitude of resignation. She read, "The Aga Khan in a rare moment of relaxation." But perceived herself in that instant entering into a huge suspense, lonely and universal.

That night Grace dreamed her own death.

The following morning she made an excuse to telephone the hospital.

"Doctor Dance has been out with a heavy cold."

She said it was not important, and hung up. The bad cold arousing scorn, she said aloud, "I would have got there," meaning to the art show; which was perfectly true. She went upstairs and made the beds, and thought in derision: "Scotsmen are scarcely Latin lovers."

Equilibrium did not last. On her way downstairs there was the same thoracic pain, a colossal suffering, grandiose, of a scale and distinction to which she, Grace Thrale of London W8 7EF, hardly seemed entitled. She sat in the kitchen and thought, I am overwrought; and perhaps am mad. Oh God, I must break myself of this.

Break, break, break. You said smash. A crush.

It occurred to her, in her isolation, that books might have helped. It was the first time she had reckoned with the fact she did not read, that neither she nor Christian read—and here was the true discovery, for she had relied on him to maintain a literary household. They had dozens of books, on shelves that took up half a wall; not to speak of the Penguins. And would send to the library regularly for the latest: she had the Iris Murdoch in the house, as well as the Solzhenitsyn. Voracious readers. But a state of receptiveness in which another's torment might reach into her own soul, through which her infatuation might be defined and celebrated—there was none of that. Christian confidently presented himself as a man of letters: "I'm rereading Conrad this winter." But "Within the Tides" had lain on his night table since December.

Christian came home and kissed her. "I have spoken to those people about that yipping dog."

"You haven't."

"Certainly. You can't go sleepless forever. They have agreed to keep the animal indoors."

She wished he had not said the animal.

He thumped his briefcase onto the hall table. "And I actually used the word yip."

In her dream, Christian had been weeping.

Grace got up in the night and went downstairs. She took "Wuthering Heights" from a shelf and stood by the windows in the moonlight, keeping the ceaseless watch of her passion. She had no right to utter the name of Angus Dance, or to give him an endearment even in thought—never having done these things in life. She might as well have called on Heathcliff, or Aeneas. The book, an old edition, weighed in her hand. She knew she would not read it; but wondered if you might open at any page and find truth, like the Bible. She passed her other hand down her body, and thought her small feet irresistibly beautiful as they showed beneath her nightgown.

In the morning Christian said, "Perhaps we need a new mattress."

When the marguerites began to fester, Grace put them in the garbage. The card, still attached, said "With homage," and had an ink line through the surname. She swirled water in the vase and remembered: "I didn't laugh at his off-color joke."

Christian was worried, but said, "You certainly don't have to take insults to further my career": to forestall her thoughts. After a moment he asked, "What was the joke anyway?"

"I couldn't for the life of me work it out." They both burst out laughing. No reply could have pleased him more. Perfect, sheltered Grace. Once, during a holiday on Corsica, he had turned her face away from the spectacle, as he called it, of a fistfight.

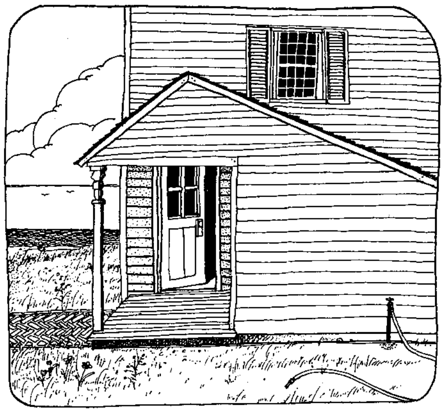
Late that day she met Angus Dance in the street. She had bought narcissus to replace the daisies, and stood holding them downward in her hand. She could think of nothing to say that would equal the magical silent discourse of her reverie.

He said, "Are you all right?"

"I haven't been sleeping properly." She might as well have said, I love you. "Except with pills."

"What are you taking?" For a moment authority passed back to him.

They then spoke of his heavy cold. And she would bring Rupert in for a checkup at the end of the month. Despite sleeplessness, her skin glowed like his own.



He said, "Do you have time for a coffee?"

So Grace Thrale sat at a Formica table and Angus Dance hung his flannel jacket on a peg. He wore a pale woollen waistcoat knitted by his mother. His hair in itself was enough to attract attention: his northern light, his blaze of midnight sun. They scarcely spoke, though leaning forward from a delicate readiness, until the girl came to take their order. Both his accent and an oddly aspirated R were more pronounced. Grace thought her own speech indistinct, and made an effort to talk out.

"I have been wondering how you were." All things considered, the boldest remark she had ever made. She was surprised by her definite voice, her firm hand efficiently taking sugar, when the whole of Creation, the very texture of the firmament, was wrought, receptive, cream-colored, like his sweater.

He said he ought to go to Burnham-on-Crouch to see about his boat, which was up on the slips for scraping and red lead. Some recaulking was also needed. "I don't feel up to it, somehow." The commonplaces, the withholdings, were a realization in themselves. Her scented flowers stood between them in a tumbler of water, pent within a green string. "I'm not much of a sailor—the genuine ones are fanatical. I took it up after a bad experience. I suppose it was a means of motion when everything was standing still."

"Was it when your marriage broke up?"

"No. This was a later repudiation." He smiled. "I don't know that any of this can be very interesting. Such usual griefs."

"To me they are not usual." She could not imagine Christian, for whom acceptance was imperative, recounting his rebuffs, or acknowledging "my griefs." Even in the entrancement of the coffee-shop the threat came over her that Christian was in this the more infirm, the more defenseless; and that Angus Dance was fortified by reversals, and by his refusal to dissimulate. She recalled his simple commitment to Rupert, how he had said, "I promise." Such fearlessness could not be required of Christian.

When she made contrasts with Christian it was not just the disloyalty but that Christian always seemed to gain.

Doctor Dance offered buns. "I had a grand time at your party. I should have called to say so."

"Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera."

• •

Grace thought of the scuttling of the Tirpitz, and the chief's commemorative flowers, a soaked wreath on swirling waters. Lest we forget. "It seems so long ago."

"I've not seen you since."

It was the mingling of great and trivial that could not be misunderstood.

He went on, "Yet we are so close."

She fell silent, leaning back into colors and shadows of the room: not in fulfillment, which could hardly be, but in voluptuous calm, at peace. Her hand was outstretched on the table, the sleeve pushed up. It was the first time he had seen her inner arm. She knew it might be the only such passage between them, ever. If the usual griefs were coming to her at last, so was this unprecedented perfection.

GRACE was seated at the piano. She turned a sheet of music, but did not play. Rupert came and stood beside her. "What is it?"

"It's Scarlatti."

He had meant, What's wrong.

Like a lover, he stood near enough to suggest she should embrace him. With her right arm she drew him against her side. Her left hand rested on the keys. She leaned her head to his upper arm. It was like an Edwardian photograph. She said, "I do love you, Rupey." This was the last child with whom she could get away with such a thing—and only then because his illness had given them an extension during which a lot might be overlooked. They both knew it. Emulating her mood, the boy became pensive, languid; and at the same time remained omnipotent.

She said again, "I do." To get him to say it back. She thought, So now it has come round: *I* am trying to draw strength from *them*. She thought the word adulteress, and it was archaic as being stoned to death—a bigoted word, like Negress or Jewess or seamstress or poetess; but precise.

Her left hand sounded notes in the bass: sombre, separate, instructed. The room received them dispassionately. There was a click of her ring on ivory.

She rocked the boy a little with her arm, and could feel the plaster armoring his X-rayed ribs. She took her hand from the piano and put both arms about him, her fingers locked over his side, her breast and brow turned to his body. This was less like a photograph.

He said, "What's up, Mum?" Moving his imprisoned arm, he put his own hand to the treble and struck a discordant series of keys, stressing and repeating vehement high notes. She released him, but he jarred a few last perplexed, excited sounds; and stood, still touching her, swayed between childhood and sensuality.

Christian came in with papers in his hand. "What's this, a duet?"

The boy sauntered off and switched on the telly. The News flickered over jagged devastations—Beirut or Belfast, the Bronx or Bombay.

Christian said, "Grace, I must speak to you."

Rupert yelled, "It's a program on Pompeii."

Grace sat with Christian on a sofa

that was rarely used because of the velvet. He told her, "Something momentous has occurred."

In her mind, Grace Thrale swooned.

"I have been given Africa."

He might have been Alexander, or Antony. The younger Scipio. Grace stared whitely, and he added, "South of the Sahara."

She was looking through such tears as would never rise for Angus Dance, who could not need, or evoke, pity for impercipience or self-exposure. She wept for Christian, insulated in the nonconducting vainglory of his days, and might then have told him all, out of sheer fidelity to the meaning of things. She said, "My darling."

"There's nothing in the world to cry about." Christian touched her face, pleased. "I can assure you." Perfect Grace. He unrolled the departmental chart in his hand. A small box at the top of the page littered into larger boxes underneath, fathering endless enclosures of self-esteem. He pointed—here, and here. "Talbot-Sims will only be Acting. But for me *it's the real* thing." As he leaned to show the pedigree, there was a sparse, graying place on top of his sandy head. He said, "My youth was against me," brushing a speck from the flawless page. "But in the end they waived seniority." The chart started to curl at the edges, struggling to rescroll. "It will make a whopping difference in the pension."

Grace wondered if their severance from each other's thoughts and purposes had at any time appeared so conclusive to him; if ever she herself had so grossly disregarded. She wondered whether, during summer separations, or the time she went to Guernsey, he had perhaps loved, or slept with—the one need not preclude the other—someone else. It was hard to imagine him sufficiently headstrong for it, now he did not have the self-reliance to read a book. If he had loved another woman, Grace of all people would understand it. Magnanimity shaped a sad and vast perspective. Or it was merely a plea for leniency in her own case.

Christian put his arm around her, stooping from heights where officials waved seniority. "I'm afraid we'll have to call off the Costa Brava. But when I've got things in hand I'll take you somewhere quiet." His mind ranged, like the News, over ravaged nations, seeking a possibility. All was pandemonium—Portugal, Palestine, Tibet: called off, one after one. Elation weirdly faltered in his throat, as on a sob; but recklessly resumed: "So you brought me luck, telling the old bastard off about his joke."

ANGUS DANCE came into the brick passage as the rain began. He started to run; at the same moment that Grace Thrale, entering from the opposite end, ran, too, under the rain.

Had it been possible to observe their meeting from above or alongside, like a sequence on film, they would have been seen at first precipitate, heads lowered against weather; then slowed in realization; and finally arrested. The arrestation being itself

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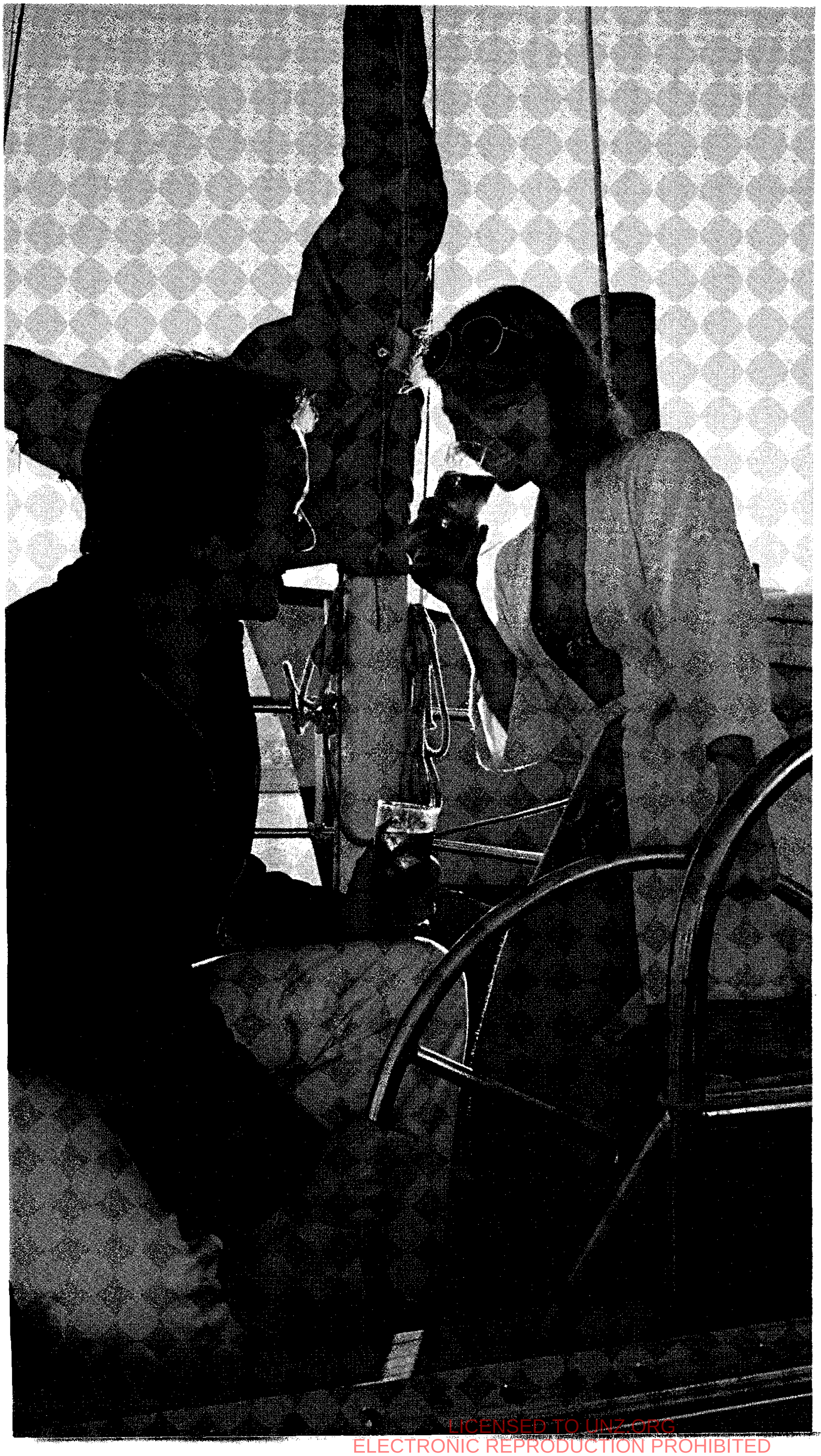

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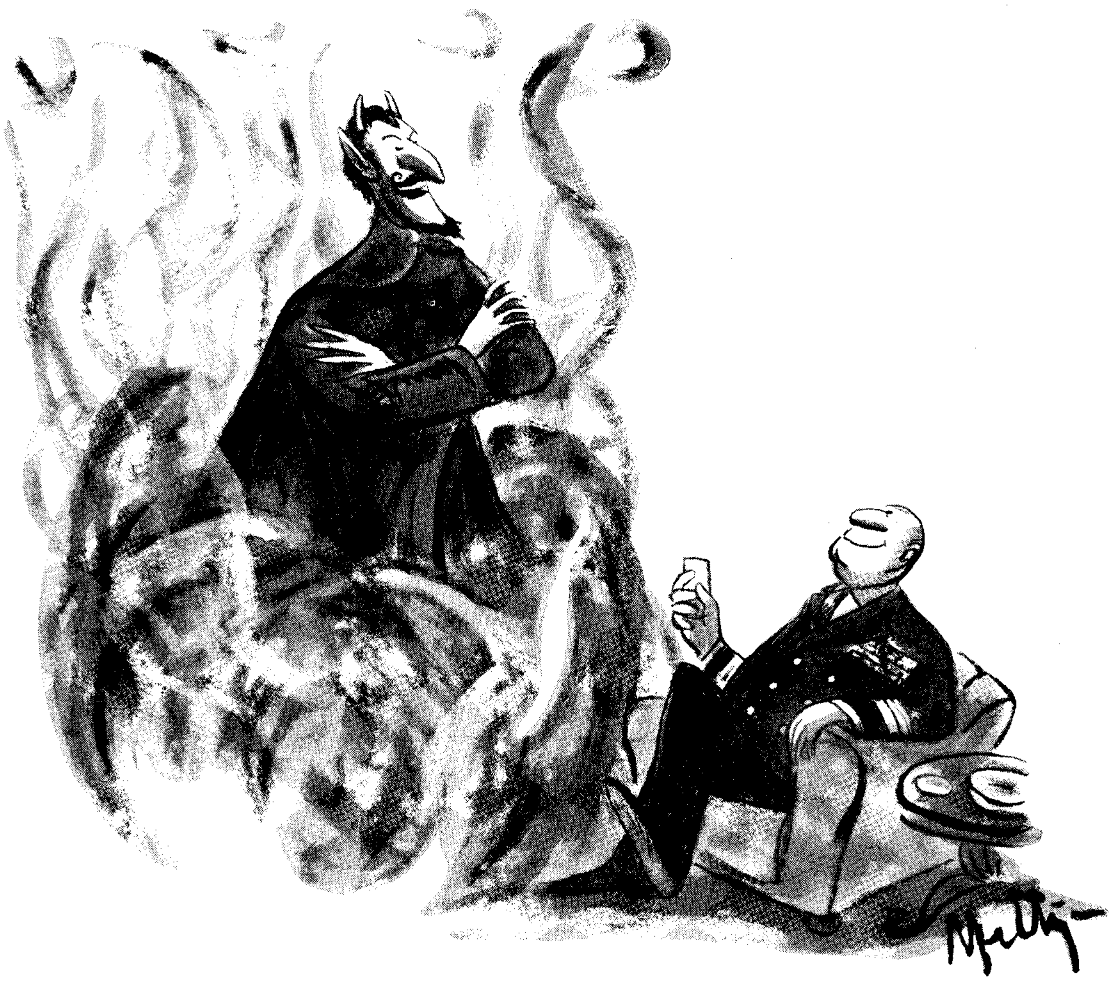


"Then it's a deal, Admiral. Gregory Peck will play you in your mature years, and Robert De Niro will play you as a young man."

• •

some peak of impetus, a consummation. They were then facing, about a yard apart, and rain was falling on Dance's hair and, like gauze, on Grace's coat of calamine blue. Ignored, the heavy rain was a cosmic attestation, more conclusive than an embrace.

Anyone seeing them would have said lovers.

Rain was silvering Dance's eyelids. He had taken hold of himself by the coat lapel. His expression was disarmed, pure with crisis. "This is what I meant about being close."

"Yes."

"Shall we get to shelter?" As if they had not already got to shelter.

Sloshing along the narrow tunnel, he took her arm at last. By not embracing they had earned some such indulgence. They then stood under an awning at the exit of a supermarket; and he said, proving her more right than she had ever been about anything, "You know that I love you." It was the response she had not been able to compel from her own child.

She would not even brush the water from her hair or coat; and perhaps need never consider her appearance again. After moments during which the rain continued and they were nudged by shopping bags, she said, "It makes me happy." She thought she would tell the simple truth, now that she was indomitable.

Opposite, there was the new hotel that took groups. Dance said, "It would be a place to talk."

"We can cross when it lets up." Her self-possession surprised, as in the tea shop.

He hesitated; and decided. "Yes. I'll have to telephone about the appointments."

She did not urge him to keep them. Nor did he ask if she was due in the Crescent. When the sky lightened, they crossed.

As they came into the hotel, the man at the desk put down the phone, saying "Christ." A heap of baggage—suitcases, golf bags, holdalls in nylon plaid—was piled by the foot of the stairs. In the lounge, which was one floor up, they might already have been at an airport, waiting to depart. Pylons of the building were thinly encased in plastic wood, with little counters around them for ashtrays or drinks. The sofas were hard and bright, yet far from cheerful. Slack curtains were tawdry with metallic threads, and on one wall there was a tessellated decoration of a cornucopia greenly disgorging.

As they entered, a group of women in pantsuits got up to leave. An old man with an airline bag said, near tears, "But they only had it in beige."

Grace Thrale sat near a window, and Angus Dance went to telephone. Had it not been for him, how easily she might have fitted in here. The enclosure, nearly empty, enjoined subservience—was blank with the wrath, bewilderment, and touching faith of its usual aggregations. It was no use now trying this on Grace, who scarcely saw and was past condescending. With detachment that was another face of passion, she wondered in what circumstances she would leave this place and if she would ever go home. Abandoned by her, the house in the Crescent was worse than derelict, the life in it extinct: the roast attaining room temperature on the kitchen counter, an unfinished note to Grace's sister announcing Christian's promotion, a rock album that was a surprise for Hugh; and "Within the Tides," unopened on the bedside table. All suspended, silent, enigmatical—slight things that might have dressed the cabins of the Mary Celeste or embellished a program on Pompeii; trifles made portentous by rejection.

She got up and spread the two damp coats on a nearby seat, to deter. She stood at a concrete embrasure looking at the rain, and knew he had come back.

He sat beside her on hard red plastic and said, "There's nothing to be afraid of." He touched his fingers to hers, as once at the hospital. "I am going away." You could see the color ebbing down through clear, lit levels of his skin. "I have been offered a position at Leeds."

She sat with the air of supremacy, the triumphant bearing summoned for a different outcome. When she did not speak, he went on, "You must not think I would ever try to damage your life." Her life, which she stood ready to relinquish: whose emblems she had been coolly dispersing, as she might have picked off the dead heads of flowers.

He said, "As if I would seek to injure you."

As if she would not have gone up with him to a room in this place and made love, if he had wished it.

He was making an honest woman of her. She deserved no credit from the beneficiaries, having already thrown them over: love would be concealed, like unworthiness, from them, from him. When she had coveted his standards, she had naïvely imagined them compatible with her passion. It was another self-revelation—that she should have assumed virtue could be had so quickly, and by such an easy access as love. It was hard to tell, in all this, where her innocence left off and guilt began.

Scrutinizing Angus Dance's drained face and darkened eyes, his mouth not quite controlled, Grace Thrale was a navigator who seeks land in a horizon deceitful with vapors. Eventually she asked, repeating her long lesson, "Is this a promotion?"

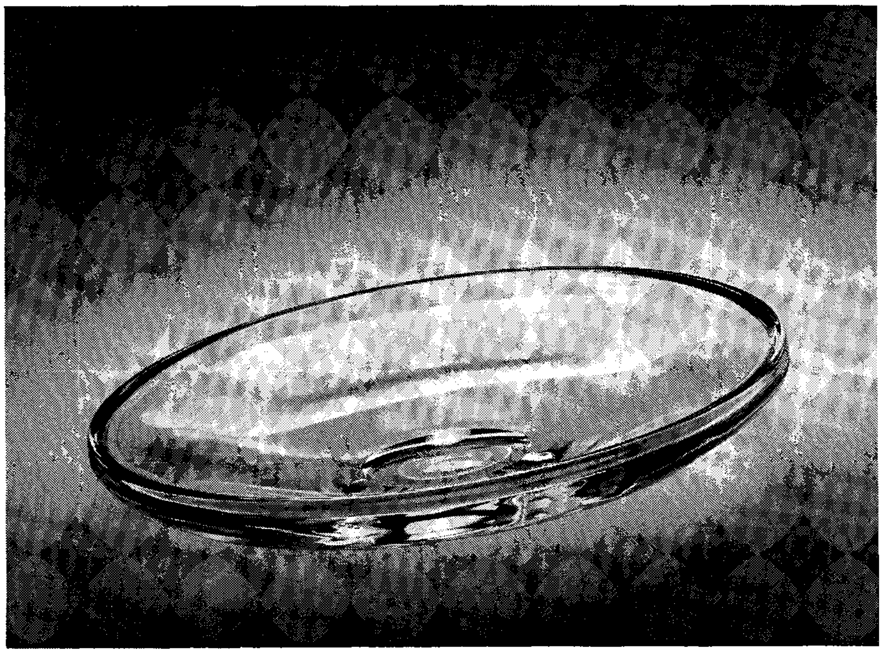
"An advancement, yes."

Such conquerors, with their spoils, their cities and continents—Leeds, Africa. Advancing, progressing, all on the move: a means of motion. Only Grace was stationary, becalmed.

"In that way, also, it's necessary. I can't go on doing the present job forever."

Only Grace might go on doing forever. Might look up Leeds in the phone book, like Dorset. Realization was a low, protracted keening in her soul. Here at last was her own shipwreck—a foundering beyond her parents' capsized ferry. She might have howled, but said instead what she had heard in plays: "Of course there would have been no future to this."

Color came back on his cheeks like blood into contusions. He got up quickly and, as if they were in a private room, stood by the concrete window; then leaned against a column, facing her, his arms spread along the ridge meant for ashtrays, his durable body making a better architecture, a telamon. "A man should have past and present as well as future." He moved his hand emphatically, and a dish of peanuts spilled in silence: it was a gesture that laid waste, as if a fragment of the column disintegrated. "Do you not think I see it constantly, the dying who've not lived? It is what we are



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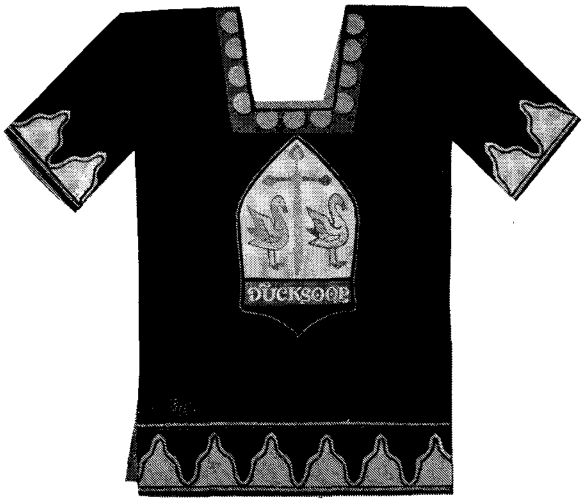
(No. 1 in a series which paradoxically relates history to the computer age)



IT'S DUCK SOUP!

A colloquialism, an expression of "ease of performance," rumored to have started in the 13th century with the Earl of Ducksoop. It seems the Earl had little trouble always dispatching all comers *with ease* at local joustings. In fact, for years, he held the title for bopping his adversaries in record time (1/66th an hour-glass, it is said). Sporting a tunic (the T-shirt of the day) gloriously embroidered "Ducksoop," he was a most feared and respected man. The hue and cry "It's duck soop" always preceded him. Naturally, history and children being what they are, changed the soop to soup. Thus, the expression.

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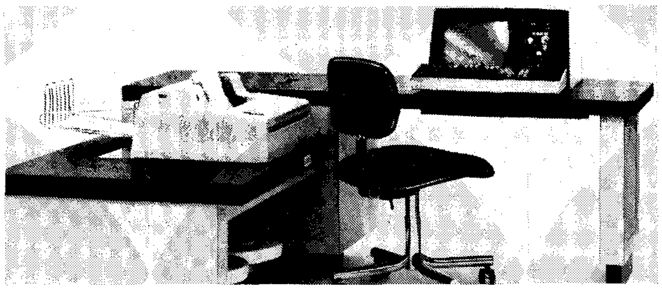

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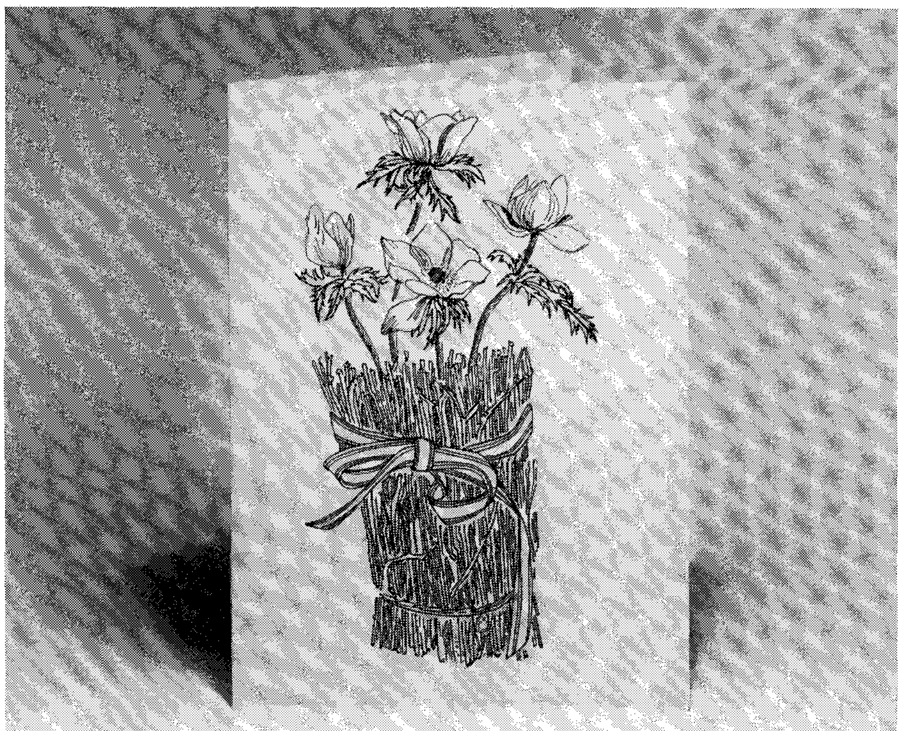

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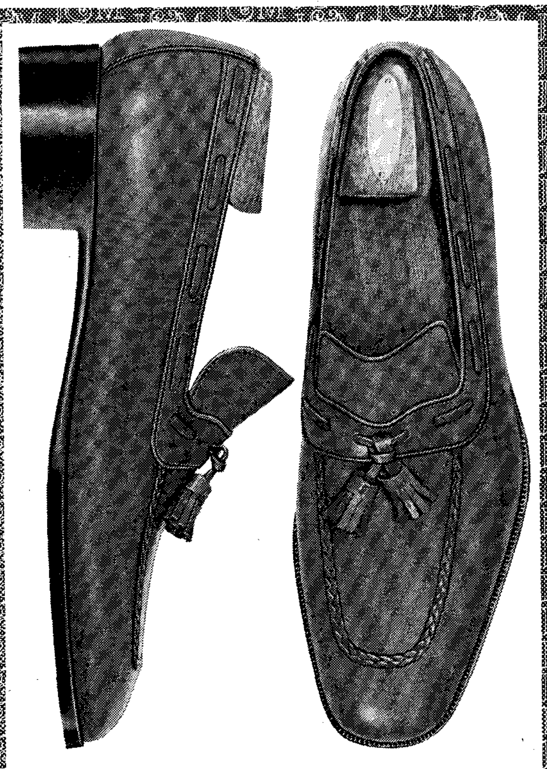

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being, not what we are to be. Rather, they are the same thing."

"I know that." Even her children were already staked on the future—their aptitudes for science or languages, what did they want to be, to be; they had never been sincerely asked what they would be now. She said, "Even those who have truly lived will die. It is hard to say which is the greater irony." Such discoveries were owed to him. She rose to his occasion, and no doubt would soon sink back, incurious; would go, literally, into a decline.

He said, "I am near thirty-three years of age, and live with too much vacancy." She saw his rectitude existing in a cleared space like his parents' uncluttered house. He told her, "You cannot imagine—well, I do not mean that unkindly. But you, with your completeness—love, children, beauty, troops of friends—how would you understand such formlessness as mine? How would you know solitude, or despair?"

They were matters she had glimpsed in a mirror. She felt his view of her existence settling on her like an ornate, enfeebling garment; closing on her like a trap. She leaned back on the unyielding sofa, and he stood confronting. It was an allegorical contrast—sacred and profane love: her rapture offered like profanity. To assert, or retrieve, she said, "Yet there has been nothing lovelier in my life than the times we sat together at the hospital and looked at the photographs."

He came back to the sofa and replaced his hand on hers—a contact both essential and external, like the print of fingers on X-rays. "It was like Paolo and Francesca."

She would have to look it up when she got home. But stared at his hand on hers and thought, without mockery, Scarcely Latin lovers.

He said, "It's true we could not have stood the lies."

The first lie was Grace drawing off her dress, her head shrouded in black, her muffled voice saying, "Scharnhorst." She said, "In my married life I never so much as exchanged an unchaste kiss, until with you on my birthday."

He smiled. Perfect, sheltered Grace. "There is so little laughter in illicit love. Whatever the theme, there must always be the sensation of laughing at someone else's expense."

Grace had last laughed with Christian, over Sir Manfred's joke. She said, "I am serious." The kiss, the lie, the laughter—nothing would be serious again by that measurement. "I am serious," she said, as he smiled from his

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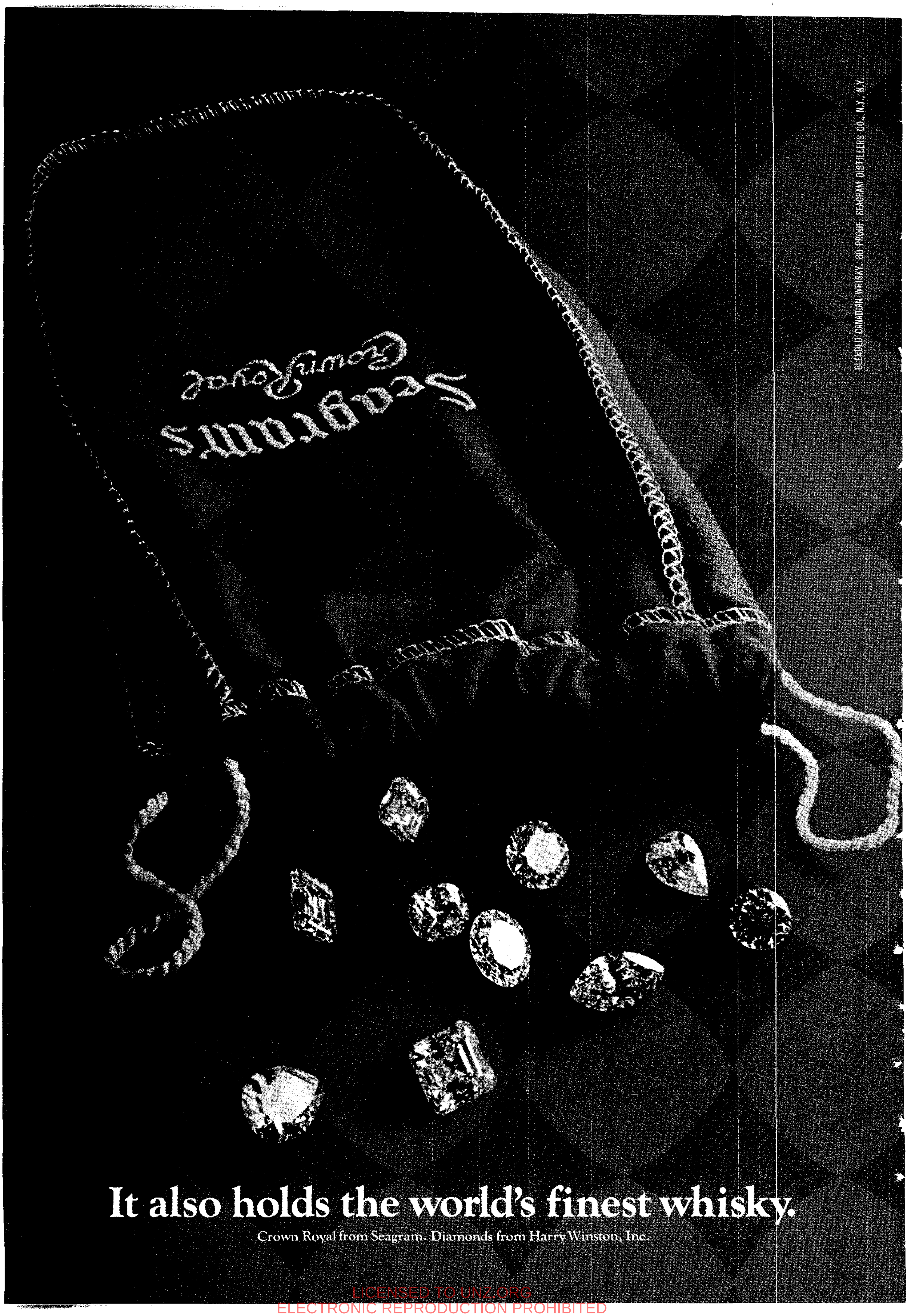
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greater experience and lesser insight; as he looked with the wrong solicitude. Grace would not be called upon to testify. She remembered how, on tumultuous Corsica, her head had been turned away.

"In a new place," she supposed, "you will get over this."

"I still dream about a girl I knew when I was eighteen." He would not conform with her platitudes; he would not perceive her truth. He would dream of Grace, in Leeds. He said, "Memories cool to different temperatures at different speeds." He glanced about, at the figured rug and tinselled curtains, the column splintered into peanuts, the drab cornucopia: "What an awful place." And his condemnation was the prelude to farewell.

Grace Thrale said, "It is the world."

"I've said many things to you in thought, but they were never hopeless like this. Nor did they take place in any material world." He then corrected himself. "Of course there has been desire," dismissing this extravagance. His accent intruded, and he allowed time for speech to recover itself, mastering language like tears. "What I mean is, in thoughts one keeps a reserve of hope, in spite of everything. You cannot say goodbye in imagination. That is something you can only do in actuality, in the flesh. Even desire has less to do with the flesh than goodbye."

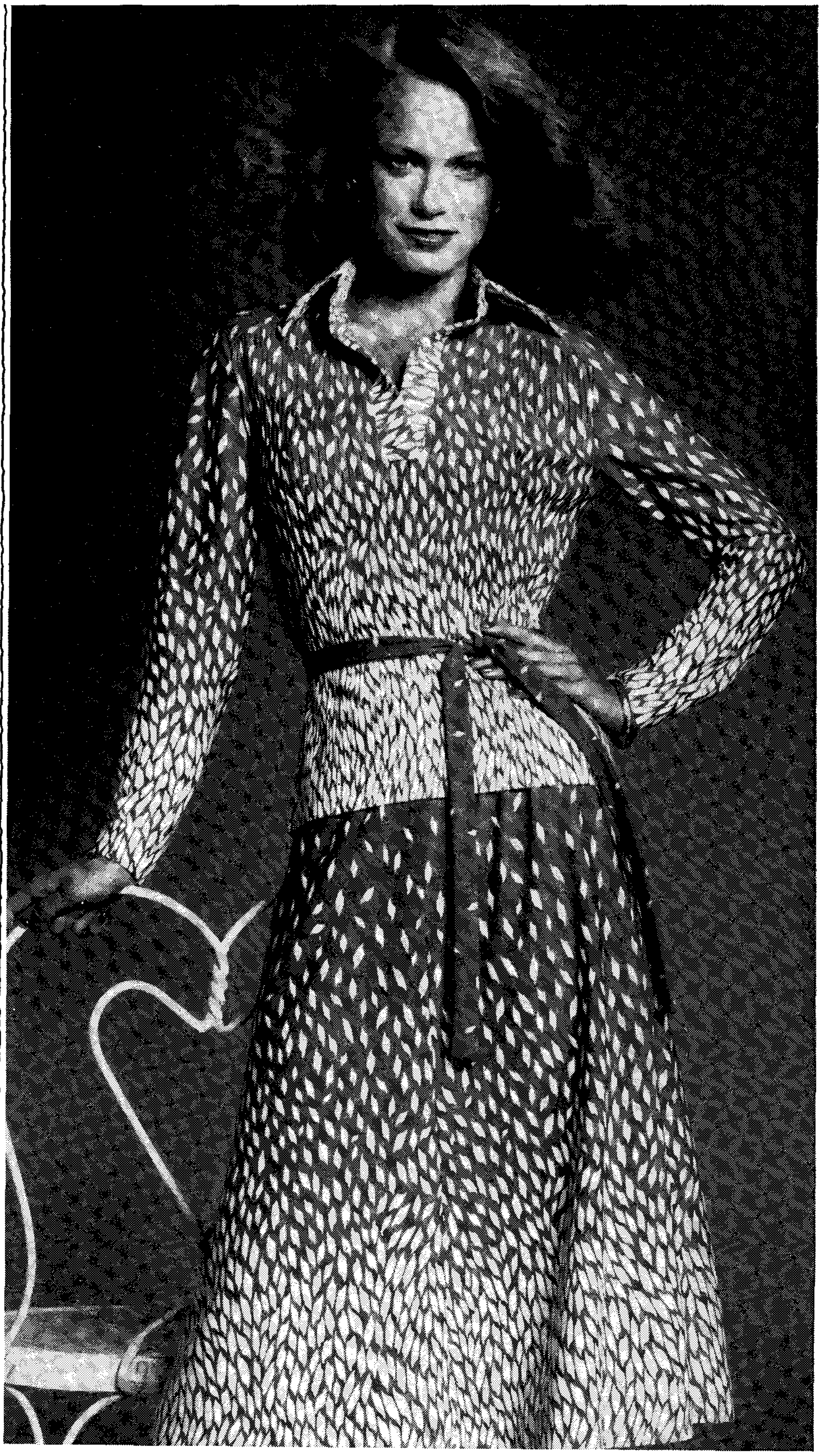
His face had never appeared less contemporary. Was one of those early photographs, individual with suffering and conscience.

"So I am to lose you." She might have been farewelling a guest: Dored it, dored it. Dored you.

He said, "I cannot do any more," and withdrew his refractive touch and passed his hand through his bright hair as in some ordinary bafflement. He got up again and took his coat from the chair, and stood over her. All these actions, being performed very rapidly, reminded that he was expert in contending with pain. "I'll drop you. I'm taking a taxi." His reversion to daily phrases was deathly. It was ultimate proof that men were strong, or weak.

They stood up facing, as if opposed; and onlookers were relieved to see them normal.

"I'll stay on here a few minutes." She could not contemplate the taxi in which he resolutely would not embrace her. She clasped her hands before her in the composed gesture with which she sometimes enfolded desperation; raising her head to his departure, she was



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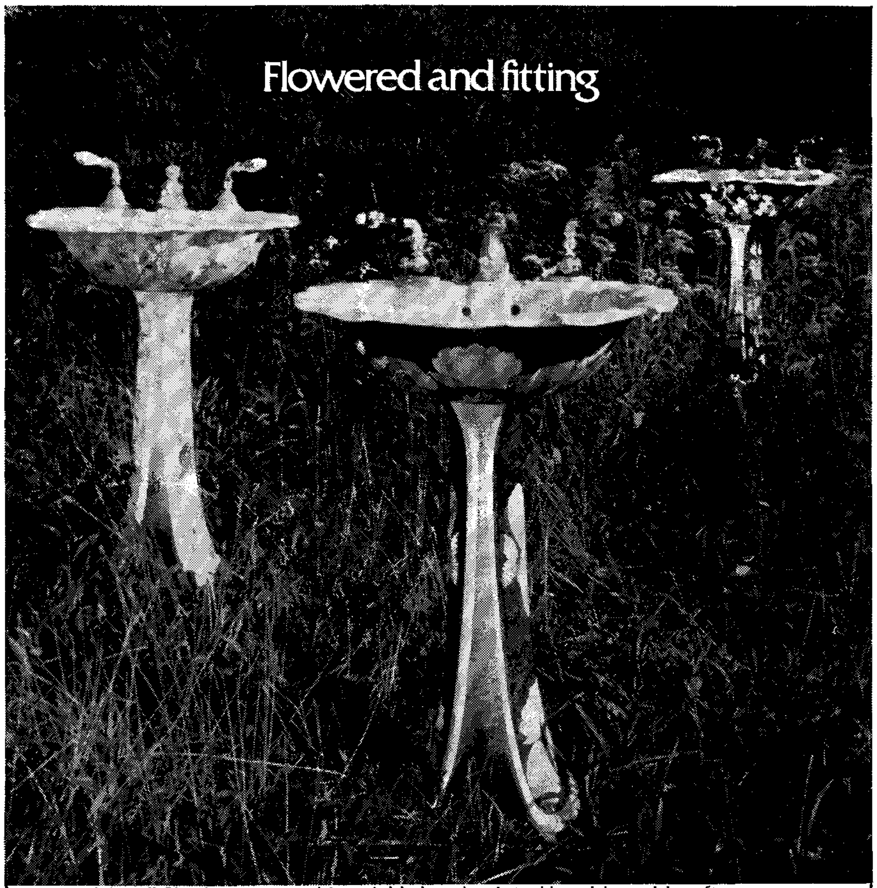

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•

CORRECTION FOR FROSTING, BRIOCHE

In the Sept. 6 edition of the Burlington Free Press, mistakes appeared in recipes for Brown and Serve Brioche and One-Bowl Chocolate Frosting. Readers should add one-third of a cup of sugar to the brioche recipe, not 13 cups, and one-third of a cup of heavy cream to the frosting recipe, not 13 cups.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

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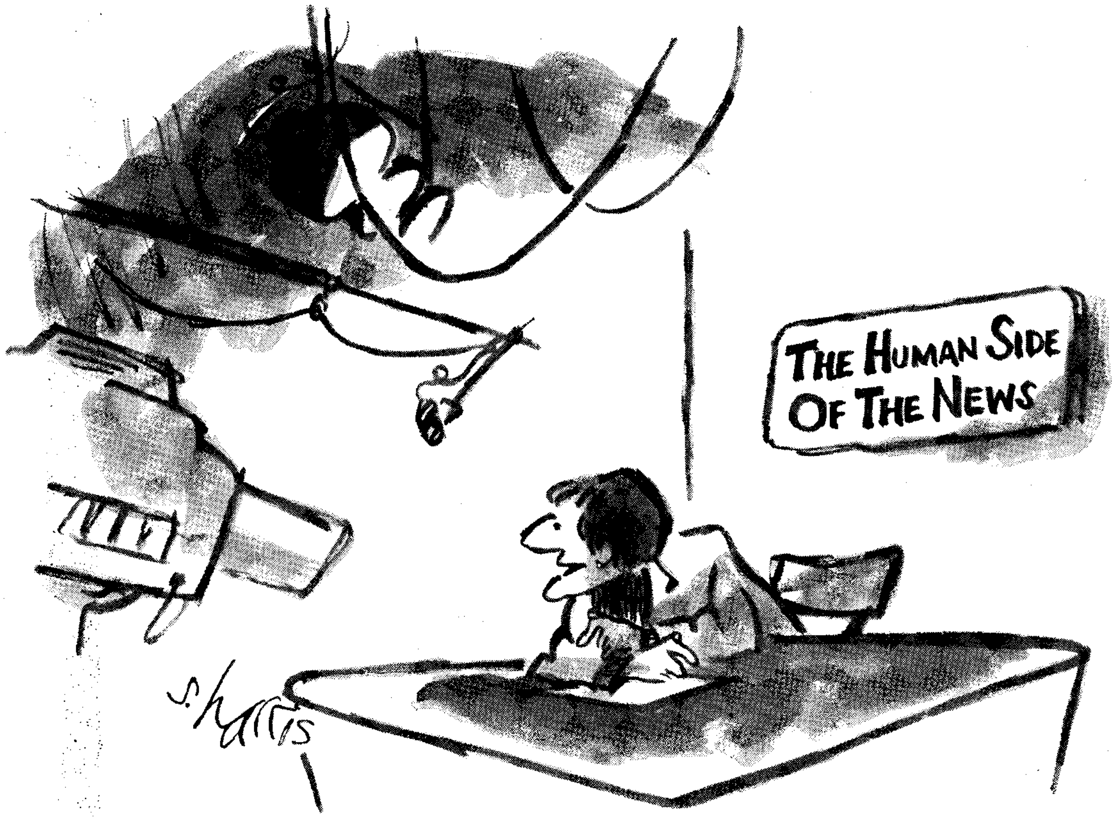
CRIME IN NEW YORK

ALL anyone knows with any certainty about crime in New York City is that there is a lot of it. While specific crime statistics are continually cited to demonstrate how serious the crime rate here is—for instance, the Police Department states that 658,147 felonies were reported to it last year—no one knows how many crimes were actually committed, what kinds of crimes were committed, who committed them, or who the victims were. No one knows because the crimes that were reported have a wholly uncertain relation to the crimes that were committed. It is often said that only one out of every three crimes is reported, but it is impossible to say whether that estimate is even remotely accurate. Studies conducted in confidence over the past six years among residents of Phoenix House, which runs centers for rehabilitating addicts, revealed that some of the young people there had been arrested only once for every hundred and twenty-five crimes they had committed, and had been convicted only once for every six arrests. In other words, they had committed seven hundred and fifty crimes for each conviction. Since half of all the felonies that are reported here are committed by people under the age of twenty-one, the Phoenix House studies raise the possibility that all earlier estimates of the crime rate have been astronomically out of whack.

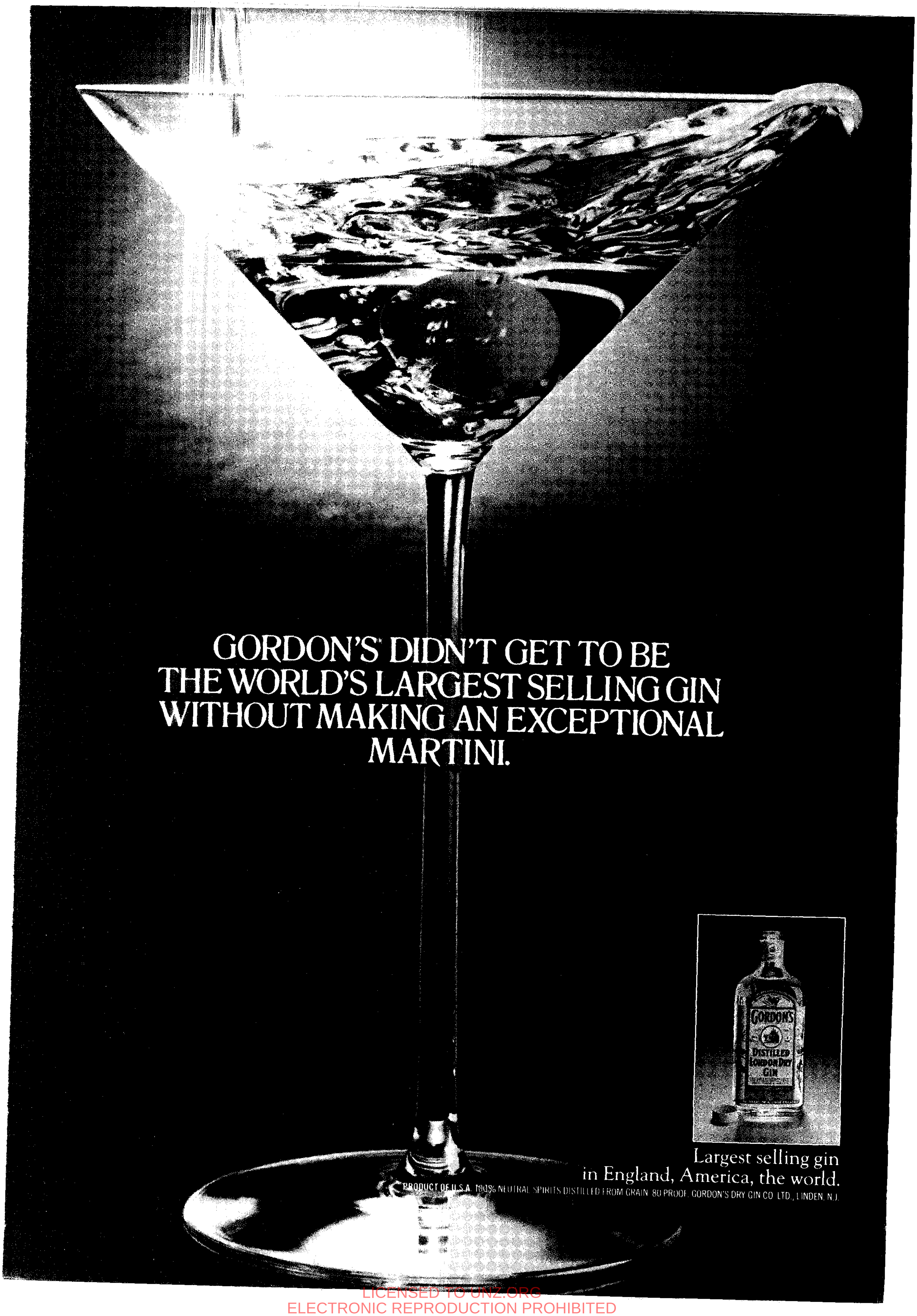
The cause of the disparity between reported and actual crime is probably to be found in one verifiable statistic: three-quarters of the murders reported here are committed by nonwhites against nonwhites. In all likelihood, the great majority of lesser unreported crimes are committed within the same group. Poor people have always been reluctant to call on the police when they are in trouble, because for them the police usually mean more trouble. Black and Hispanic poor people have even greater reason to be reluctant. For one thing, they believe it is a betrayal of their own kind to run to the Man, who is held accountable for most of their misery, when that misery is increased by a colored person. For another, some of the victims are illegal aliens from the Caribbean and Central America and want no contact with officialdom. For still another, getting involved with the police and courts means a loss of time and is often purposeless. And, finally, since so few criminal acts end in imprisonment, anyone who reports a crime and identifies the criminal must be prepared for vengeance.

As long as the crime rate was relatively low and as long as relatively few whites were victims, the whites who were in charge of law enforcement were not hard pressed politically. But with the explosion of crime in the past decade or so the white share has grown proportionately, and now everyone cares a lot about crime—especially anyone running for or holding office. Considering the extremely small chance, statistically speaking, that one will be punished for committing a given crime, it is not surprising that thousands of young recruits go into the crime business every year—although considering the large number of crimes they commit individually, it is also not surprising that almost all of them are bound to be arrested and imprisoned sooner or later. What *is* most surprising is that there aren't more young criminals, since the basic causes of crime—poverty, disintegration of family life, poor education, unemployment—get worse every day. Perhaps the most encouraging aspects of the crime problem are, first, that most young people who resort to crime to get money, experts say, give up that pursuit as they get older, and, second, that apparently a comparatively small, and possibly controllable, number of criminals commit most of the crimes that afflict residents of this city.


THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS

"Evening, folks. Well, I was feeling a little down today, so I bought a new pair of shoes. Dark brown, with super buckles. Perked me right up. Now back to you, Whit."

ALTHOUGH little is being done in New York City (or in the United States) to remedy the causes of crime, there are some new and concerted efforts being made here to control criminals, as I learned in the course of several talks that I had during the past few months with the five top law-enforcement officials in the city, starting with Police Commissioner Michael J. Codd. Any police commissioner of New York City has an unenviable job. Hammered at on one side by an apprehensive public and by the mayor, who appoints him, he is pummelled on the other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side by the most benighted municipal union in town, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. When I met Codd—a tall man of about sixty with yellowish-gray hair, a very Irish face, and a slow, deliberate manner—he looked as if he would happily settle for a beat in Canarsie.

As we sat down opposite each other at a coffee table in his spacious office in the new Police Headquarters building, not far from City Hall, I asked him what he was currently occupied with.

He gave me a weary look and said, "The Son of Sam. It's like looking for a needle in a haystack, except we don't even know where the haystack is." The search for the capricious murderer known as the Son of Sam seemed to me a good example of the effects of political pressure on the Commissioner—pressure largely generated by the daily press. I asked Codd how he felt about having to assign several hundred police officers to the needle-in-an-unknown-haystack task of finding the murderer, when, say, a hundred of those officers might have been assigned to track down a major narcotics dealer who had been responsible for thousands of robberies, assaults, and deaths. The Commissioner gave me an even wearier look and shrugged.

There are said to be at least seventy thousand heroin addicts in this city, and they are said to spend an average of fifty dollars a day apiece to support their habits—some three and a half million dollars daily, or one and a quarter billion dollars a year. Since much of the money they spend on drugs is believed to be obtained illegally, the drug problem here obviously must have a lot to do with the crime problem here. Ordinarily, police departments would give up their guns before they would surrender any of their powers, but last winter Commissioner Codd called on federal law-enforcement officials to help New York police control the narcotics trade—a clear admission that local authorities couldn't cope with it. I brought this up, and the Commissioner said, "The truth is that the major drug—heroin—is not indigenous to this country. It is the federal government's responsibility to stop production of heroin at the source, by persuading foreign governments to cooperate. That failing, it's up to the federal government to stop it at the gates to this country. And the federal government also has a distinct responsibility on the local level, since street sales of drugs are as much federal offenses as smuggling is. We should also have harsher penalties for the sale of hard

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drugs. The dudes aren't being punished, and everybody on the streets knows it."

Not long before, I had seen a report on the effects of the stiffest law ever enacted in this country to punish drug offenders—the so-called Rockefeller Drug Law, which was passed in 1973. The study showed that in the three-year period after the law went on the books, and after seventy-six million dollars were spent on implementing it, heroin use was as widespread as it had been before, serious drug-related crimes had increased sharply, and, despite mandatory sentences for repeaters, the risk of imprisonment for second-felony offenders was lower after the law was put into use than before. I mentioned this report's findings, and Codd said, "It's not the penalties that are wrong. It's that the courts demand such strict proof before they will impose the penalties. That's why we're hamstrung."

A few days earlier, I had walked through Washington Square Park and had seen at least two drug transactions take place in no more than five minutes. I described my experience, and the Commissioner nodded.

"That's true," he said. "You can see that every day of the week. People looking out windows from buildings on the park or people walking through the park and seeing what you saw think that since they can see these transactions taking place the police must see them, too, but just look the other way. However, what these citizens see is not evidence. It's enough to convince *them* that illegal drug sales are taking place, and it's enough to convince *us*, but it's not enough to convince *judges*. It's not evidence. Evidence is very, very difficult to obtain, because a police officer must hand over marked bills and receive the drugs before he can make an arrest, and most pushers will sell only to addicts they know. What's more, to show that a pusher is a real pusher, and not just a one-sale amateur or one junkie selling the stuff to another junkie, the police have to buy drugs from the pusher more than once."

The Commissioner paused for a moment, then went on, "Part of the drug problem is that in some of the neighborhoods where drug use is prevalent people out on the streets are regarded as brothers by the people who live there and who won't turn them in or try to stop them because of this feeling of brotherhood. But in the past year or year and a half, there have been signs of a turnaround in this attitude. More and more parents have begun to see

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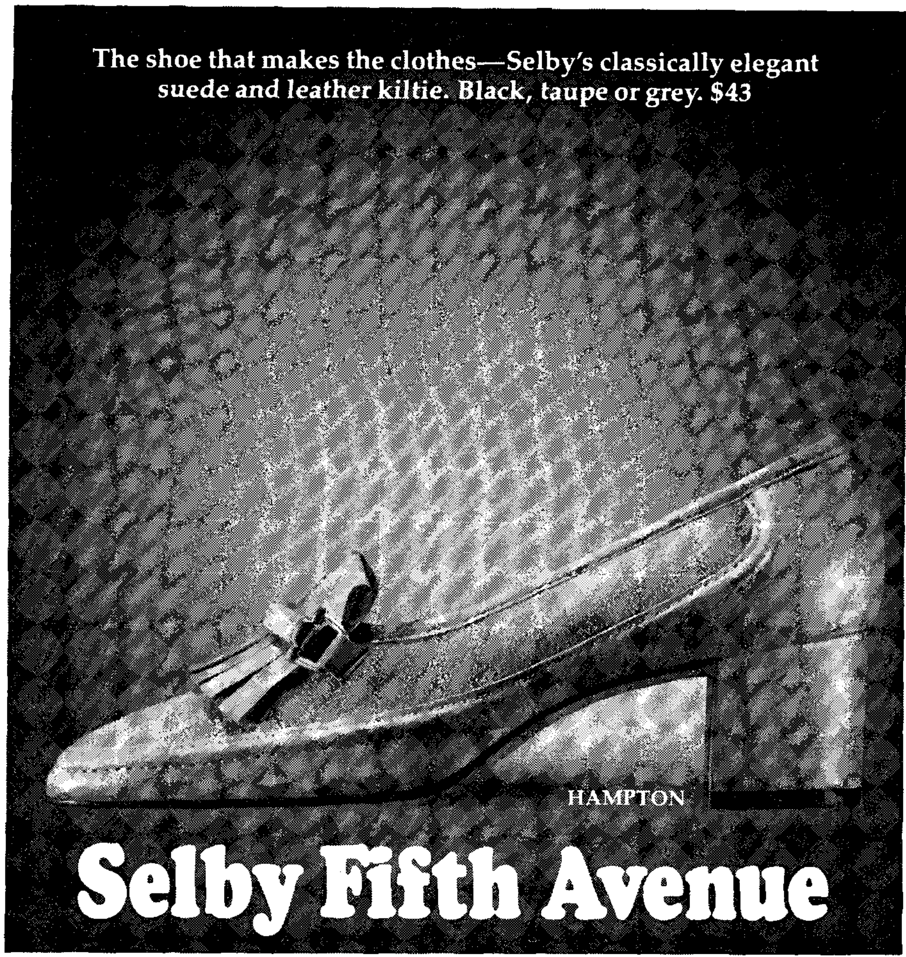

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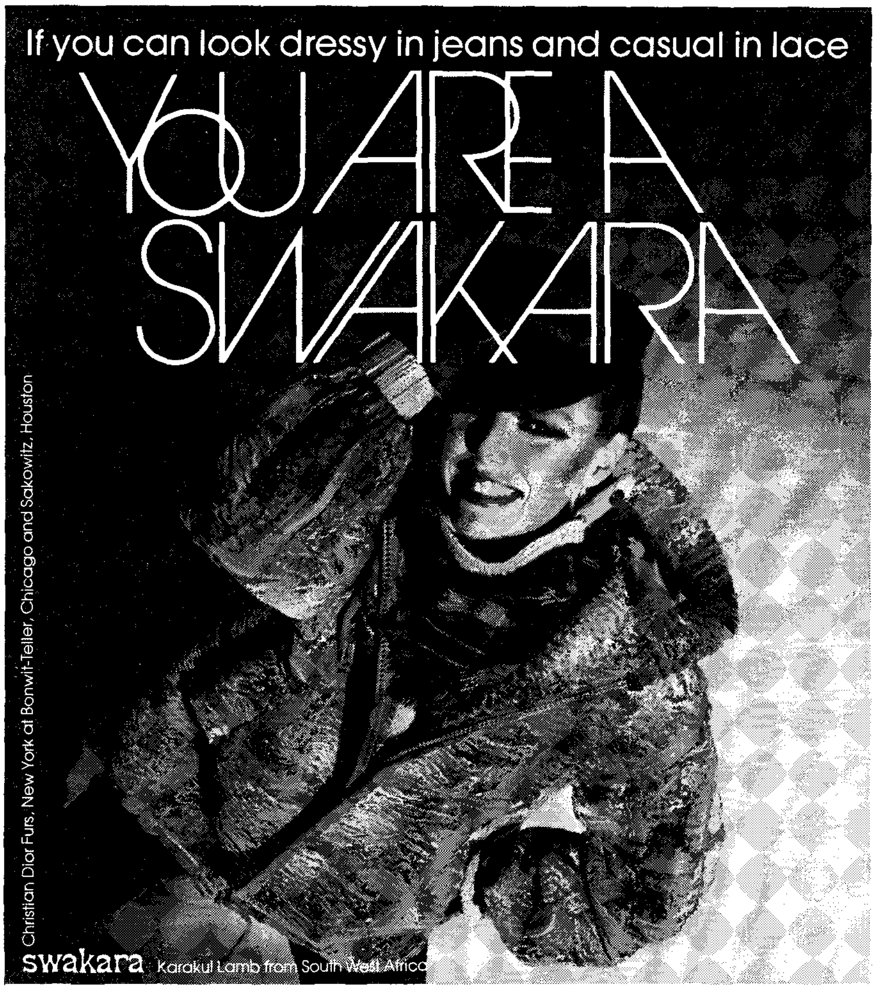

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the effects on their children—the effects of affluence among peddlers and the effects of addiction among users. This has resulted in a greater awareness among parents of the problem we are trying to deal with and thus greater coöperation with us and greater interest in our being aggressive. I think the main remedy for the drug problem, aside from keeping the stuff out of this country, is public education about the results of narcotics use. The glamour has to be taken out of it. For a kid in Harlem, a pusher in a Cadillac is glamorous. We even see pictures in papers and magazines of jet-setters with tiny silver spoons hanging on necklaces. What does this do but glamorize drug use? Most of any educational effort will have to be aimed at parents, so they can stop the glamour from filtering down to their kids. But the basic problem in narcotics is the same as in the rest of our crime. That problem is delay in the criminal-justice process, and the solution is speedy disposition of cases, swift and certain justice."

The telephone rang, and Commissioner Codd got up to answer it. When he returned to his seat, I asked him to expand on this point. "There is a nationwide, a worldwide increase in crime," he said. "There is also an increase in crimes by people under twenty-five. There are also more arrests. Why is all this so? Part of the reason may be the large increase in population. But I think the prime factor is that criminals perceive little danger of incarceration or any meaningful penalty being meted out to them if they commit a crime. The criminal who is arrested sees it only as a misfortune that he was caught, and if he is finally punished the delay before he is punished is so great that he sees little relationship between his act and the punishment for it. It is absolutely crucial that the system be speeded up, so that within a reasonable time frame the criminal sees punishment as the inevitable result of his conduct. Then he won't be let out to commit more crimes while waiting for his case to be disposed of, the victim will see quick vindication, and society will find the system credible."

In 1973, Abraham Beame promised in his mayoralty campaign to hire three thousand more policemen. By 1977, Mayor Beame had got rid of five thousand police. More than three thousand of those laid off were from the precinct patrol force, which the department considers its front line in the war on crime. Still, between sixty-five hundred and seven thousand police officers out of the patrol's remaining sixteen

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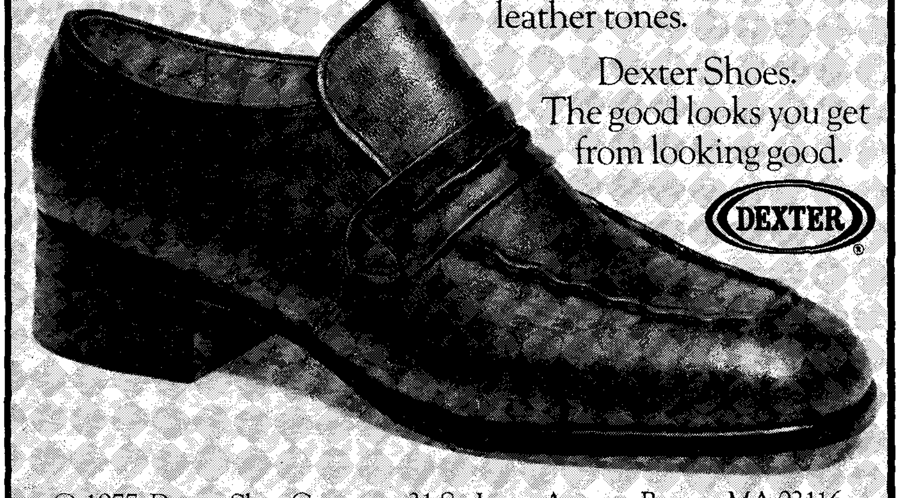

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thousand are on the street every day—the same number as before the reduction. Commissioner Codd made up for the layoffs in the precinct patrol by transferring policemen from desk jobs and by adding ten days a year to the duty time of every policeman in the department. Ten additional days means one million six hundred thousand more hours on duty a year for the police force as a whole. In 1976, the year following the layoff of one-tenth of the city's police force, the rate of the most serious kinds of violent crimes here declined for the first time in many years. One wouldn't have known it from the local press. The *Times*, for instance, ran a front-page story, with a four-column overrun on a rear page, under the headline:

SHARP RISE REPORTED
FOR SERIOUS CRIMES
IN ALL FIVE BOROUGHS
1976 FELONIES SET A RECORD

The article—by Selwyn Raab, a *Times* crime reporter—contained fifty paragraphs. In the forty-fourth paragraph, Raab wrote, "Violent crimes, which are murder, rape, robbery and assault, climbed by 1.5 percent last year. All categories decreased except robbery, which was up 3.6 percent. Robbery is considered by criminologists and law enforcement experts as the most accurate measurement of violent street crime." While crime experts may consider robbery the most accurate measure of violent street crime, the people who were *not* murdered, raped, or assaulted last year—one thousand twenty-two fewer than were murdered, raped, or assaulted the year before—might think otherwise. Of course, the public fears these most violent crimes most of all, and the decline in them was the real news. Apparently, though, the Police Department along with those who report on it are not anxious to reveal that its task is getting even a little lighter.

In any event, I had heard that the changes in the Police Department had made it leaner and more efficient, and asked the Commissioner if this might have contributed to the decline in such violent crimes. He shook his head and answered, "The decline is a reflection of our anti-crime programs—that is, specific programs utilizing plainclothes officers dressed to blend with the local scene." I gathered that he meant the department's decoy operation, in which police officers disguise themselves as old people, drunks, and helpless-looking young women, and wait to be attacked while backup teams of other police officers hide nearby. The decoy program was started here in 1971, and now has

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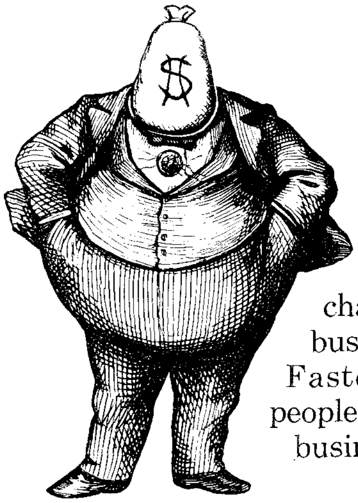

Minds are tough to change.

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Let's stop resorting to one-sided arguments that thoughtful adults are no longer willing to accept on faith.

Let's stop pretending that there aren't any flaws at all in our system, and the way it works.

Instead, let's face up to our mistakes, and correct them. Admit that we're not perfect. And engage in open discourse instead of arm-twisting diatribes.

Since public opinion is ultimately the controlling force in our democracy, an informed public is really one of the costs of staying in business.

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two hundred and fifty officers working with it and an arrest record of twenty thousand assailants in six years, ninety per cent of whom have been convicted. That is an extremely high conviction rate, and may be explained by the fact that both the victims and witnesses are police officers. In New York City last year, the police force as a whole arrested a hundred thousand people on felony charges, but only twenty thousand of them, or twenty per cent, were indicted for committing felonies, and only twelve thousand six hundred of *them* were convicted.

I mentioned this disparity, and asked the Commissioner whether his men had made a large number of bad arrests that grand juries threw out for insufficient evidence.

"Those weren't bad arrests," he said firmly. "Possibly not all the evidence was there at the time the grand jury was considering the offense. Or possibly the arresting officer didn't spend the fifteen or twenty minutes additional that was necessary to make the arrest stick. Or possibly the prosecutor didn't have the time or the staff to present the best case to the grand jury. It's a question of not having infinite resources."

As I got up to go, I asked Codd how the future looked to him.

"In the current time frame, I look forward to a good year—that is, a better year for law-abiding citizens and a worse year for lawbreakers," he said. "That's mainly because there is a closer working together of the different parts of the criminal-justice system in New York City than we've ever had before. We used to stand in corners and point fingers at one another. That's not so much the case now. There's been a marked change. We're meeting together, talking with one another, and working more coöperatively on the problems of crime and law enforcement in this community. I'm very hopeful."

ROBERT M. MORGENTHAU was United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York for nine years and has been District Attorney of New York County for three years. A slender man in his late fifties, Morgenthau has a rather drawn face, gray hair that is thin on top and bushy in back, and old-fashioned horn-rimmed glasses. He is soft-spoken and has the shy smile of a small boy, and he is known as a very tough prosecutor. "Crime in New York City *is* a blight and a great public concern," he said to me as we sat in an enormous conference room just off the smaller room that he uses as his office, in the Criminal Courts Building, at 100 Centre Street, a couple of blocks from Police Headquarters. "But, compared with Detroit or Washington or even Atlanta, this is a relatively safe place to live. Most people here have no contact with crime. The greatest threat to the residents of this city is still crossing the street." I was about to ask him if he was referring to white residents and comparing street accidents with reported rather than actual crimes when he continued, "Crime here is mostly committed against poor people. They are frequently the victims of crime. But the continuing rise in crime, its increasing spillover into the white community, and the failure of our criminal-justice system to cope with the problem adequately have created apprehension and fear among a great many citizens, black *and* white. What frustrates and angers them most is that someone commits a crime and before that crime is disposed of within the system the defendant commits another crime. When that happens, as it does over and over and over, the politicians want to solve the problem by assigning more police. That way, there are more arrests, but the politicians never think about who is going to prosecute these additional defendants, or who is going to judge them, or who is going to hold them in prison. For instance, last year the State Legislature passed a law enabling the police to make arrests of women loitering and soliciting for the purposes of prostitution. We get maybe a hundred and twenty-five arrests a week under this law, or more than six thousand arrests a year. I said at the time it was passed that we'd need five hundred thousand dollars more a year to enforce it. They gave us nothing. Then, there's the Mayor's Midtown Task Force, which was set up to get rid of the massage parlors and pornography shops in the Times Square area. We got a federal grant of fifteen thousand dollars to handle hundreds of these cases. Impossible. It's the same story again and again. Every study—half a dozen made in the past few years—has pointed out this problem. But nobody does anything about it. So there are more arrests, more defendants sent back to the streets before they can be prosecuted, more crimes, more public frustration and cynicism. The trouble is that the public

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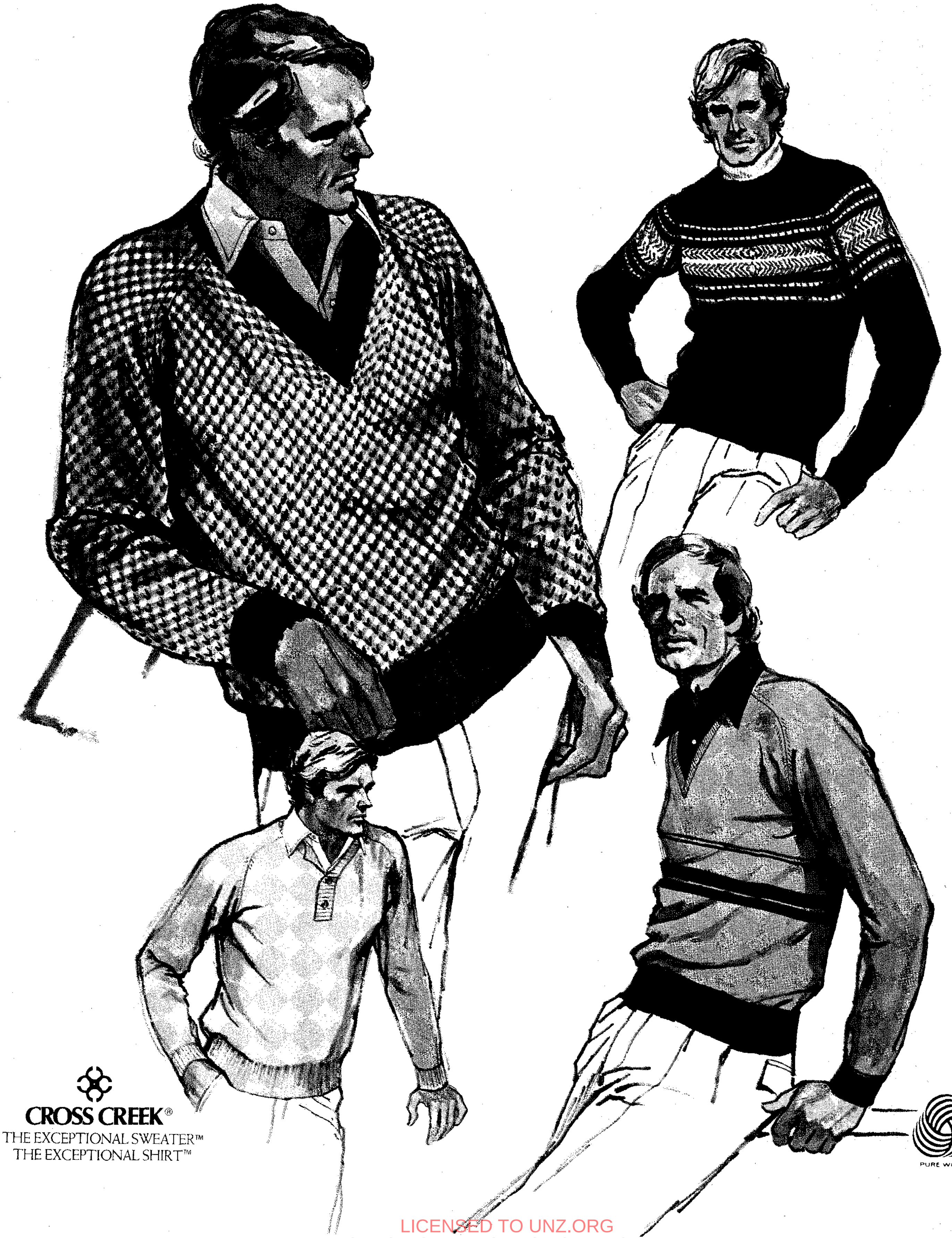

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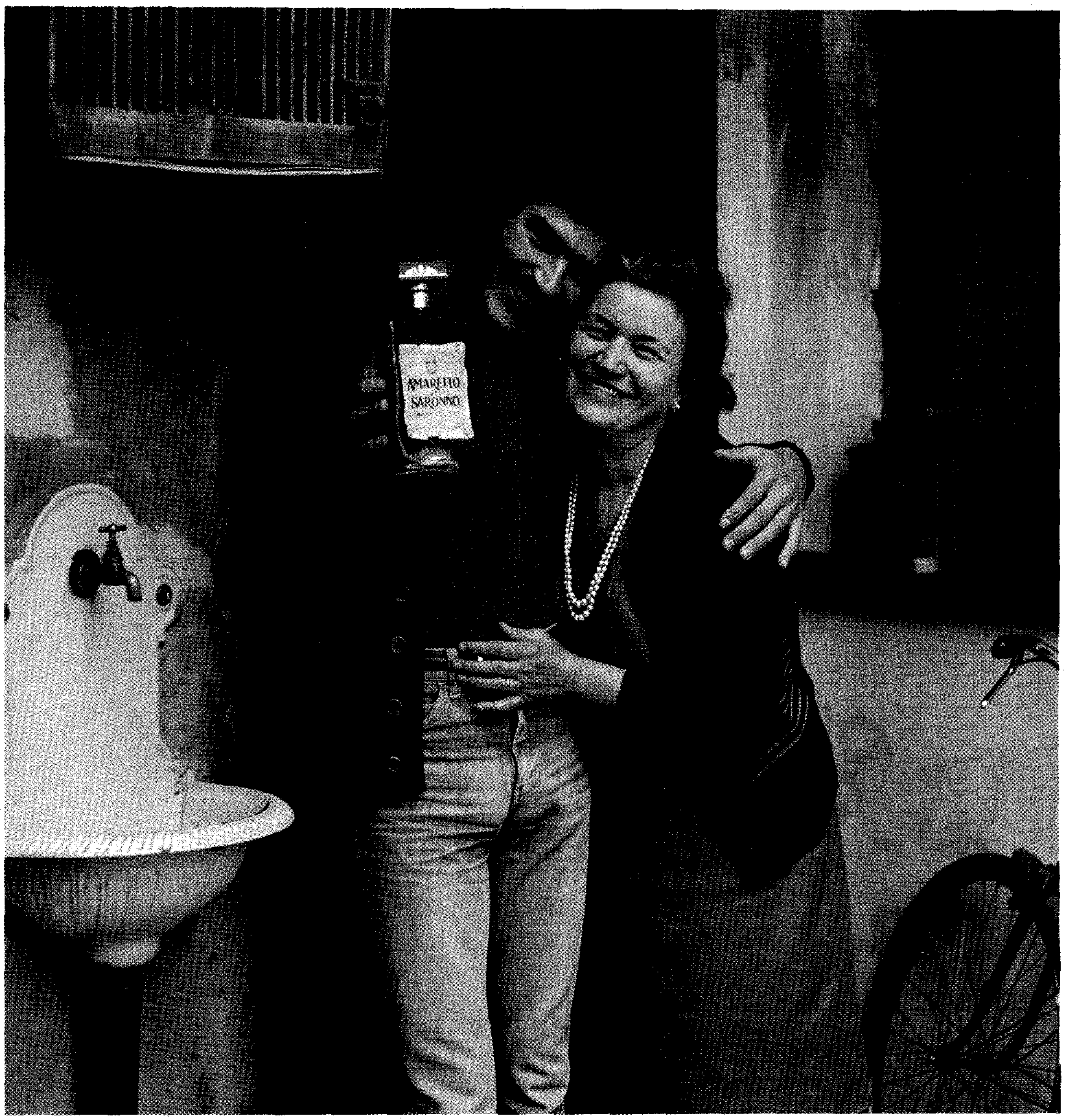
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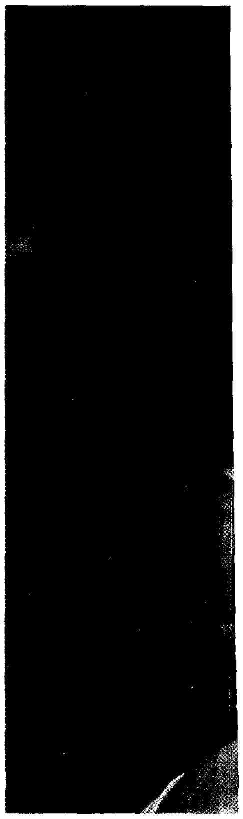

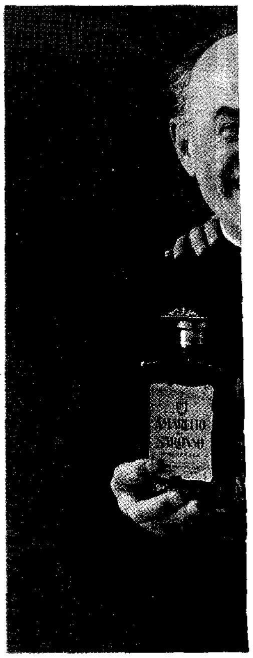
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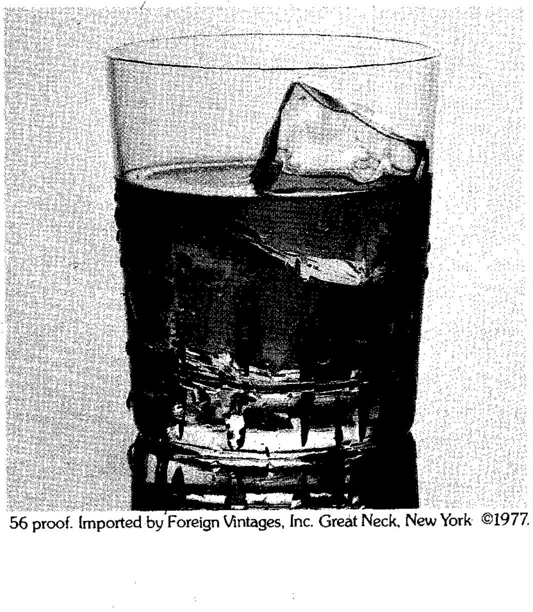

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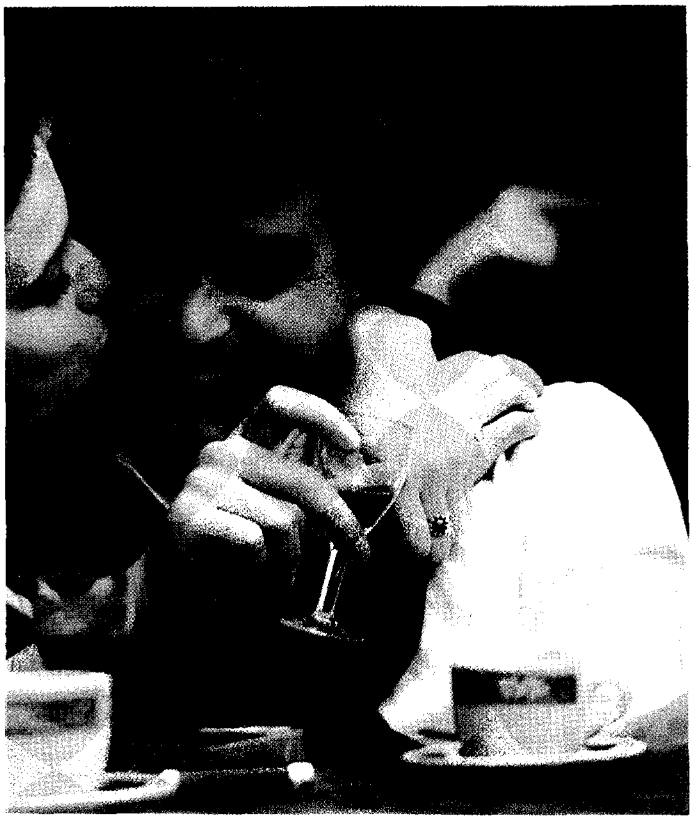
think about is love.



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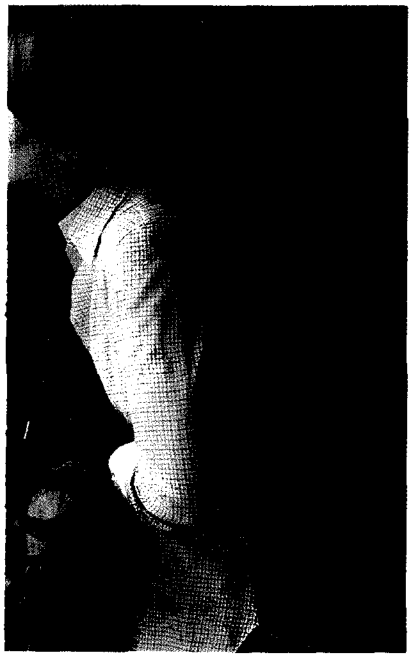

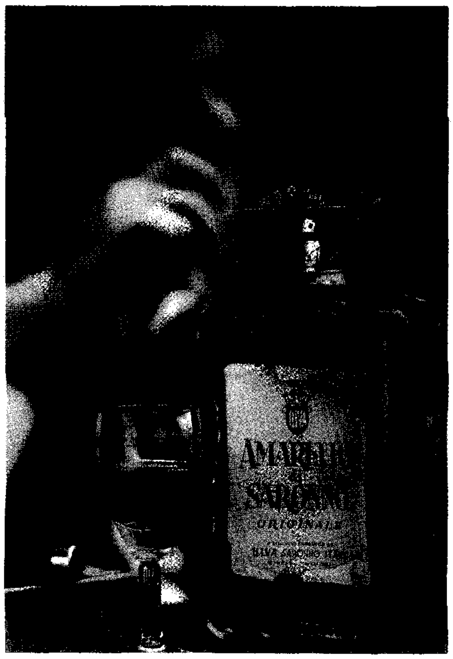

Amaretto di Saronno. Originale.

From the Village of Love.

In our family business there's three things you don't mind spending your money on. Copper tubing. Fast cars. And a fine pair of warm, dry boots. And that third one is just as important as the first two. When you're crouching down in some gully with your feet in ice-cold ditch water, never moving a muscle for hours, whilst them damn Treasury agents snoop around with their dogs barking and sniffing, well, that's the time you're glad you didn't cut corners on your boots. These boots we bought are fine boots, well made, need no breaking in. But to us, that don't mean so much compared to the way they're waterproof and warm.

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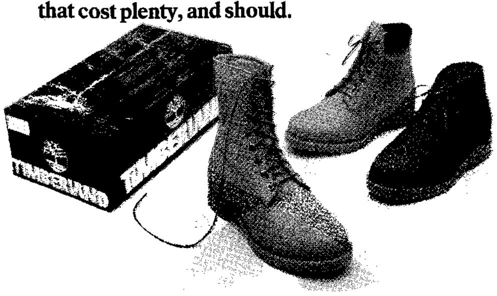

and the Legislature look at the opening of the tunnel but not at the middle or the end of it. The goal of our criminal-justice system should be prompt disposition on a fair and certain basis. That's the only true deterrent to criminal behavior. Almost everything I've been doing is to speed up the system here. We've made a lot of progress, but we have a long way to go."

Morgenthau paused to light a large cigar, and once he had it going he examined the lighted end of it for a moment, puffed a couple of more times, and then said, "Above all, we need more resources. The total budget for the city last year was thirteen and a half billion dollars. The total criminal-justice budget was about ten per cent of that. Of *that* sum, a billion and a quarter dollars went to the police. The Manhattan District Attorney's Office got seven million dollars, or much less than one per cent of the total criminal-justice budget. If we hadn't got another three and a half million dollars from the state and federal governments, we would have had to let at least a third of our staff go. We have around two hundred assistant district attorneys, who handle over a hundred thousand cases a year, or more than five hundred cases per assistant. That's a crushing case load. The average policeman costs the city thirty thousand dollars a year, while the average assistant D.A. costs the city eighteen thousand dollars a year. Arresting people won't solve the crime problem. They have to be tried and imprisoned, too. Citizens say they want something done about crime. Well, not enough will be done until they force the city and state governments to provide realistic funds for somebody besides the police."

Since the city and state governments have done little so far to combat crime, and seem unlikely to do much more in the future, I asked Morgenthau what he could manage to do within the narrow financial limits imposed on his office.

"Actually, we're making rather surprising progress, considering those limits," he answered. "There's been a decline in our backlog of felony cases, a higher conviction rate, more cases tried, fewer cases dismissed in court, less time spent per case, and a rise in the number of convictions that result in imprisonment. This office once handled cases on an assembly-line basis, with some assistants handling only complaints, others handling only arraignments, and still others handling only trials. Now we have what I call 'vertical integration,' under which each assistant handles cases from complaint on

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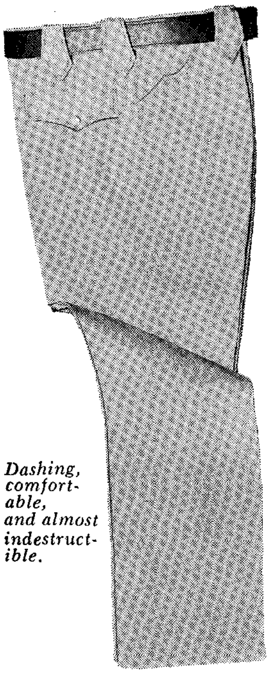
Ranch Pants for men and women are styled with a bold western flavor and made to withstand just about any kind of tough use you can give 'em. You get the lightweight comfort of 50% cotton combined with the rugged durability of 50% Dacron® polyester. A unique finish makes them spot and stain resistant. They're machine washable and dryable too.

We think Ranch Pants are better than blue jeans for camping, hiking, riding, or any outdoor adventure. And, they look great as casual slacks with a sweater or jacket. Either way, they're a genuine bargain in comfort, long wear, and good looks.



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Colors: Desert tan or slate blue.

Men's (No. 4382), even waist sizes 28-50. **Women's** (No. 4389), waist sizes 22-30, 32, 34 (no back pockets). Pants shipped unhemmed. **$24.00.**

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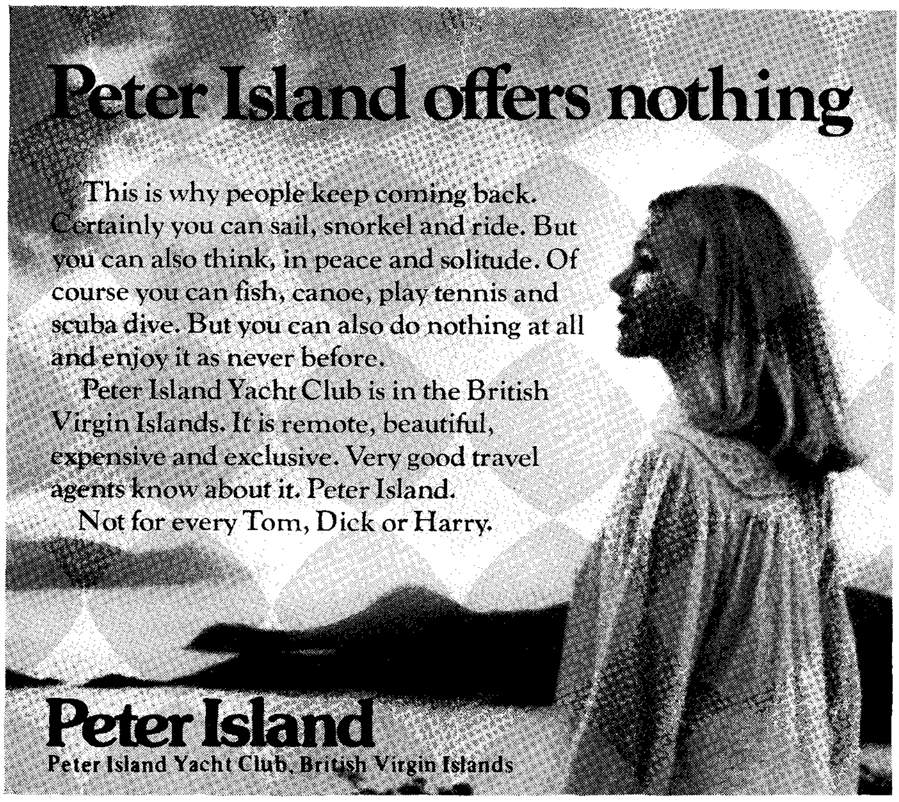

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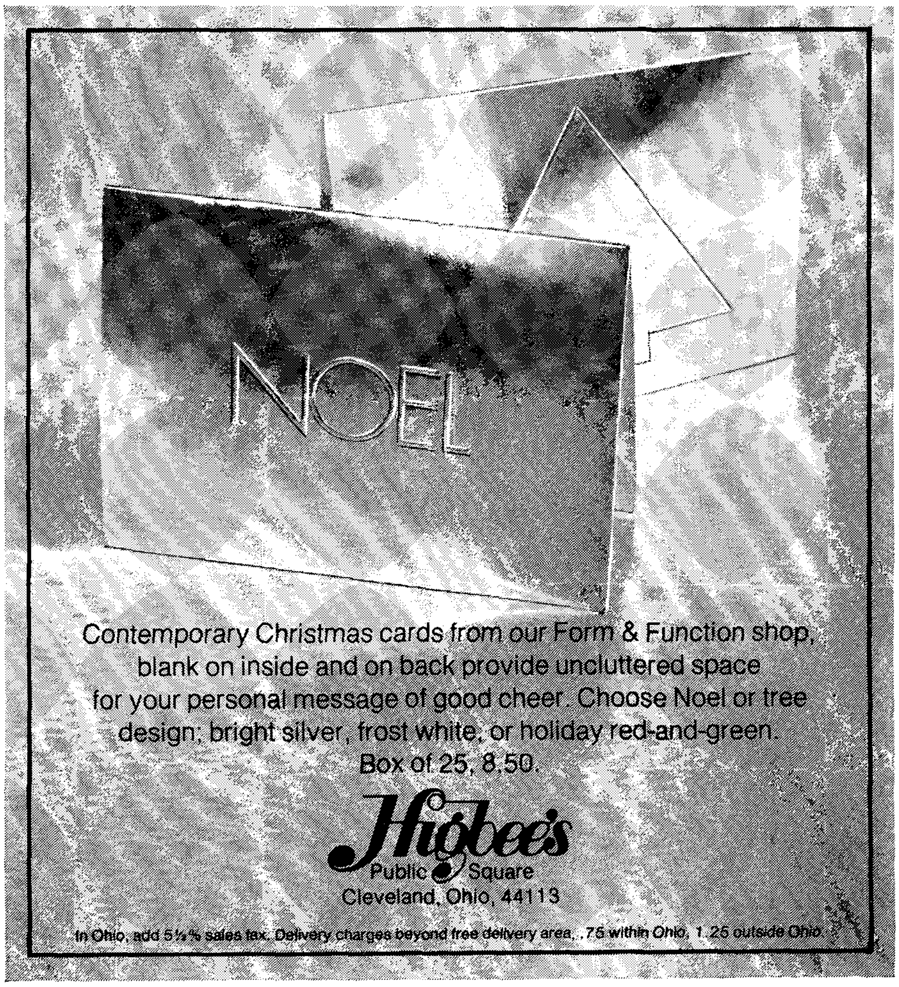

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through final disposition. That has speeded things up tremendously. For instance, in 1974 there was an average delay on felony cases between arraignment and disposition of forty-four weeks. Now the delay is seventeen weeks. We set up an 'early case-assessment bureau,' or ECAB, in May of 1975, which helped greatly, too. With ECAB, we can determine at the start what kind of charge will be brought against a defendant at arraignment. By this means, we've been able to settle sixty per cent of our cases at that stage. This has made it possible for the courts to develop their own special procedures to speed up cases there. But the most important innovation here is that we are now concentrating much more than before on serious crimes and on repeaters of serious crimes, instead of on building a statistical record. For example, take the case we handled recently where two guys followed a seventy-two-year-old woman into her apartment, at Broadway and Seventy-third Street. They grabbed her and put a pillowcase over her head and tied her up with a light cord. Fortunately, they didn't hurt her. All they found in the place was nine dollars in her handbag. They took the money and left. In the past, that would have been treated as a perfunctory case. But we checked the defendants' records, and found that one of them had twenty-five arrests and the other had twenty-six arrests and neither of them had ever been locked up for more than sixty days. So we treated the case as a serious offense, and each of them got three to six years in prison. I think that the serious repeater of violent crimes should be treated very severely. I have come to this conclusion reluctantly, but I don't see what to do with him except to take him off the streets for a very substantial length of time. Of course, our new policy of concentrating on the most serious crimes means that lesser crimes aren't getting the attention they deserve. Since there are far more of these crimes—small burglaries, shoplifting, obscene behavior, car theft—there are more victims to get mad at us, and in the end public anger toward the system is probably greater than ever. But our policy is working. We are finding that a relatively small number of criminals seem to commit a very large proportion of the serious crimes in this city. If we can control them—probably by putting them away for long periods—we'll have time to pay sufficient attention to lesser crimes. Our success is encouraging. Of the people who have been indicted for felonies, seventy-eight per cent are now being convicted. This is far higher than in Manhattan in past years. We also send a higher percentage of convicted defendants to state prison than any other county in the state."

I raised the issue of drug control, and the District Attorney said, much the same as the Police Commissioner had said, "The trouble is in obtaining admissible evidence on the sale of drugs. Observation of narcotics sales will not stand up in court under most circumstances. And even if the police get very strong evidence, we don't have the resources to try these cases promptly. Say a narcotics case is held up for nine months. That's a long time for a drug seller. During that time, he's out on bail, back on the street selling more drugs."

It has long been popularly believed that organized-crime syndicates are behind the drug trade in this country, and I asked Morgenthau if his experience bore this out.

"They're involved in it, but not to a great extent—at least, not to the extent they used to be," he answered. "Organized crime does affect the lives of the people directly or indirectly in a number of ways, though. Most thefts are fenced through organized-crime outlets, which, of course, encourages thieves. Organized crime is involved in labor racketeering, which affects wages and prices. And organized crime is deeply involved in gambling and loansharking, in trucking and carting, and in various other lines. They've tried to get into legitimate business and commit white-collar crimes, but fortunately they're not very smart."

His cigar had gone out, and he paused to relight it, reëxamine it, then puff on it thoughtfully in silence for a minute or two. "Speaking of white-collar crime," he said finally, "I've always thought there was a relationship between that kind of crime and street crime. One reason people get involved in crime is their feeling that the economic and social system is unfair. They figure that if you learn the ropes you can steal and not get caught, that if you reach a high enough status you are beyond the reach of the law. To a certain extent, they're right. Slum kids know that the numbers racket and the narcotics racket are being run by someone up above. They don't know who it is, but they know someone's got to be running things and getting away with it. Then they read in the tabloids about business crooks, big-business crooks. And they see rich men driving big cars, wearing fancy clothes, going into expensive restaurants with beautiful women—the works. The kids figure it's the same thing—that somebody's

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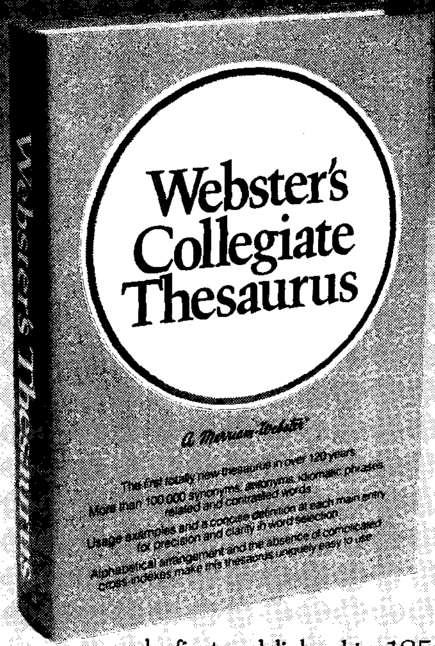
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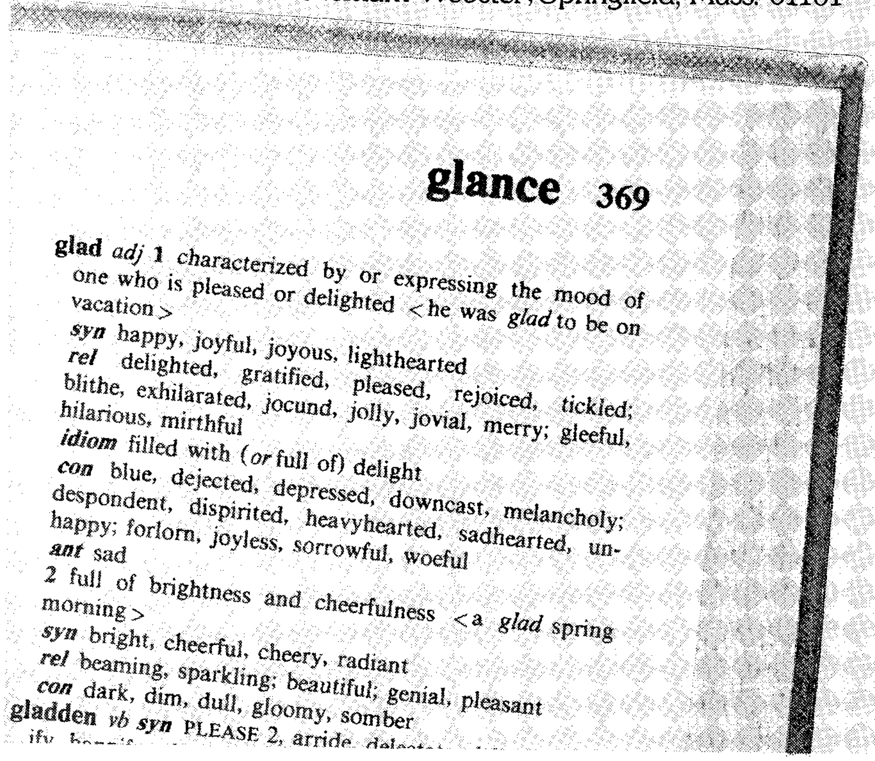
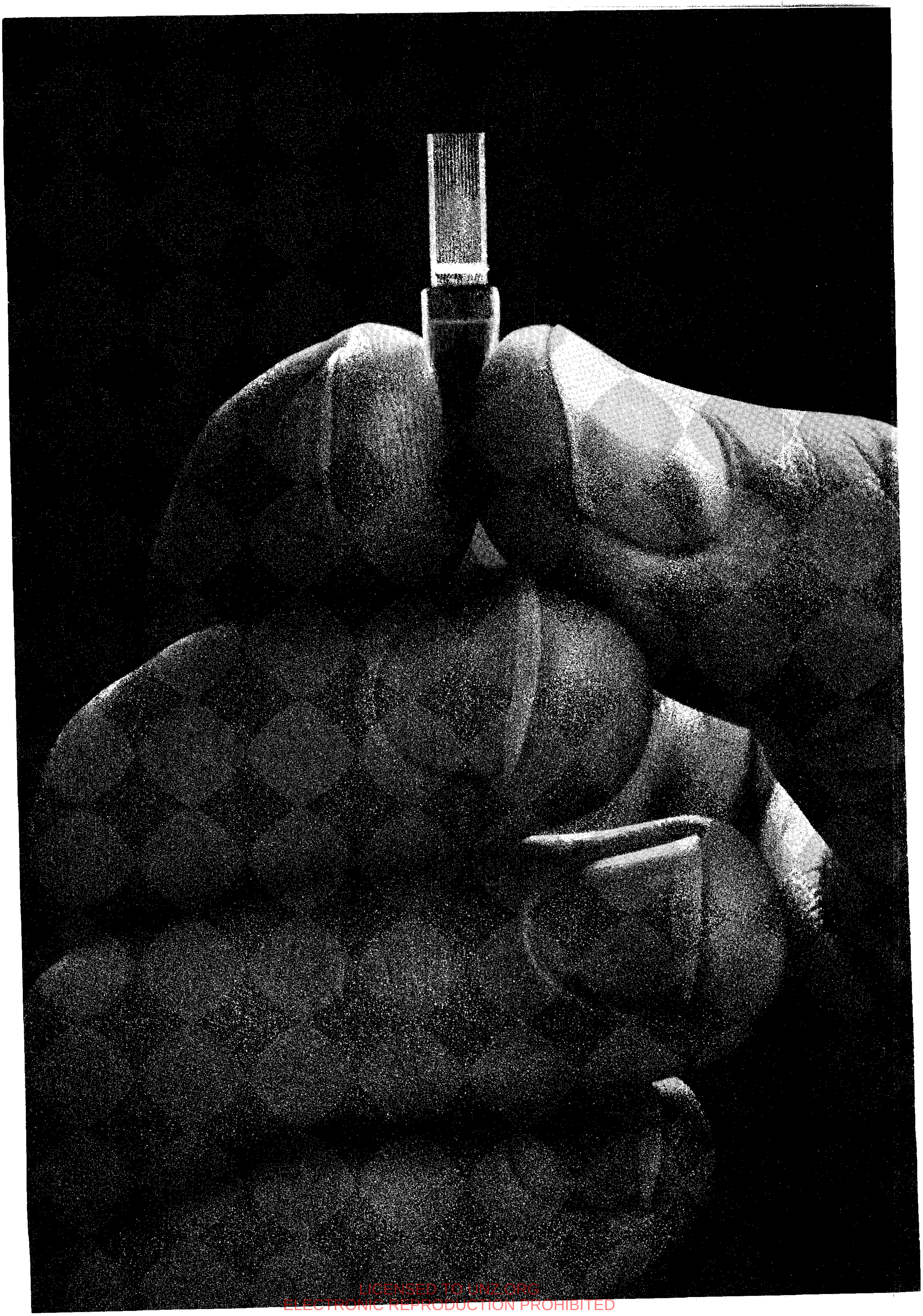


glance **369**

glad *adj* **1** characterized by or expressing the mood of one who is pleased or delighted <he was *glad* to be on vacation>
syn happy, joyful, joyous, lighthearted
rel delighted, gratified, pleased, rejoiced, tickled; blithe, exhilarated, jocund, jolly, jovial, merry; gleeful, hilarious, mirthful
idiom filled with (*or* full of) delight
con blue, dejected, depressed, downcast, melancholy; despondent, dispirited, heavyhearted, sadhearted, unhappy; forlorn, joyless, sorrowful, woeful
ant sad
2 full of brightness and cheerfulness <a *glad* spring morning>
syn bright, cheerful, cheery, radiant
rel beaming, sparkling; beautiful; genial, pleasant
con dark, dim, dull, gloomy, somber
gladden *vb* ***syn*** PLEASE 2, arride,



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A while ago, we told you lightwave communications was just around the corner. Today, it's in the streets of Chicago.

For the first time, the human voice, business data and even video signals are being carried by lightwaves traveling over hair-thin glass fibers. Instead of electric current traveling over copper wire.

But without that little link you see on the opposite page, lightwave communications for such a wide range of services might still be an experiment in a lab. And without Western Electric technology, the link might still be a design on a blueprint.

The link is an outgrowth of an idea from the people at Bell Labs. While they were putting the major components of the lightwave system together, they had to find a way to splice the glass fibers and get the light across the splice.

A Simple Idea

The idea they came up with was deceptively simple. A coupling device made up of tiny grooved chips, smaller than the tip of your finger, that would guide the ends of the hair-thin fibers and butt them up in perfect alignment.

There was only one hitch. Making one chip was easy. But there was no machinery that could mass produce all the identical chips that would be needed for a lightwave system like the one in Chicago.

Making Ideas Reality

That's where Western Electric comes in. Turning ideas into technological innovations is nothing new at Western Electric.

Over the years, Western Electric has piled up an impressive list of innovations that have become manufacturing standards.

It was the first company in the world to manufacture the transistor.

It was the first to put the laser to work as a useful production tool.

And it is the company that went beyond conventional machining techniques to make the chips for Chicago's lightwave system.

Each chip is pure silicon crystal. Its internal structure (a criss-cross arrangement of intersecting planes) provides a built-in blueprint for regularly spaced grooves. And because the crystal's diagonal planes etch faster than its perpendicular planes, uniform grooves can be chemically cut into the chip.

By combining the science of chemistry and the art of lithography, Western Electric's Engineering Research Center developed a way to etch 12 ultra-precise, perfectly shaped, identical V-grooves on each chip. With each groove no wider than a hair and separated only by a hair's breadth from its neighbors.

And, more importantly, they were able to reproduce these chips so that each one was a perfect double of the other.

Teamwork is the Key

The telecommunications revolution beginning in Chicago is another good example of how Western Electric and Bell Labs help put new technology into practical use for the Bell telephone companies, quickly and economically.

Their close relationship is an important reason why your telephone system is the most efficient and reliable communications system in the world. And it's a basic reason why innovations in technology are a common occurrence in the Bell System.

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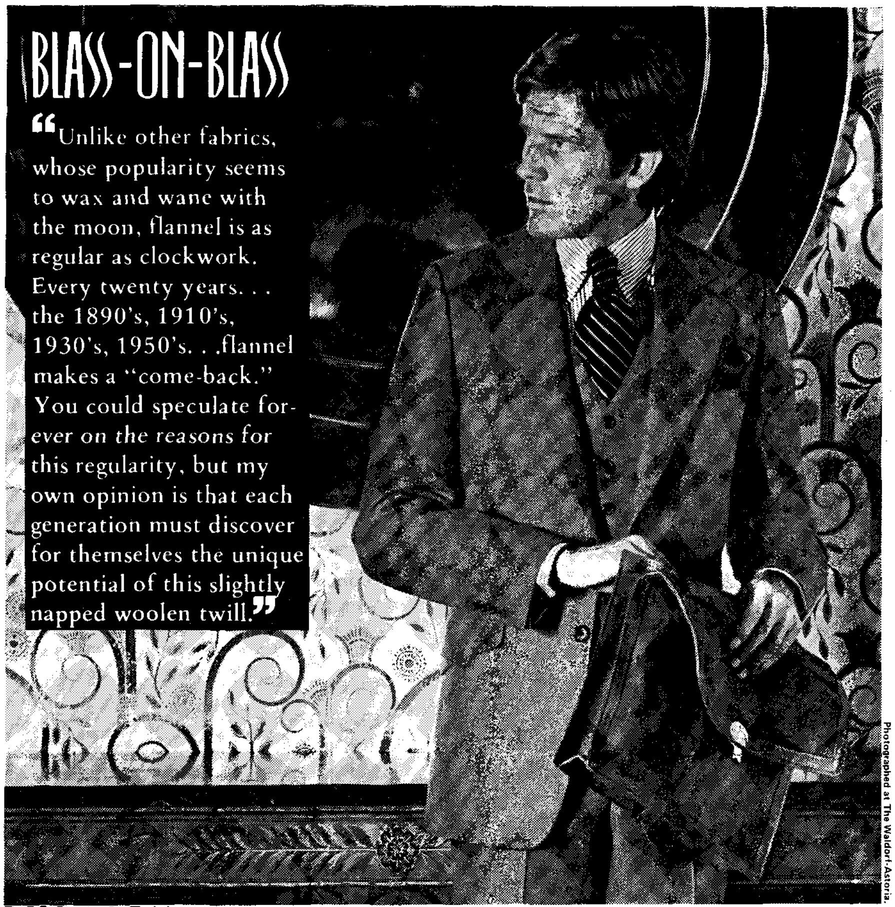
raking off plenty in so-called legitimate business. To a certain extent, they're right again. Kids don't know how to get into the big time, but they know they can learn to pick a pocket, or snatch a purse, or break into an apartment and steal a TV set, or mug somebody. They figure that if they start that way they'll learn the rest, make contacts, hit the big money. Whenever I speak to business groups, they always want to hear about street crime and I always want to talk about white-collar crime. When I was U.S. Attorney here, I frequently spoke at banking conferences. They wanted me to tell them how to protect their banks against robberies, and I wanted them to tell me about far more serious crimes, such as the transfer of illegal funds through their banks. I'd say, 'You handle funds from organized crime—huge sums of cash that were almost certainly obtained illegally—and I wish you'd tell us when that happens.' But they won't. Nine out of ten businessmen know when they are dealing with criminals, but nine out of ten businessmen do nothing about it. That encourages crime—in this case, organized crime. And *that* encourages white-collar crime. And both encourage street crime. We do our best here to prosecute white-collar criminals, but it takes a special effort. We have homicides, rapes, robberies, assaults by the tens of thousands in this city, and when the police hand us evidence of such crimes and the people who supposedly committed them, we have to proceed. Nobody brings us white-collar crimes. We have to take the initiative. It's very hard work—there's no corpus delicti, no fingerprints, no buttons or hair, just a lot of financial records—and it produces few statistics. Still, I think that prosecuting such crimes is vital. Their cost to society is enormous—upward of fifty billion dollars a year, it's said. But, most important, prosecution of white-collar criminals demonstrates the evenhandedness of the law. Without that, we'll have no faith in our law-enforcement system, and without faith we'll just have more crime everywhere."

Morgenthau went on to say that the alarming rise in crimes committed by young people—especially impoverished young people—had made youth crime one of his most pressing concerns. He pulled a loose-leaf notebook from the bottom of a pile of books and papers on one corner of a table nearby, and opened it. "Take homicides in New York," he said. "Last year, sixteen hundred and twenty-two people were murdered here. Half of them were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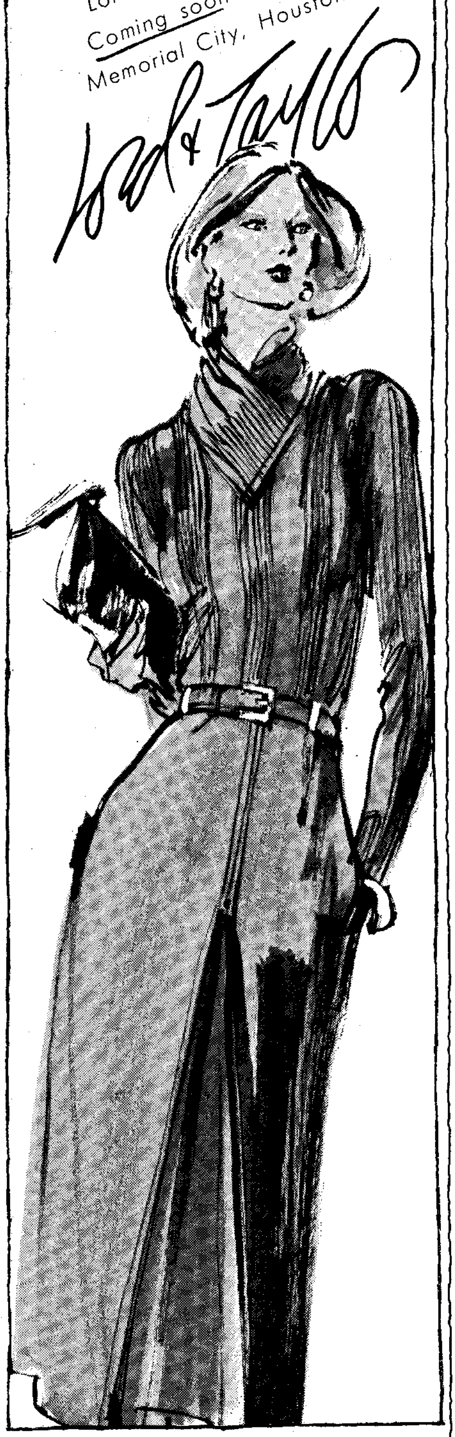

killed by people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. Then take other felony crimes. Fifty per cent of all felonies in New York City last year were committed by people under the age of twenty-one. A basic change that has just been made in our state law was amending the prohibition against letting judges see the police records of juvenile offenders—kids under the age of sixteen—who came before them. Many of these kids are very tough, hardened criminals by that age. Judges should have had their records all along, so they could see who were the repeaters and treat them accordingly at the time of sentencing. These kids are dangerous. With the amended law, the courts are beginning to deal with the serious juvenile offenders much more seriously." He paused for a moment, then went on, "Prosecution—especially in the case of kids—is a very imperfect way of dealing with criminal conduct, because it's after the crime. I wish there were more one could do in this job to keep people from getting involved in crime. Take these kids who go wrong. There is now thirty-five to seventy per cent unemployment among teen-agers, depending on the area they live in and the time of the year. If they don't have any way of earning money, many of them are bound to steal. Something has to be done to give them jobs. But other things have to be done, too. I guess I'm a frustrated social worker. I've been involved in youth work for twenty-five years. I've been president of the Police Athletic League since 1962. It's the one organization I've ever been connected with that I feel if it had twice as much money it would do twice as much, maybe three times as much, good. Eighty thousand kids are enrolled in PAL programs here—fifty play-street programs that some twenty thousand kids participate in, another twenty thousand in track, and many more thousands in eight hundred basketball teams, seven hundred hardball teams, five hundred softball teams, six drum-and-bugle corps, twelve libraries, twenty-five full-time and part-time recreation centers, photography clubs, glee clubs, drama clubs. We take kids no other organization will have. They're the ones who need help most."

A few minutes later, I got up to go, and at the door the District Attorney said, "What we're trying to do here most of all is make punishment of the guilty and release of the innocent faster and more certain. We make every effort to be sure that defendants are treated fairly. They are being treated much more fairly than they were ten

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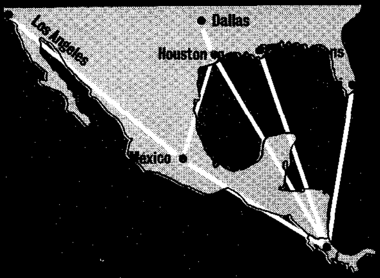

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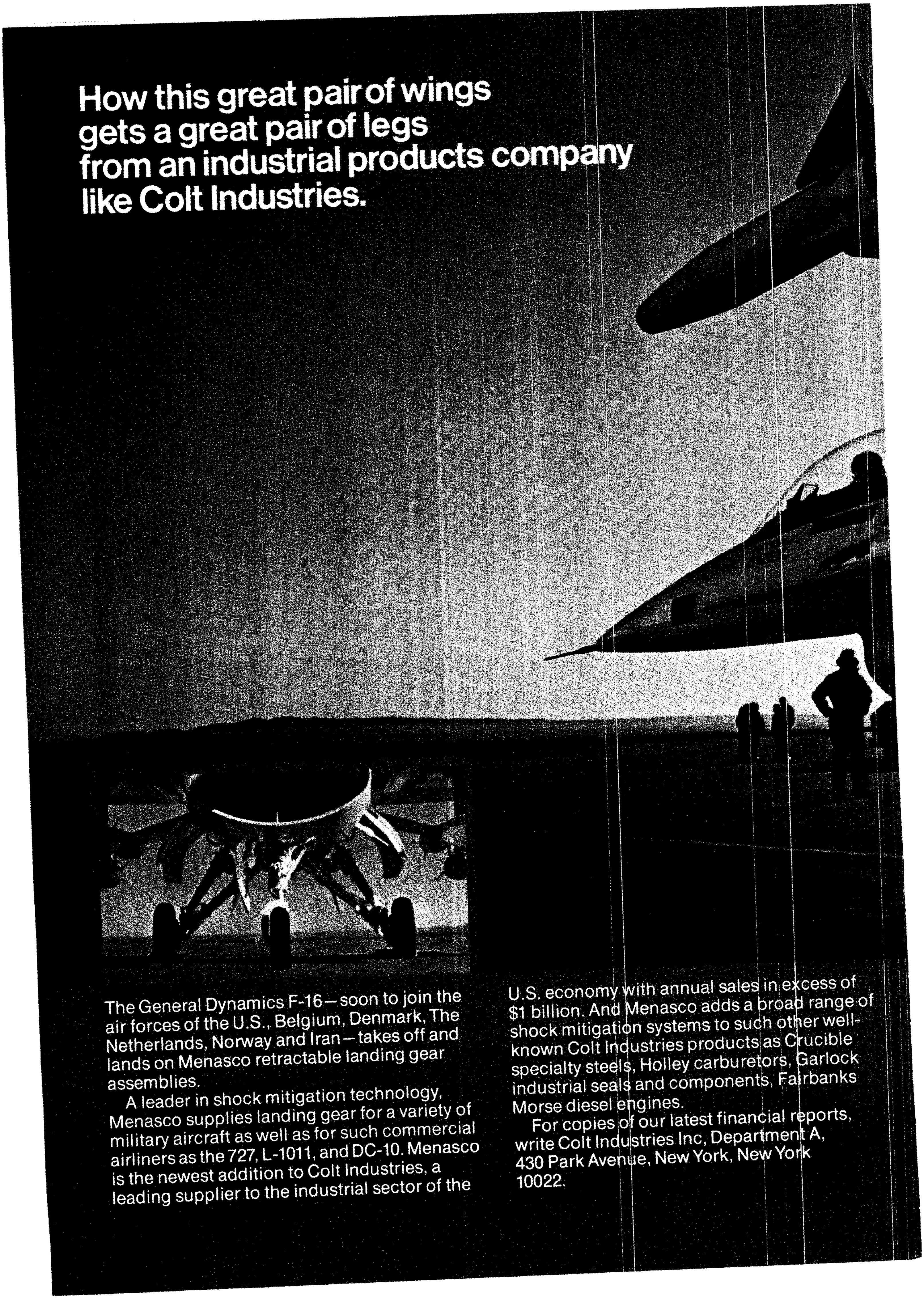

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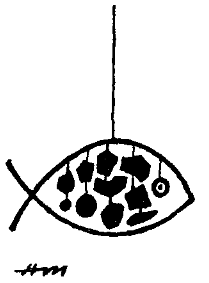
years ago, and get much better legal representation at an earlier stage now. If defendants aren't treated fairly, they will never be rehabilitated. Resentment is a great creator of crime. But we still don't treat victims and witnesses as we should. More citizens see their government in action in courtrooms than anywhere else. It's small wonder that most of them go away disgusted. We shouldn't call victims and witnesses time after time and push them around and then send them away because of some delay that's no fault of theirs, then call them back to go through the whole unpleasant business again. The present treatment discourages people from coming forward and reporting crimes or offering to testify as witnesses. That's a very serious shortcoming, because every time someone gets away with a crime, that encourages more crime."



I asked Morgenthau what he thought the ratio between reported crimes and actual crimes might be, and he shrugged. "We have no idea—none whatever," he said. "Anyway, we would decrease the ratio, whatever it is, if we treated victims and witnesses better. We have a two-person victim-aid bureau to help people who need compensation as a result of crimes. It was privately funded, but the money ran out and the federal government wouldn't subsidize it. It was about to expire, but then we got some money from the city for it, and have been able to continue the program. It not only is humane but it has had a very direct effect on the willingness of people to come forward. We also now have a separate waiting room for victims, so they don't have to sit in the intimidating atmosphere of the court or mill around in the halls until their cases come up. I tried, but failed, to get money for a Volkswagen bus, so we could drive victims home if they had to stay until dark to appear in court. They come down here and spend all day after being hit on the head by some mugger, and then they have to take a long subway ride and walk the dark streets to their homes. We should do more to help them. Justice should be more decent."

When I went to see David Ross, the Administrative Judge of the City of New York, I found him to be an energetic man in his mid-fifties with brown hair, a sandy mustache, black-rimmed glasses, and a big cigar. He got up from behind the desk in his modest office and waved a sheaf of papers at me. "Statistics! Statistics!" he cried. "I'm not a statistician, I'm a lawyer, but we spend half our time here on statistics. We've got to find out where the problems are numerically before we can deal with them humanly." I had been thinking about the bureaucratic misuse of figures—what might be called the statistical lie—to make records look better. Of all the statistical lies produced in this city, probably the greatest whopper is the Police Department's practice of claiming that an arrest made is a crime "cleared"—which suggests to the layman that it was solved. In other words, since the police arrested a hundred thousand people last year on felony charges, the implication is that they solved a hundred thousand cases. Actually, as I knew, only twenty thousand of the accused felons were indicted, and only about twelve thousand of them convicted. In sum, around twelve per cent of the felony cases that the police claimed to have "cleared" were really solved.

I brought up these figures, and asked if this sort of misrepresentation prejudiced the public against the courts, since so many arrests were made and so few of those arrested were convicted.

"Absolutely," Judge Ross said. "Take the police claim that they arrested a hundred thousand felons. It is not up to the police to determine the gravamen of a case—whether a crime is a felony or a misdemeanor and what grade felony or misdemeanor. That is the task of the district attorney and the grand jury. If they find that an arrest is a bad arrest, it is their duty to throw out the case. People who accuse the courts of coddling criminals simply don't know, or ignore, the facts. One fact is bad arrests. Another fact is that New York City and the rest of New York State each have about the same number of indictments, but the latest report from the state correction office shows that of the seven thousand five hundred commitments to state prisons in 1975 more than five thousand came from New York City. So we send more than twice as many people to prison as they do in the rest of the state. Or, to put it another way, a person who commits a serious crime here is more than twice as likely to go to prison as a person who commits a serious crime elsewhere in the state. Still another fact is the comparison between plea bargaining here and plea bargaining in the rest of the state. The key to whether a sentence is heavy or light is the extent of plea bargaining—that is, the greater the plea bargaining in the system the shorter the sentences handed down. In recent years, the use of plea bargaining here has been constantly going down, and the number of cases tried has been constantly going up. Last year, about two-thirds of our dispositions were by plea. The plea figure for the rest of the state was three-fourths. So our sentences were higher, too."

I asked the Judge what conclusions could be drawn from the statistics compiled in his own office, and he answered, "That there is no such thing as a criminal-justice system here. I'm a justice of the state supreme court, and I took over, in January of 1971, as administrative judge of the criminal courts in New York City. They're the lowest criminal courts, and deal ultimately with misdemeanors. The first question I asked when I got here was how many cases we had. It turned out that no one knew! Now, I'm a simple guy from the South Bronx, and I don't believe in computers. I believe in people and plain arithmetic. I told my staff to begin counting. When they reached sixty thousand, I called a halt. We were in a state of shock. No one had dreamed there were that many cases. We never found out how many there actually were. Anyway, I had to find out where the problems were, what was causing this immense backlog, so I began observing arraignments evenings, weekends. I would watch a rather low-gravamen case go through the process—say, somebody was arrested for smoking in the subway—and eight weeks later a five-day sentence or a fine was handed out. On a cost-accounting basis alone, it made no sense. The cost to the public was tremendous. Every time a case is put over—because the lawyer isn't there, or the arresting officer isn't there, or a witness isn't there, or the defendant isn't there, or the prosecutor has two cases to try at the same time, or some official papers are missing—eight or nine court employees are involved and a lot of paperwork has to be processed. This is not to speak of the poor quality of justice being meted out. Then I found that if a criminal-court judge wasn't able to decide the gravamen of a case, it was sent on to a grand jury as a probable felony, then there was an indictment, then a supreme-court hearing was held, then the case was put on the supreme-court calendar, then when it came up for trial all too frequently the D.A. would tell the judge, 'This is actually a Class A misdemeanor, not a felony.' So it never should have been in supreme court at all. It should have been tried in

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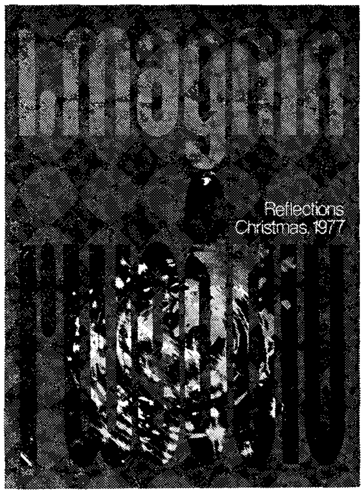

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criminal court—probably a year before. More likely than not, the defendant was detained in jail unjustly during that year, because he couldn't raise the high felony bail. I discovered that half of all the cases in supreme court ended up as misdemeanors, which should never have been there. They were clogging up the supreme-court calendar and causing most of the backlog. The greater the backlog, of course, the longer the delay, the worse the effect on the defendant, who gets more resentful, tougher, more skilled in the ways of crime every day he spends behind bars. Also, the longer the delay the less likely he is to be finally convicted, because witnesses' memories fade, people move away, victims give up and drop charges. In short, the longer the delay the more the system fails."

Judge Ross took the wrapper off a fresh cigar and lighted it. He puffed contentedly for a minute, then went on, "After I saw what was happening, I asked myself, 'Why not dispose of small cases at once?' So I decided to frontload the court system, instead of backloading it as before, by settling minor cases at the time of arraignment, the first step in the court process. We began disposing of low-gravamen cases—say, Class B misdemeanors, which means six months or less in jail, and smaller cases—by way of fines, probation, and suspended sentences. Now we get rid of roughly half of all arrests at the time of arraignment. That figure is for the whole city. In Manhattan, it's around sixty per cent. The new system works remarkably well, and it's now accepted as the norm, as if we had always done it that way. Before, trial judges couldn't hope to handle cases fairly, but now that we have cut their case load in half they have a lot more time to try each case. Today, we dispose of cases in criminal court in an average of three to three and a half weeks, and we've cut the backlog down to fewer than twelve thousand pending cases. The impact on the D.A., on corrections, on the supreme court has been tremendous, because now everyone can concentrate on dealing with serious offenders."

I mentioned that the Police Commissioner had attributed last year's decline in the most serious offenses—murder, rape, and assault—to the police decoy program, and that a newspaper story I had read recently had reported that there had been a further decline in serious crimes during the first six months of this year but that the police were at a loss to explain it.

Judge Ross smiled. "I know," he

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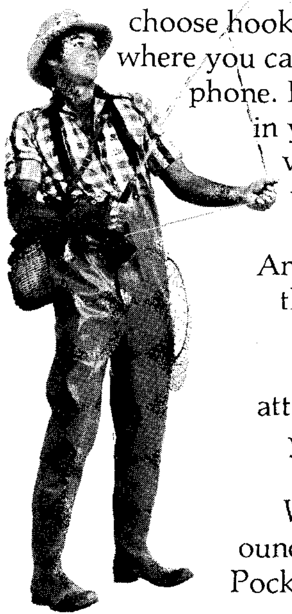

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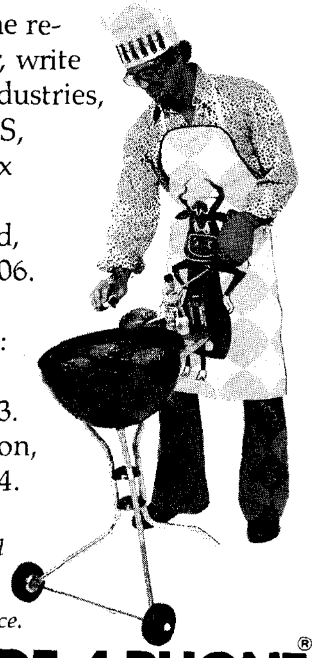

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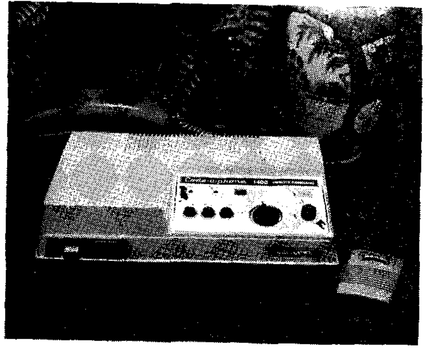

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said, leaning back in his chair and smiling more broadly. "They just can't figure out what's happened." Suddenly he sat forward and said, "I'll tell you what's happened. Those serious crimes have declined because district attorneys are concentrating on serious offenders, and we're sending more and more of them to prison for longer terms. So there aren't as many of them on the streets as there used to be. We're reducing the relatively small number of violent criminals, the repeaters, who commit most of the serious crimes here. That's why the rate of serious crimes has fallen." He puffed angrily on his cigar for a few moments, then went on, more calmly, "Of course, to accomplish this we had to revise the work of the supreme court, too, since that's where serious crimes are handled. In 1974, I was made administrative judge of all the trial courts in the city. I found that we had quite different problems in supreme court. Fellows charged with serious crimes were being detained ten, twelve, fourteen months before trial. It was often hard to find those who were out on bail because of their great numbers. We tried to use in supreme court the principle we had developed and used in criminal court. But the problem was different. Obviously, you can't dispose of a serious crime—murder, for instance—at the arraignment stage. We had to cut down on delays and get rid of the backlog somehow. My solution was to create teams of judges. One judge up front was in charge of the general trial calendar for his team of three or four trial judges. He handled all the administrative work—the legal bookkeeping, so to speak. Then, when a defendant and his lawyer and the prosecutor appeared, after all the hearings and paperwork were out of the way, this judge could say, 'You're ready? O.K., go across the hall to courtroom such and such.' The judge there would greet the principals and tell his clerk, 'Impanel a jury.' It works. We're disposing of our felony indictments now in an average of twenty-three to twenty-four weeks, or less than six months. But that figure is an average, and we haven't reached our goal of no more than six months for *every* case. When we reach that, I'll make the goal five months. We're on our way."

I recalled occasionally reading newspaper articles about defendants still being held for over a year before trial, and when I mentioned this, Judge Ross nodded. "One of our worst problems was that our old cases were getting older and older," he said. "So we devised a special program for long-term de-

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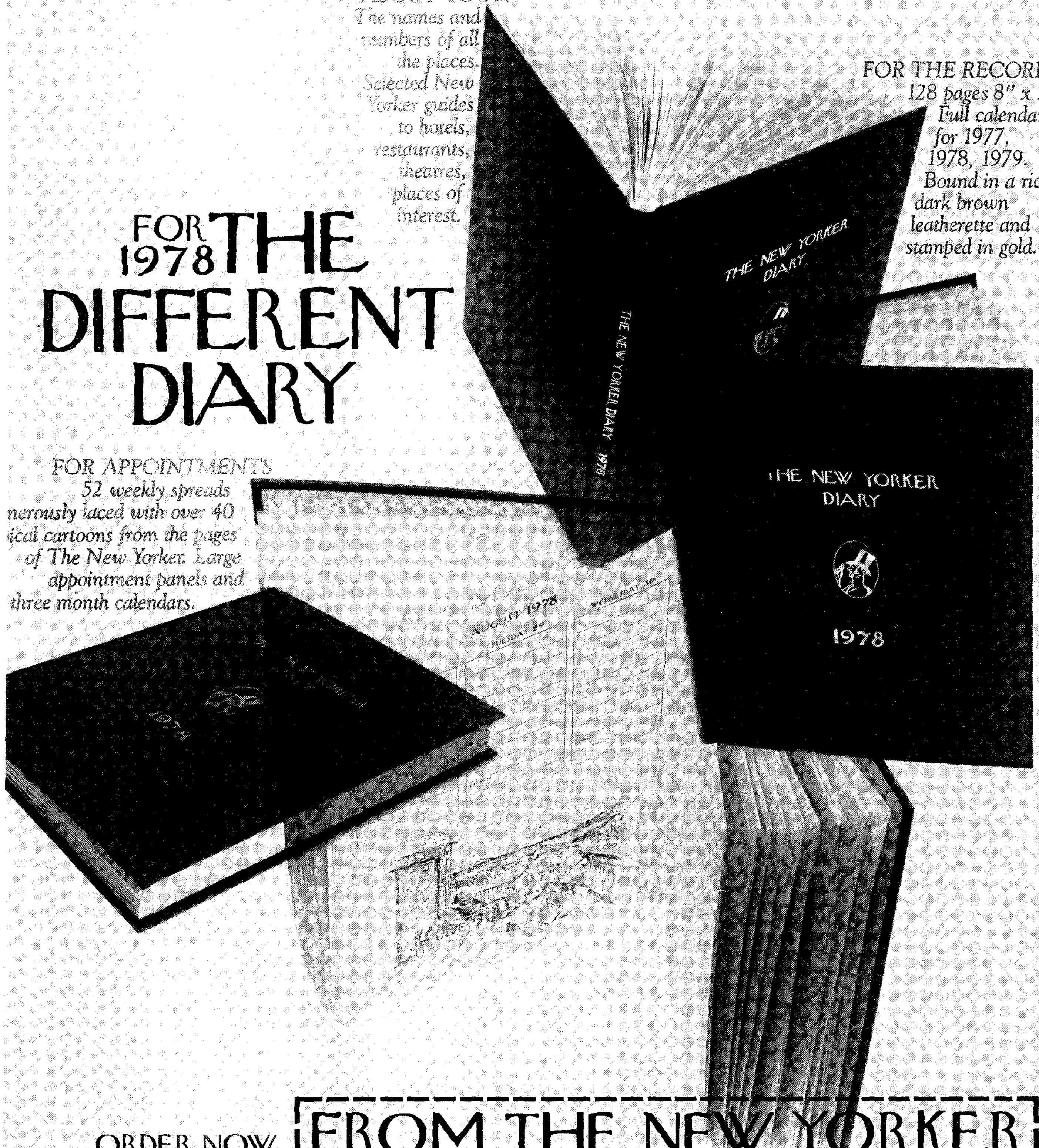
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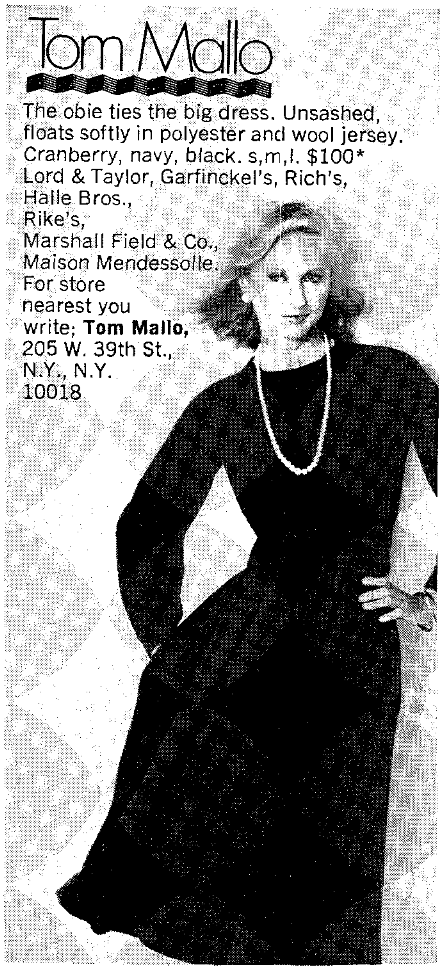
tainees, who are invariably the most serious offenders. We had three hundred and fifty of them, equally split among Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx. The main cause of delay, I discovered, was that we had too few judges. The number of supreme-court judges is fixed by the state constitution, so I took some lower-criminal-court judges and some civil-court judges and made them acting supreme-court judges. Before I could do that, though, I had to get some more money, and finally I got a five-million-dollar grant from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. With it, we set up three extra court parts in each of these three boroughs, complete with judges, court personnel, assistant D.A.s, correction officers, and so on. By the time we got the operation running, in June of 1976, we had over four hundred long-term detainees. Now there are only thirteen left. All in all, we're succeeding. Never have our courts, with less fiscal capacity, been doing as much as they're doing today."

I asked what that capacity is at present, and he answered, "Eighty-five million dollars a year, or less than one per cent of the city's budget. The claim that we have three coequal branches of the government is nonsense. As long as the executive and legislative branches control the judicial budget and dole money out to us as they please, we won't be coequal. And as long as the so-called criminal-justice system is a funnel, with tens of thousands of cases pouring into the top and then inevitably clogging up at the narrowest part down near the bottom, we'll always have a serious crime problem. There's no question that crime can be dealt with—if the government's priorities, which are all backwards now, are sensibly revised. In our case, the solution may not be more courts and more judges. Most of all, we need more nonjudicial personnel—the back-room staff. Second, we need a greater trial capacity. Even if a courtroom is empty part of the time, it's essential that it be there, ready for use. If trial courts are full, defense lawyers, knowing there will be a delay, which is almost always to their clients' advantage, ask for trials. On the other hand, if trial courts are available the same lawyers will take a plea rather than go to trial. That speeds up dispositions, reduces the detainee load on corrections, deters defendants out on bail, and satisfies victims and the public in general. Severity of sentence has absolutely nothing to do with deterrence. It's not the severity, it's the celerity that counts. Third, when a new law is



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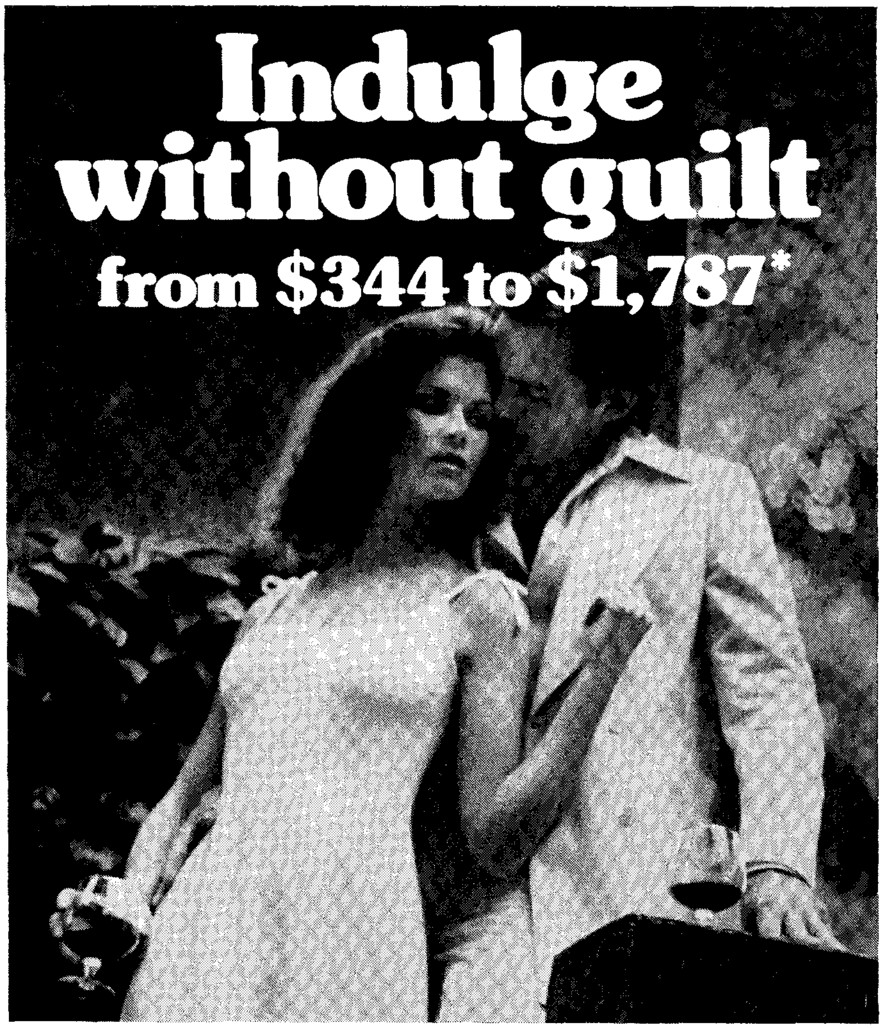
passed, we should be given the capacity to carry it out as intended. Fourth, the state corrections system has to be enlarged. It's bursting and simply can't keep up with us. If there were enough prison beds, we could cut court delay below six months easily. As it is, there's no room for the guys we're sending them now. Most of all, we should reopen the Tombs, which was closed in 1974 after a federal judge ruled that that place was so awful that incarceration there constituted cruel punishment. If the Tombs were fixed up and reopened, we'd have a real handle on crime in this city. What's being done now is economic madness, and will cost far more than renovation of the Tombs. There are about nine hundred beds in the Tombs, but most detainees are being held way out on Riker's Island, up in the East River. Instead of simply being brought from the Tombs, across the street, into the court building, prisoners now have to be transported all the way from Riker's. The wrong prisoners are brought, the vans are late—delay, delay, delay. All of this could be solved if the public cared. It's entirely up to the people of this city. When they really want the crime problem solved, it will be solved."

BENJAMIN J. MALCOLM, the Commissioner of Correction—a powerfully built light-skinned black man in his mid-fifties, with sloping shoulders, a large bald head, horn-rimmed glasses, and a mustache—told me that in the course of last year around fifty-four thousand people were held prisoner by the Department of Correction, most of them on Riker's Island and the rest in smaller houses of detention in the Bronx, Queens, and Brooklyn and in prison wards at city hospitals. A third of them were sentenced prisoners serving less than a year, and two-thirds were detainees held for varying periods while waiting for the courts to dispose of their cases. "We probably suffer most for all the mistakes made in the criminal-justice system here," Malcolm said. "We're the only ones who have no discretion, because we have no control over who comes in when or who goes out when. Back in 1972, we had an average daily census of thirteen to fourteen thousand inmates, or twice our cell capacity. Overcrowding is a prime cause of riots, and we had a couple of bad ones. But then Judge Ross made his brilliant move to frontload the court system. That reduced our enormous prison load, which now averages six to seven thousand inmates. The overall concentration on the heavy hitters in



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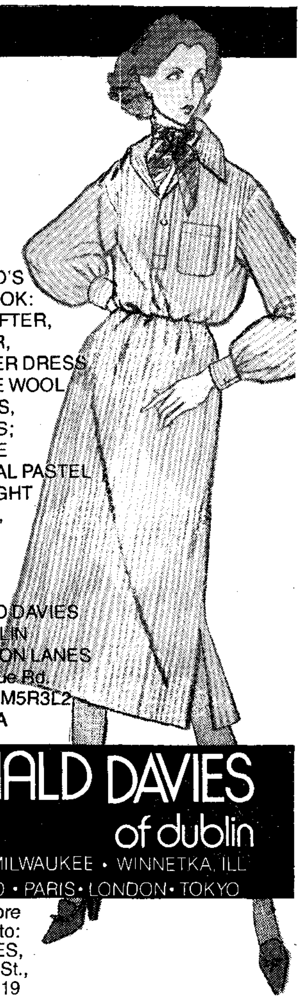
crime—in the D.A.'s office, the courts, and here—may be the only solution. It certainly has changed the corrections business. There used to be prostitutes, pimps, addicts, shoplifters in prison, but very few misdemeanants end up there now. The theory is that the new approach reduces the crime-school effect of prisons. The people we're putting away now already know just about everything bad there is to know."

I remarked that a couple of the officials I talked with had said that there is no criminal-justice system.

"That's right," Malcolm said. "We have a criminal-justice industry. A whole mob of us make livings out of this non-system. Out of a total Correction budget of ninety-two and a half million dollars last year, seventy-seven million dollars went for personnel. It costs twenty-two thousand five hundred thirty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents to keep one prisoner at Riker's for a year. And since 1970 we have spent over a hundred million dollars on new corrections facilities. In short, it's a very expensive system. What does it accomplish? It holds people. It is a warehouse system. Our purpose should be to prepare inmates to live within the community outside without assaulting it. Do we do that? Emphatically, no! In this country we are still living in the nineteenth century, penologically speaking. In fact, we are just getting around to pushing ideas that were advocated by Benjamin Rush and Cesare Beccaria in the eighteenth century. In Europe, they are much more advanced than we are. I went over there to study prison reform, and found they're making real progress. In West Germany, government officials, businessmen, and trade-union leaders got together and set up prison plants to manufacture highly intricate automobile and aircraft equipment. Union workers trained prisoners, who proved that they could do the most complicated kind of precision work. It's been a great success. But here you couldn't persuade either businessmen or unions to go along with that. Both are too afraid of losing money and power. Not long ago, I discovered an 1896 state law that prohibits the sale of any commodities made within the prison system outside that system. We didn't have much in the way of unions then, so it was a businessmen's law. But now the unions are even worse. Let's say we repealed that law, and then trained inmates in marketable skills. The next thing would be to give them union cards, so they could get jobs. But you can't do that. Unions won't allow it, so politicians won't even listen to such a



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proposal. Three or four years ago, I wrote City Hall and said we have a bakery at Riker's Island and if you can arrange with union bakers to come in and train inmates, we'll supply all the bread for city hospitals, school-lunch programs, and so on. All we need is an agreement with the bakers' union. I never got an answer. Therein lies the root of recidivism. Union members in this country have to make a choice—either accept a slight risk to their job security or accept the increasing likelihood that they or members of their families will be victims of criminals whom they prevented from getting jobs. People blame crime on prisons, but it isn't the prisons that are at fault. It's the people themselves. I was a parole officer for more than twenty years, and I saw thousands and thousands of men destroyed by this system—men who wanted only a chance to go to work at an honest job but were denied it."

I asked Commissioner Malcolm if he would place the blame for the failure to rehabilitate prisoners chiefly on unions, and he quickly and vigorously shook his head. "That's just one symptom of public indifference," he said. "Take the resources that are allocated for so-called corrections—around one per cent of the total city budget. If people were serious about doing something to reduce crime, they would do something. As it is, this is purely a punitive system. That seems to be what the people want. Why don't they admit it? Why be such hypocrites? After all this time, it's clear that punishment makes most criminals worse criminals. So if we lock them up, give them practically no training that they can use on the outside, then release them—and ninety-five per cent of them get out at some point—it is inevitable that they will assault society again. They have little choice, because there is simply no way for them to survive otherwise. Which does the greatest damage to the inmate—what's done to him inside prison or what's done to him when he gets out? Of the three Ps—prosecution, punishment, and persecution—the last does the greatest harm. We persecute ex-convicts forever. Unions say, 'This guy has a record, we can't trust him.' We say, 'But he's paid his debt to society. He's a well-trained bricklayer or carpenter. He deserves a chance to remake his life.' When we deny him that chance, we drive him back to a life of crime. I've heard so many ex-cons say this. It's society that has to change. While it would cost more in the short run to make our system truly corrective, it would save

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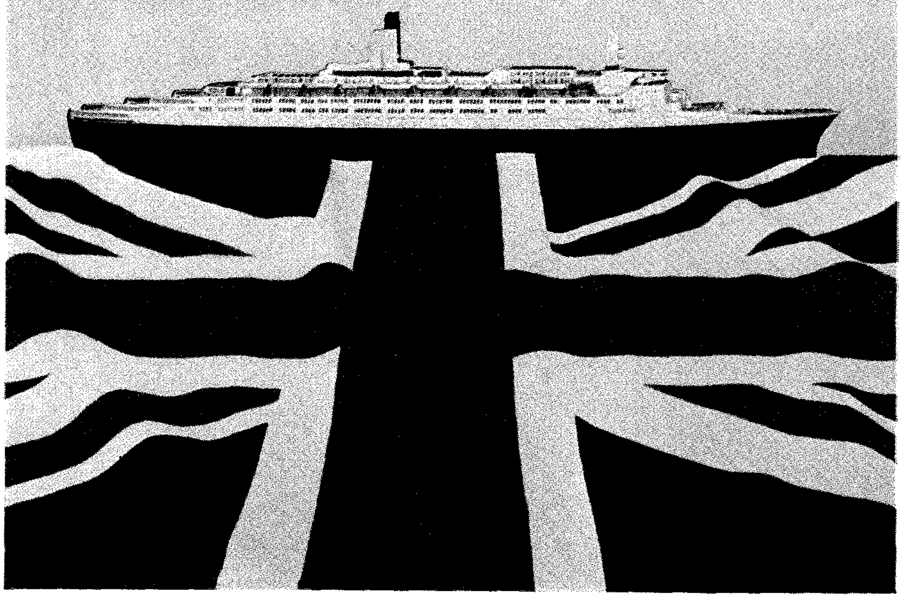

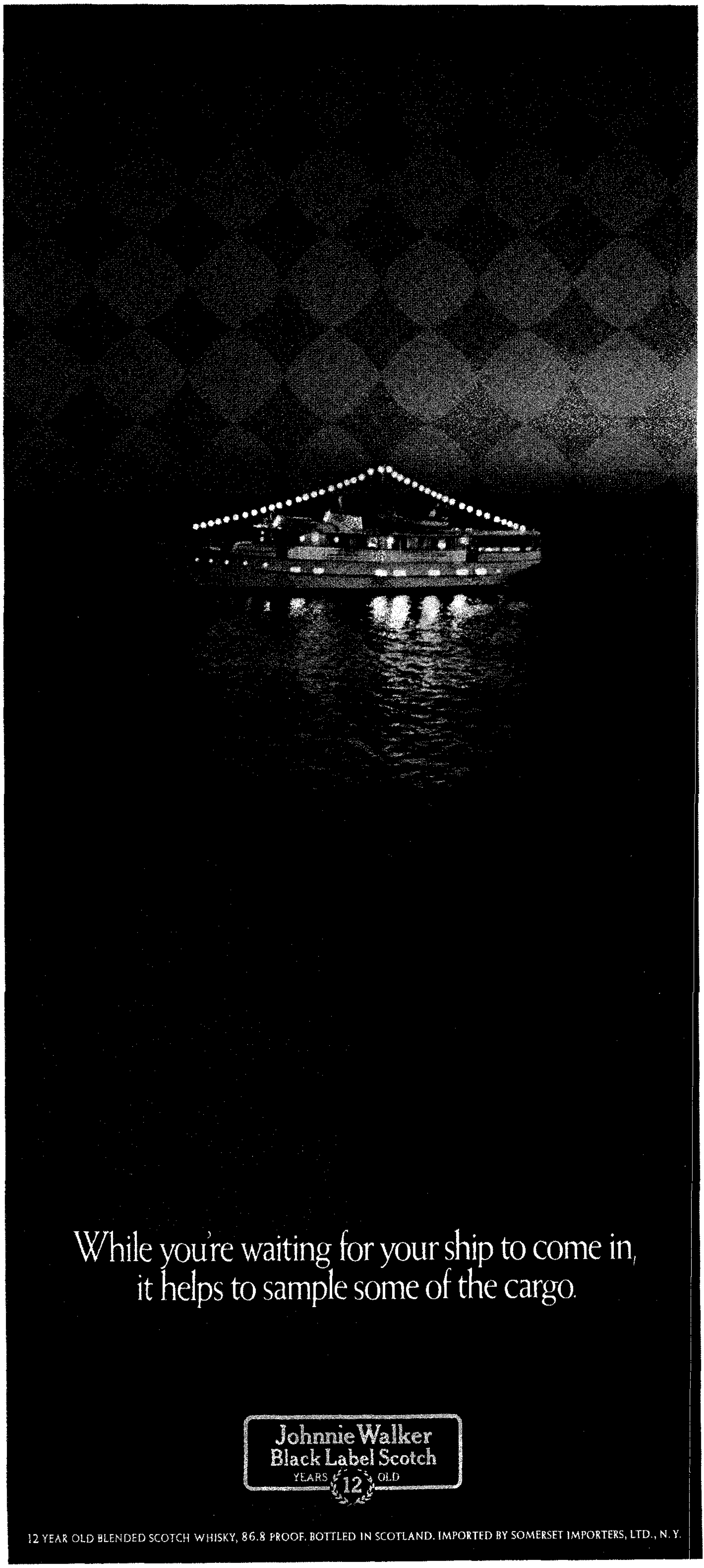

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immense sums of money and huge amounts of human pain in the long run. But the people don't want that. They want punishment. And in the end they are punished, too."

Since Commissioner Malcolm probably had more direct experience than the other officials I had interviewed with the fastest-growing and most alarming group of criminals in the city—youthful criminals—I asked what hopes he had of turning them away from careers in crime.

"The ones we have in the system now are the hard core," he answered. "I'd be the last one to let them out. Last January, we took a sample census of eleven hundred prisoners who were between sixteen and twenty years old. Ninety to ninety-five per cent of them were there for murder, assault, armed robbery. Twenty-four per cent were in for murder. The courts, until very recently, were too lenient with kids. It's only been in the past year that courts and legislators have begun to take stock of the youth role in crime—that is, the flood of youth crime. In 1976, almost seventeen thousand kids under the age of sixteen were arrested here for committing very serious crimes. At least ten per cent of them should be held in secure facilities. The Juvenile Justice Reform Act, which went into effect last February, was based on the legislature's new awareness of how serious many youth crimes are, and it gave judges the authority to commit the more violent juvenile criminals to secure facilities for one year. But we have only two hundred and seventy-five beds in the whole state for them. Of course, it didn't take long to use up the few vacant beds there, so judges had to go back to applying the old law to juvenile criminals."

"What would you do to reform the correctional system if you had the money and the authority?" I asked.

The Commissioner stared off toward a window for a minute or two, then turned back to me. "I would have two different systems—one for detainees, one for sentenced inmates," he said. "Take detainees first. We've found that nowadays sixty to seventy per cent of them are hard-core criminals. They must be brought to trial speedily, within ninety days. If a defendant is innocent or there isn't enough evidence to prove him guilty, let him go. If he's guilty, satisfy the victim and society. During the ninety-day waiting period, we must have educational programs—really intensive programs. It's pointless to try to train someone in vocational skills in such a short period. But we could have intensive courses in reading, writing, simple arithmetic. We've got to bring prisoners up to the equivalent of high-school graduates, so they can function outside. The program should be conducted seven days a week, instead of five days as now, in order to obtain maximum results and also to stop riots, which usually occur on weekends, when prisoners have little to do. All in all, I would do just as much as possible to get detainees out of the prison system as fast as possible. Next, take sentenced inmates. Anyone coming into the prison system should be given enough time to do him some good—six months at a minimum, maybe even a year. Those now being given thirty days should get six months. Those now being given six months should get a year. I would set up an industry-supported, labor-supported plan to have training programs for work on the outside. To reduce the cost of the program, I would set up a series of residential, or halfway, houses in communities where inmates intend to live and work after release. Under the law, I should have the authority to execute warrants to withdraw good time earned by inmates who don't behave. Everyone would be in a work-release program. Say a man has a one-year sentence. He would spend eight months being trained in prison and four months on work-release outside. We would pay him for his work during the last four months, so that when he goes back on the street he will have a bankbook with several hundred dollars to help him start again, and he would have a skill to start with. We would give him heavy attitudinal counseling. When he's ready to go out, we would help him get a job, find a place to live, and take additional training if he needs it. That way, I would have a group of men who would know, from Day One, what the contract is and what violation of it means. That way, each man would have a chance to become a member of a family and a community and a work force—a chance to become a man, maybe for the first time, and to have some confidence and pride in himself. As it is now, we just send them out blazing with anger, without hope, ready to rip off the first person they can. And we could set up a large part of this program on our current budget. Say we have a thousand inmates and each stays an average of two hundred days. If we cut the stays of detainees, who make up two-thirds of our inmate population, down to a hundred days, that would cut housing and overhead costs by more than half. Then we would use the money we saved to pay for work-re-

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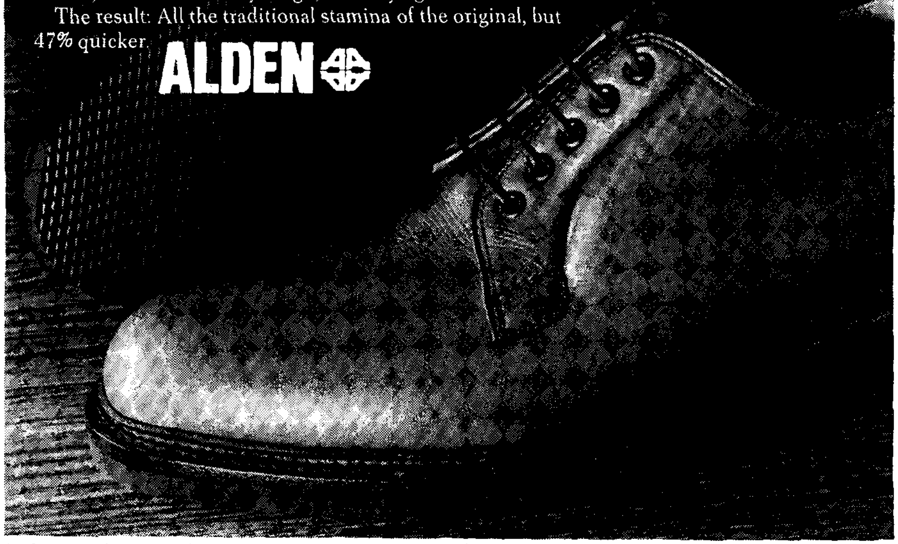

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lease programs for sentenced inmates. We'd probably need more funds to provide real training programs in the prison system as a whole, but the cost would be small compared to the social savings over the long haul. Work-release programs and halfway houses are the only answer. And they'd be much cheaper, once set up, than the warehouse system we're running now. All this may sound idealistic, but we've got to strive toward such an ideal if we're going to save our society. Otherwise, it will be swamped, simply swamped, by crime."

LAST winter, Mayor Beame appointed Nicholas Scoppetta, an experienced prosecutor and the city's Commissioner of Investigation, to be Deputy Mayor for Criminal Justice. Shortly after he had settled into the job, I went to see him. Scoppetta—a pleasant man in his mid-forties, with receding, dark hair and a rather plump face—met me at the door to his large office, at 130 John Street, and led me to a pair of chairs facing each other beside a wall of windows overlooking the East River. We sat down, he lighted a huge cigar, and, once he had it going, he said, "The chief power of this office is that the co-ordinator, or deputy mayor, has the duty to make recommendations to the mayor on budgets for the criminal-justice system. There were two hundred and twenty thousand arrests in the city last year, but there was, and is, no system to deal with them comprehensively. Actually, we learned this through the fiscal crisis. The cutback in city funds forced us to examine the criminal-justice system for the first time, to see where we could save money and do things more efficiently. That's how we discovered that there was no system—just a great hodgepodge of people running around in the dark bumping into each other."

The statement seemed to me an astonishing admission of bungling on the part of the city government, which had spent untold millions of dollars over many years to deal with the crime problem, and which had then learned what the basic problem was only because it had to stop spending so much money on the problem. Before I could bring this up, Scoppetta went on, "Of course, each part of the system needs more resources. For instance, there's talk in Washington about disbanding the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, and if that happens we'll have to fire a third of our assistant D.A.s. And the courts need more judges. If we increased court time by just one hour for

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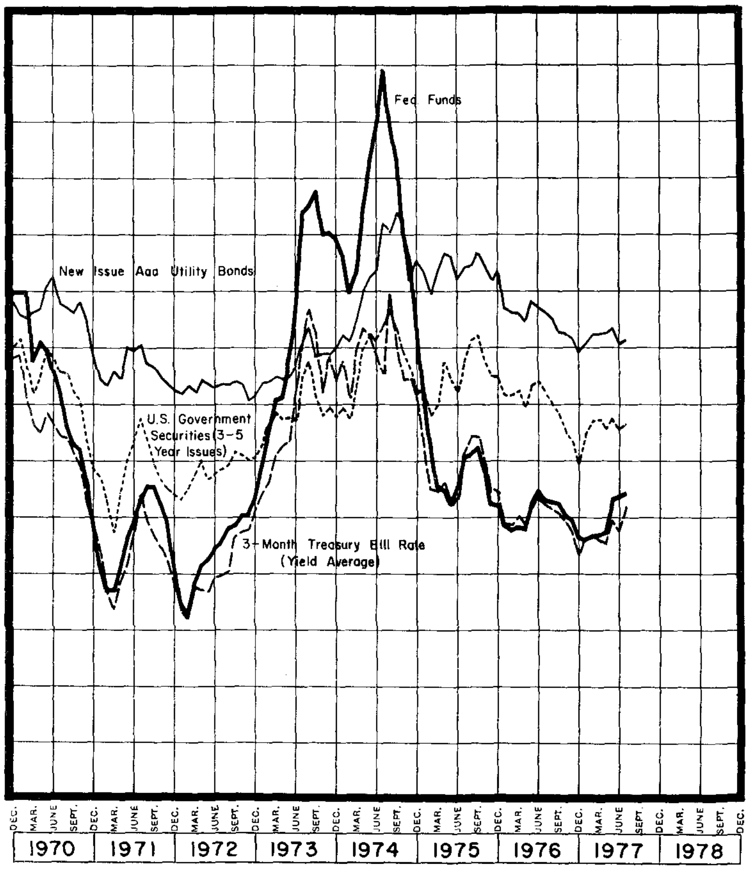

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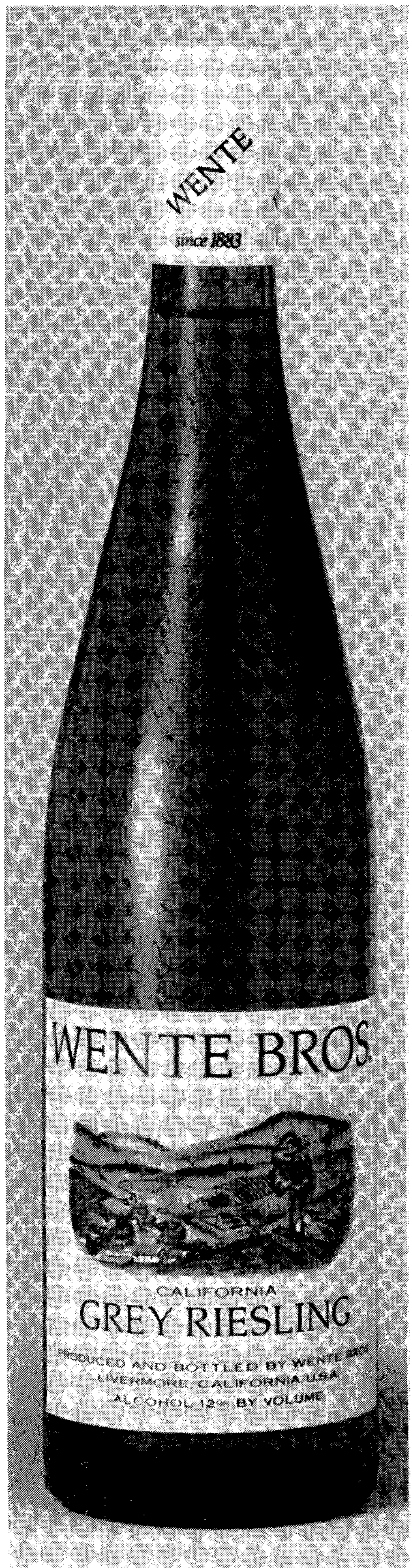
NOW WHAT?

each court part, we would have the equivalent of three dozen more court parts, which would speed up our disposition of cases greatly."

On the other hand, Judge Ross had said that he wasn't at all sure he needed more judges, and after my talk with him I had learned that although crime in New York was increasing, the time supreme-court judges in the city spent on the bench had been decreasing. In Manhattan and Brooklyn, a study of the court system revealed, these judges sat for less than half of their official working day, which is only six and a half hours as it is. After the study was distributed among court administrators—including Judge Ross, I assumed—the judges began spending more time on the bench, and the backlog began decreasing. What is more, I had read in the *Times* that Mayor Beame had left twelve criminal-court and seven family-court judgeships vacant for periods ranging up to a year—reportedly because he hadn't been able to find the appointees who would provide the best political balance. These vacancies constituted an eighth of the normal complement of judges on the criminal courts, which handle more than two hundred thousand cases a year, and a fifth of the normal complement of judges on the family courts, which handle all juvenile crimes. While the other officials I had spoken with wanted more money for their parts of the system, each of them had convinced me that his own part was working better than ever before on less money. In fact, the system was beginning to function more as a system largely because reduced resources had compelled them to find better ways to do their jobs. The Police Department seemed to be operating more effectively with fewer police officers; the Manhattan District Attorney's office was handling more cases more rapidly with more convictions and more criminals being imprisoned; the courts had greatly reduced delay in disposing of cases; and the Department of Correction had been able to concentrate on fewer and more serious accused and convicted criminals. All in all, I found what I had learned encouraging, and it seemed, at best, misguided for officials to want more money when they acknowledged that, to a significant degree, they hadn't known what they were doing with the money already in their budgets. But I sensed that the Deputy Mayor for Criminal Justice might not wish to endorse the salutary effects of reduced budgets for criminal justice, so I let it pass.



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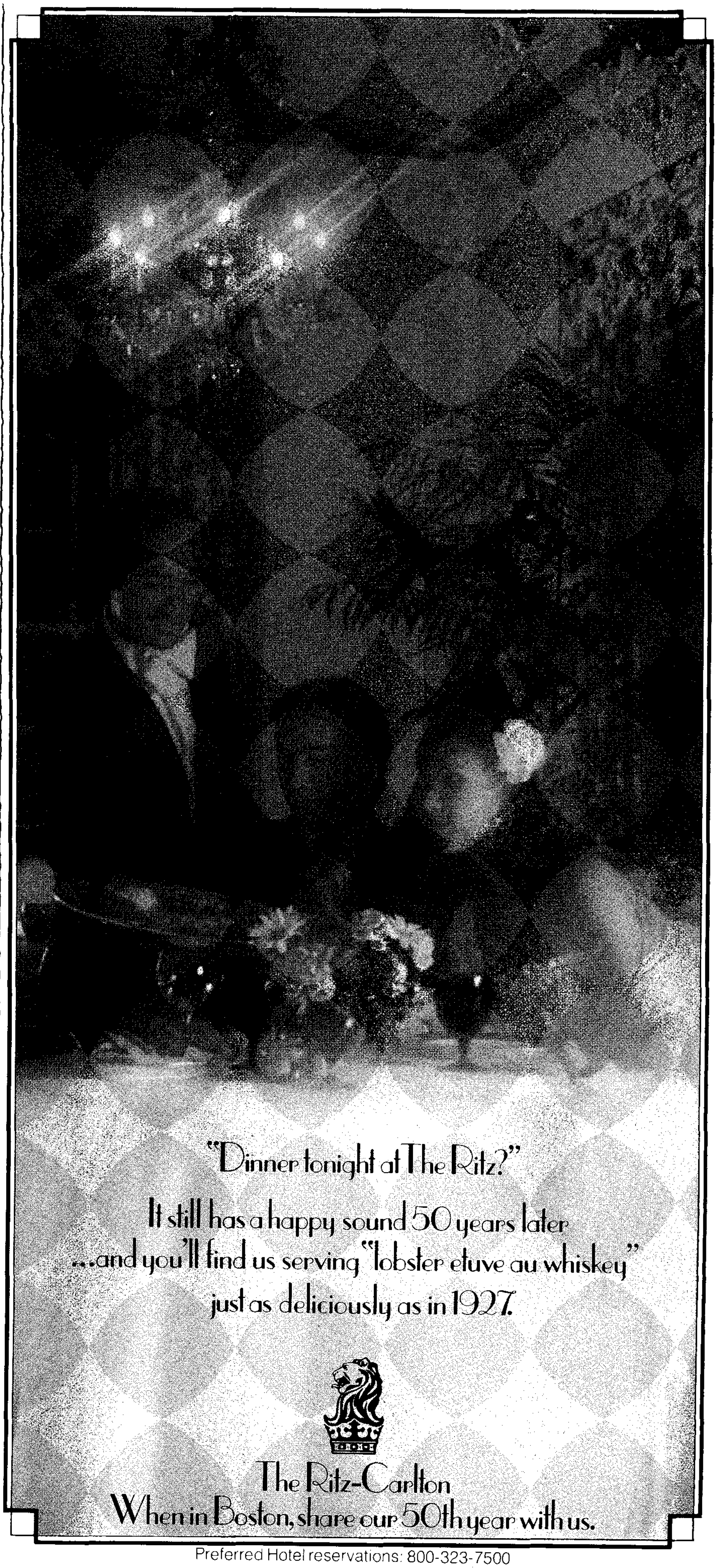
"What we need is more coördination," Scoppetta continued. "Most of all, we need a computerized criminal-justice information service. There's one being used now in the District of Columbia, called the Prosecutors Management Information System, or PROMIS. It provides an enormous range of services. For instance, with a PROMIS system we could find out in seconds when defendants have more than one case pending—a search that now may take days. If a witness calls and wants to know when he is to come to court and what courtroom, with our present system it's very, very difficult to find the information. The PROMIS system can notify witnesses automatically when the date for their appearance approaches, and can tell them which courtroom to go to. It could help courts by printing calendars for upcoming cases. Also, it would provide invaluable assistance to judges by providing defendants' past records for use at the time of sentencing." (As it happens, District Attorney Morgenthau had applied for a federal grant to enable him to install a PROMIS system three years ago, and it has finally been installed and is now being tested.)

"Given our present non-system," Scoppetta went on, "any rational approach to all these daily time-consuming problems is impossible. As it is, we don't know what we're doing. We don't even know what to do with the resources we have. Speaking of sentencing, that's a big topic of discussion in criminal-law circles these days, but it's only recently that it was addressed at all. Punishment for the same crime may range from a suspended sentence to eight years in prison. Of course, that's a fundamental inequity. Prisoners have known about it for a long time—in fact, it seems to be one of the basic causes of resentment among them—but we've just begun to examine it in a serious way. This morning, we had a meeting here to figure out how we could get convicted prisoners out of the city system more quickly—that is, speed up the time between conviction and sentencing. All prisoners should be sentenced within four weeks of conviction, but delays in pre-sentencing reports and the courts' jamup in general extend the period to as long as three months. That's intolerable—especially for the prisoners who are going to get suspended sentences or probation and be set free."

I said I had been wondering whether bureaucratic inefficiency might be the cause of many of the problems afflicting the criminal-justice operation, and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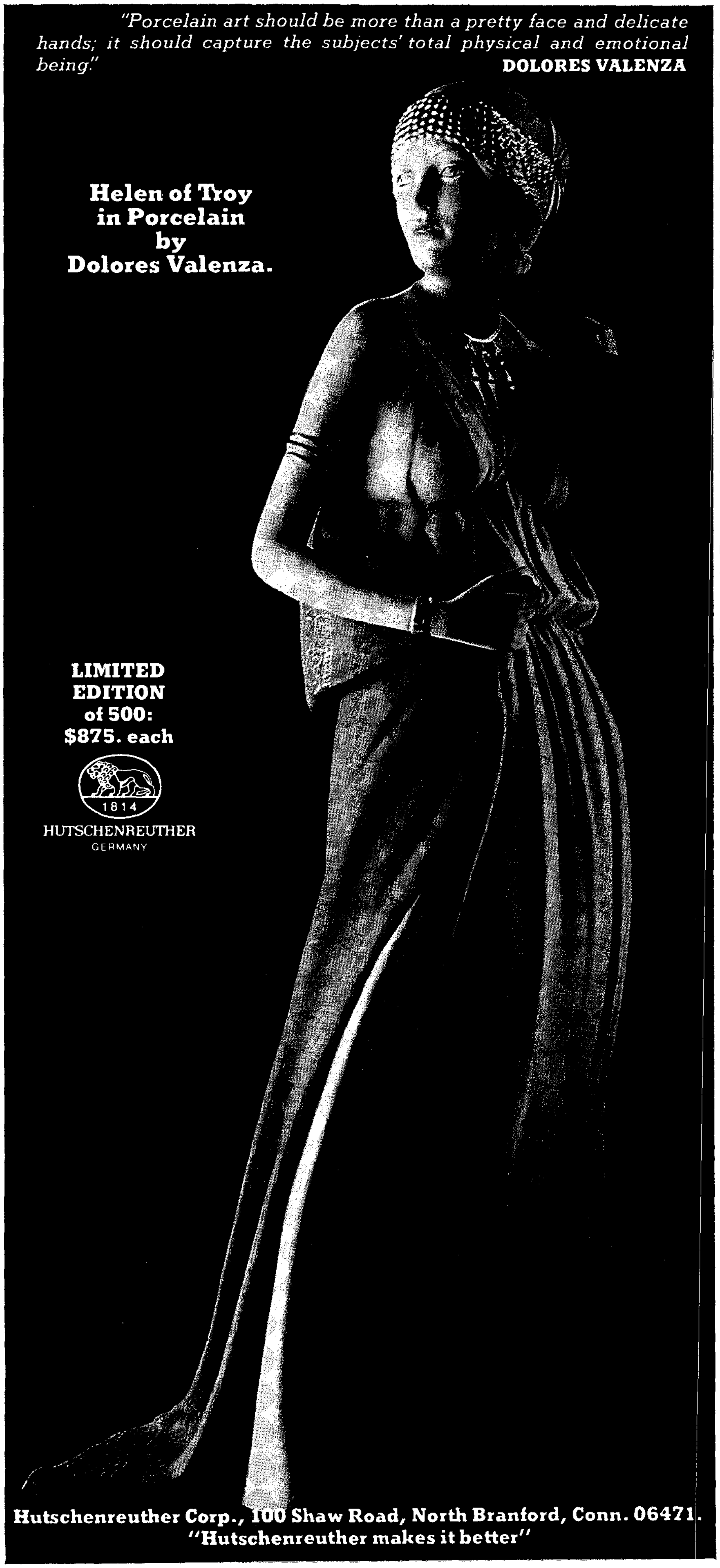

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Scoppetta thought for a few seconds, while he trimmed the ash of his cigar on an amber-colored ashtray beside him, then nodded slowly. "That's true to a degree," he said. "For instance, we have such an enormous number of cases that the police are tied down much of the time in court—often, we learned, unnecessarily. In a study we made of the situation in Manhattan and Brooklyn, we found that twenty-two per cent of the felony arrests were cases that would be held for grand juries—that is, they were actually felonies. The total was thirteen thousand cases. We knew from earlier studies that an arresting officer spends an average of four hours in court at the time of arraignment. In felony cases, there is no need for the arresting officer to be in court, because a grand-jury indictment determines the arraignment. So after Morgenthau's success with the early case-assessment bureau, one was set up in each D.A.'s office to decide who should be prosecuted on what charge. Now, when the D.A. has a case come in, his ECAB studies it and determines whether it's a felony. When it is, the arresting officer doesn't go to court for arraignment, so in Manhattan and Brooklyn alone we can save fifty-two thousand on-duty hours for the police. Citywide, it would be at least double that."

A little later, we got onto the subject of crimes committed by addicts. "What do we do about narcotics violators?" Scoppetta said. "We don't know what to do. We tried to contain the spread of heroin by dealing with new addicts, who preach the joy of being a user after their first high. That didn't work. Then we tried cracking down and putting more drug pushers away. Last year, we sent twice as many pushers to prison as the year before, but we have found that there is very little ripple effect from jailing sellers. There are thousands waiting to take their places. So that didn't work. We have to deal with the problem, but how?"

I asked whether any consideration had been given to using the English system of providing addicts with drugs at low cost to keep them from stealing to pay for drugs at high cost.

Scoppetta shook his head, and answered, "The English approach would be impossible here politically, because it would be called genocide if we kept addicts, most of whom are black, permanently addicted. What we need most of all is a greater federal effort. For instance, three per cent of the federal government's expenditures for drug controls is spent in New York

City, which has half the country's addicts." (According to the National Institute on Drug Abuse, New York City has only about one-eighth of the country's addicts.) "Ultimately, it will probably be up to Washington to find some way of keeping the stuff out of the country altogether—just as it is up to Washington to control guns. If we could get rid of drugs and guns, we could cut crime here by half."

I asked Deputy Mayor Scoppetta what he had found to be most encouraging in the work he had done so far in his new job.

"Look at crime citywide and ask what is the kind of crime that is having a major impact on the quality of life in New York," he said. "Of course, it's crime in the streets—violent crime. And that's precisely what we are going after most vigorously and most successfully. We have a major-offense bureau here, which is in line with District Attorney Morgenthau's and Chief Judge Ross's major-felony approach. We are trying to coördinate these separate approaches, so that the most serious cases are treated most seriously. It is proving to be a very attractive approach and may be the only solution, the only way to attack the dreadful scourge that has plagued our city. We are close to confirming a big discovery—that only twenty to twenty-five per cent of the criminals here commit around eighty per cent of all our serious crimes. So the crime problem may not be as big, or as insoluble, as it once appeared. If we focus on career criminals—the violent repeaters—and keep them out of society, that would greatly reduce the crime that most frightens people. It would let us all breathe more freely again. Our strategy really looks as if it will work. But if it doesn't prove to be cost-effective we're going to be in real trouble."

—Richard Harris

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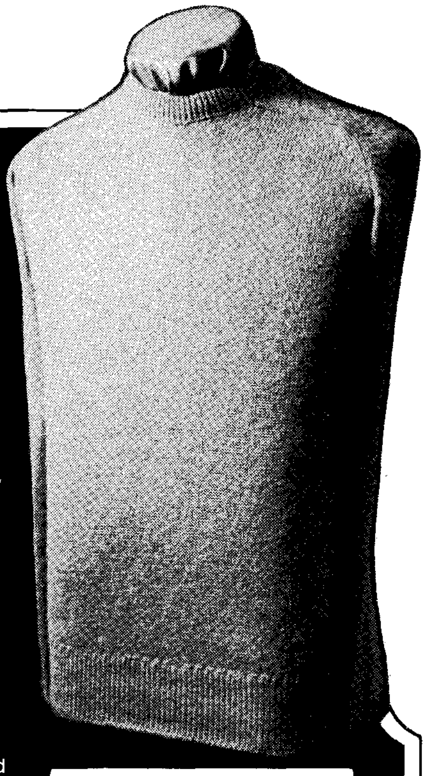

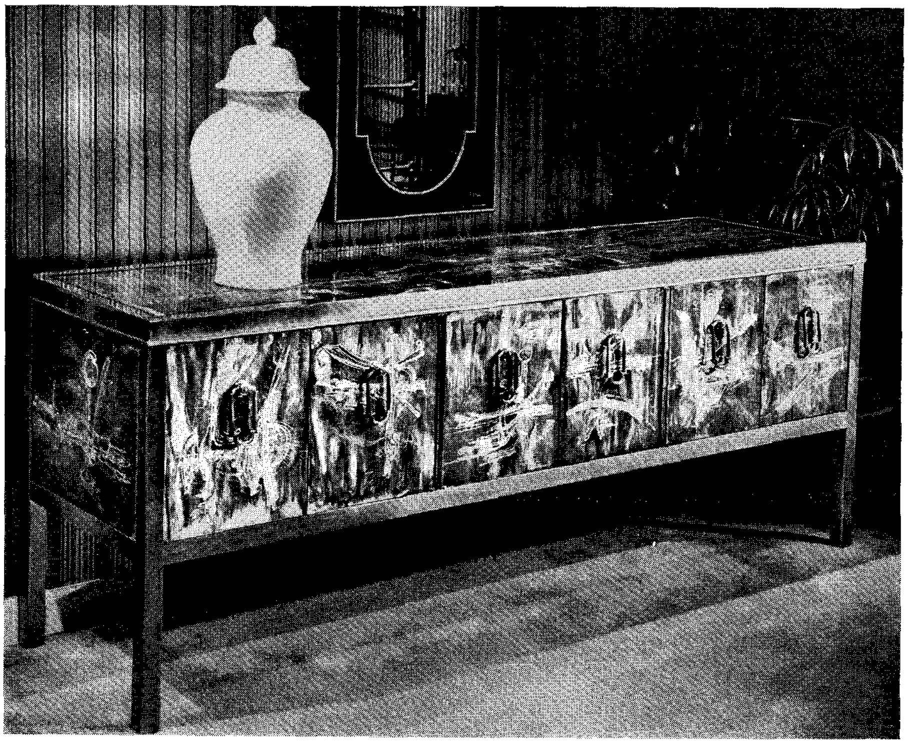

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KNIGHT-ERRANT

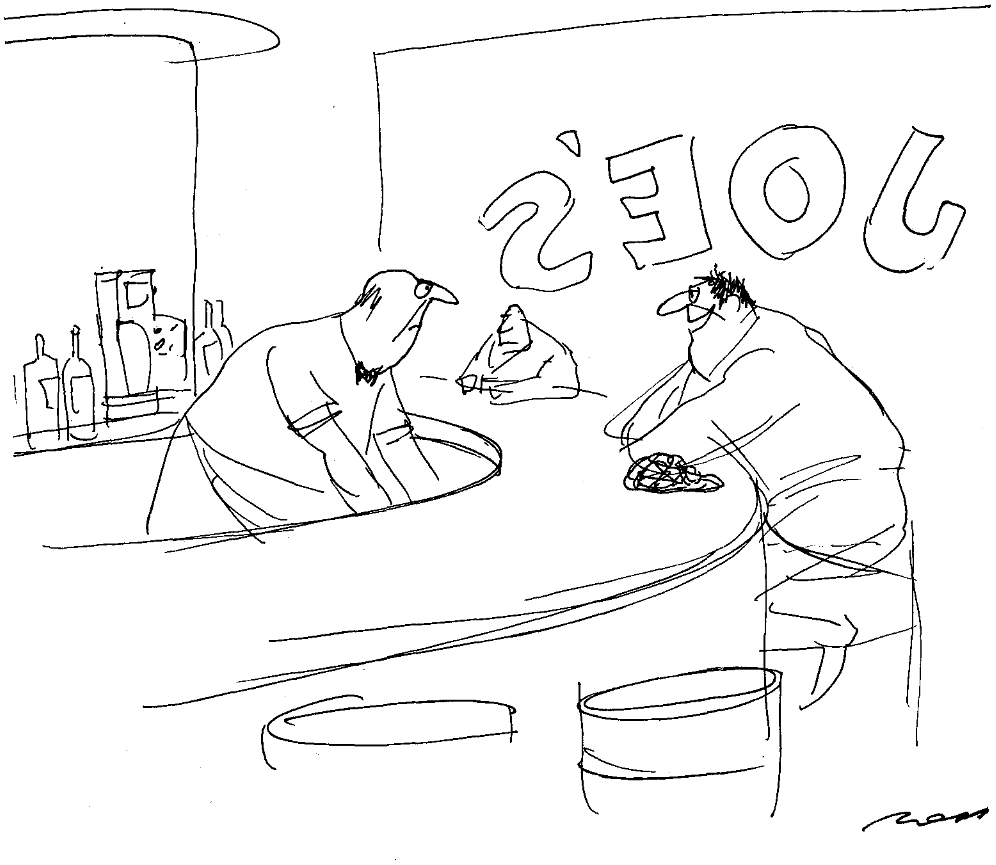
THE Broadway season, which promises to be the busiest one in many years, got under way last week at the Palace Theatre, with an admirable revival of "Man of La Mancha." It is, of course, a characteristic of classics that they give the impression of having always existed; "Man of La Mancha" is assuredly a classic—it is the fourth-longest-running Broadway musical in history—and so I find it hard to believe that it was written as recently as 1965. How had we managed to stumble along without it for so long? Is it possible that we didn't have ringing in our ears from earliest childhood the words "to dream the impossible dream"? Putting that Platonic inquiry aside for the moment (I'll return to it in 1987), I am content to hail the work and commend to my readers this exceptionally stirring production of it. The book, by Dale Wasserman, is a good deal more ambitious than the books of most Broadway musicals; it consists of the mingling of two stories, the first of which concerns Miguel de Cervantes, who, imprisoned in Seville, is about to undergo questioning by the Holy Inquisition, and the second of which concerns his great literary creation, Don Quixote de la Mancha. Cervantes' prison mates force him to submit to a mock trial, and, in the course of defending himself against such damning charges as that he is a bad poet and an honest man, he recounts the comico-tragical tale of the poor Knight of the Woeful Countenance. Cervantes, remaining himself, also enacts Quixote, slipping in and out of character as the necessities of the double plot require. Cervantes is a down-to-earth man, a born truthteller, while Quixote is an idealist, a born pursuer of dreams. We are to take Cervantes and his questioning by the Inquisition as historical fact; we are to take Quixote as a cautionary fiction.

Obviously, the success of any production of "Man of La Mancha" depends upon the quality of the actor who plays Cervantes/Quixote. It was Richard Kiley who originated the role, who played it in the revival given at Lincoln Center in 1972, and who is playing it at the Palace. If he was marvellous to begin with, he is still more marvellous now; his own increased years have enabled him to enrich and, to some extent, darken the role. His Quixote is a rickety, dithering, sweet-tempered man, whose valor in age becomes, in Mr. Kiley's present reading, authentically touching. I see no reason that Mr. Kiley shouldn't go on playing this role until he is ninety and that it shouldn't prove more and more satisfactory to audiences with every passing decade.

We don't much notice it at the time—Mitch Leigh's music is far too cleverly woven into the fabric of the plot to permit us to notice it—but the other characters in "Man of La Mancha" have remarkably little to do. Aldonza, a scullery maid and harlot whom Quixote imagines to be his long-sought-for Dulcinea, is played by Emily Yancy; she is very pretty and she has a figure that gives, in Eliot's phrase, "promise of pneumatic bliss," but except when she is being recklessly hurled about the stage by a band of lustful muleteers her only function is to sing several songs, which she does with appropriate fire. Similarly, Sancho Panza, played by Tony Martinez, is a mere faithful presence, who sings a droll song or two ("I Really Like Him"), and who utters one of the few genuine quotations from Cervantes: "Patience, and shuffle the cards." Also in the cast and giving an impression of plausible busy-ness are Bob Wright, Chev Rodgers (who plays Quixote at the Wednesday matinée), Taylor Reed, and Ian Sullivan.

A considerable measure of credit for the perennial effectiveness of "Man of La Mancha" must go to Howard Bay, who designed the setting, the lighting, and (with Patton Campbell) the costumes. Mr. Bay has created a prison straight out of Piranesi, with a great flight of stairs that is raised or lowered to provide access to the shadowy, verminous dungeon floor. These stairs are a powerful metaphor for the entrapment that Cervantes stoically consents to and that Quixote seeks to escape; whenever the stairs begin to descend from the ghostly rafters, one's heart skips a beat. The lyrics that accompany Mitch Leigh's music are by Joe Darion, and the vigorous direction and musical staging are by Albert Marre.

—BRENDAN GILL



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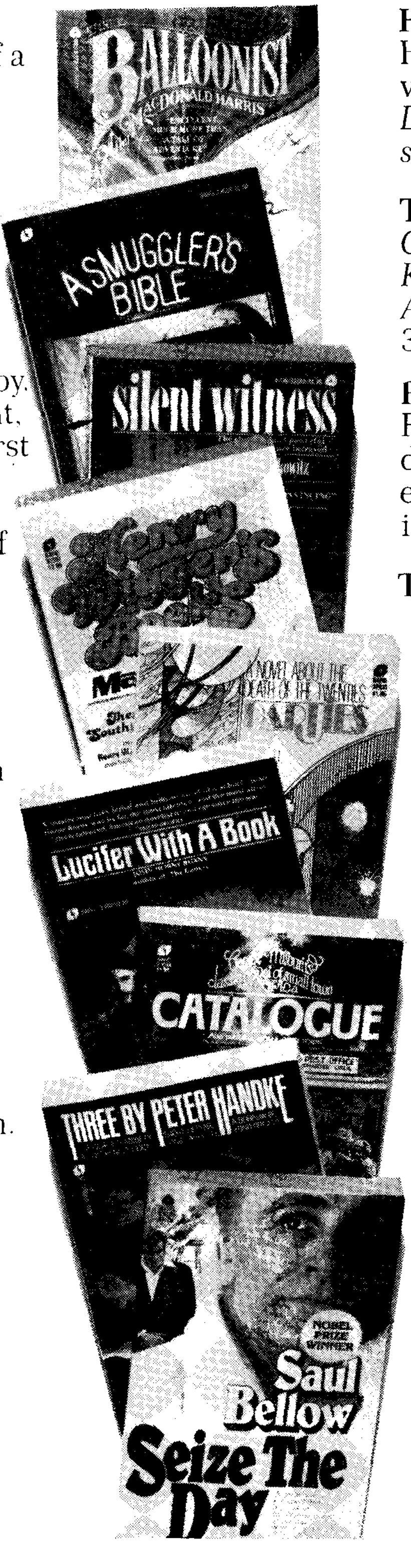

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GOOD READING FROM AVON.

MUSICAL EVENTS

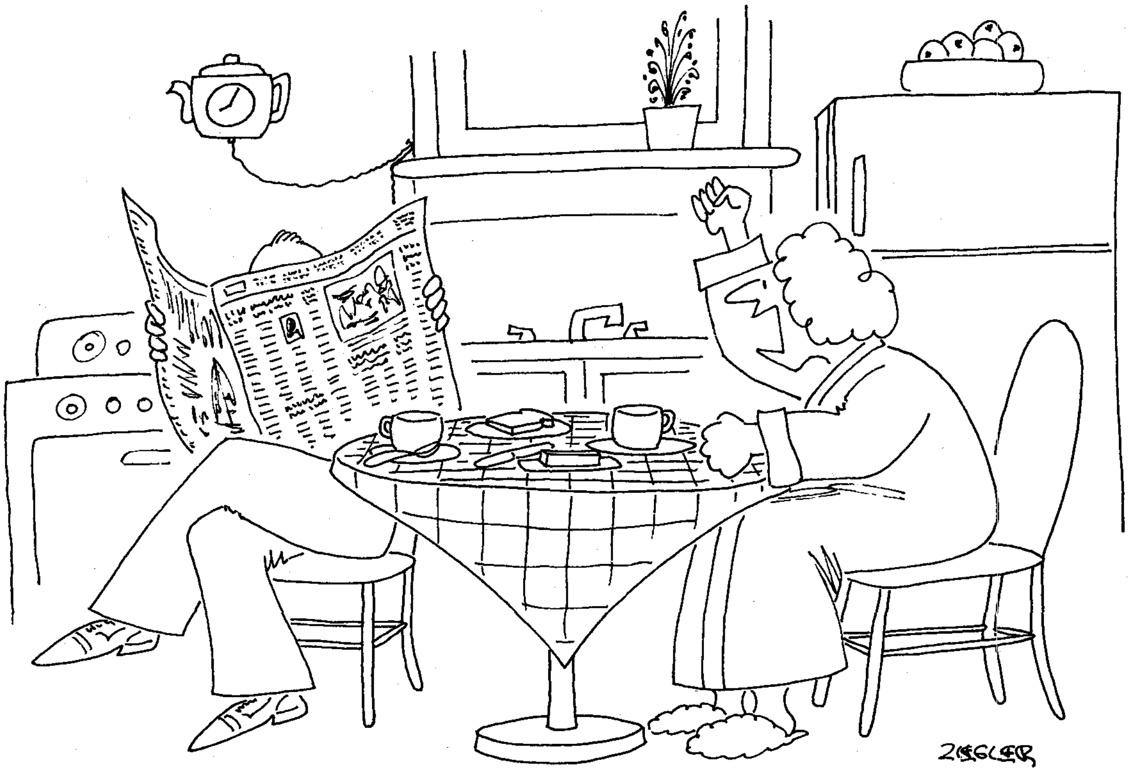
Festival Fare

THERE were only two operas at the Edinburgh Festival this year, but both were important productions: the world première of Thea Musgrave's "Mary, Queen of Scots," done by Scottish Opera (the American première is due in March, from the Virginia Opera), and a "Carmen" in which Teresa Berganza sang the title role for the first time and which Claudio Abbado, also for the first time, conducted. "Carmen" is best heard in a small house, and the King's Theatre in Edinburgh (seating thirteen hundred and twenty-six) is even smaller than the Opéra-Comique, for which "Carmen" was composed. But small houses can seldom afford the kind of casting that Edinburgh had: Berganza, Mirella Freni, Placido Domingo, Abbado, and the London Symphony Orchestra. It was a true festival production, assembled for the occasion. The better seats cost twenty pounds (about thirty-five dollars). Piero Faggioni, whose work on the Covent Garden "Fanciulla del West" was acclaimed earlier this year, directed. Ezio Frigerio, whose décors for the Scala "Simon Boccanegra" and the Paris Opéra "Figaro" were acclaimed in Washington last year, designed. It was the most beautiful "Carmen" I have ever seen, and the most beautifully played I have ever heard. Performances on this particular level of fine, detailed achievement are not encountered in New York. For one thing, the repertory system here is likely to make them impossible (every member of the Scottish Opera Chorus and of the urchin choir, recruited from a local school, seemed to have been individually rehearsed); for another, both Lincoln Center houses are too large for tiny, subtle strokes to tell. In most of the Met or of the State Theatre, Miss Berganza's Carmen would have been lost.

For that matter, it was only just big enough for the King's Theatre. Miss Berganza's singing of the role—as could be predicted from her Cherubino, Rosina, and Cenerentola—was exquisitely supple, seductive, and intelligent, but her voice lacked the power to give full dramatic value to such fortissimo outbursts as "Jamais Carmen ne cédera! Libre elle est née et libre elle mourra!," in the final scene. Her timbre is not passionate; it is not surprising that for many years she turned down all invitations to essay the role. In an open letter to the festival director, reprinted in the program book, she explained her ideas about Carmen: "My greatest desire at this point is to be able to banish forever from the mind and imagination of the public the distorted idea of Carmen." The English translation of the letter, facing its Spanish original, introduces some distortions of its own. She did not write that hitherto Carmen has "always" been misrepresented, or that "today one could regard Carmen as an ideal;" she did declare that "in modern terms one could say that Carmen represents an ideal type of emancipated woman, i.e., free, the sovereign and mistress of all her decisions." Even that statement, unqualified, seems to me to be going rather too far: I'd not hold Carmen up as an exemplar for any daughter of mine. Mérimée's Carmen steals, lies, harlots, and incites men to murder, and, although Meilhac and Halévy toned down her wickedness, their libretto—as Winton Dean once remarked, and as Miss Berganza evidently agrees—"furnishes an actress of the right temperament with all the materials for creating a character as close to Mérimée's Carmen as is possible on the operatic stage." It is easy to overplay the part—to be too flamboyant, vulgarly sexy. But today there is perhaps a tendency to underplay it; and modern Carmens are sometimes praised for showing "dignity" even at their first entrance, and not swinging their hips. This is how Mérimée's Don José describes Carmen's entry into his life:

> She was wearing a very short red skirt. . . . She had thrown her mantilla back, to show her shoulders, and a great bunch of acacia that was thrust into her chemise. She had another acacia blossom in the corner of her mouth, and she walked along, swaying her hips, like a filly from the Cordova stud farm. In my country [Navarre] anyone who had seen a woman dressed in that fashion would have crossed himself. At Seville every man paid her some bold compliment on her appearance. She had an answer for each and all, with her hand on her hip, as bold as the thorough gypsy she was.

But in Miss Berganza's opinion Carmen is a hard-working, estimable lass led astray, it would seem, through no fault of her own: "She works in a factory to earn her bread and to save up enough money to visit her mother. Later, pursued by judicial authority, she becomes obliged to dedicate herself to smuggling." That



"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez, oyez, oyez!"

hardly squares with Mérimée's or Bizet's account of her. Miss Berganza is right when she describes Carmen's courageous acceptance of death, predicted in the card scene, imminent in the final duet; she is wrong, I think, to say that in most performances of the card scene the Carmen is "agitated, nervous, and extrovert." Bizet's marking of the passage is "*Simplement et très également*," and most Carmens I have heard have sung it accordingly—as Miss Berganza did. Her ideas about the role, the nature of her voice, and perhaps her slightness of physique conspired to create a Carmen on a small scale, but on that scale she was captivating, vivid, and various. She was also a wittier Carmen than most, mistress of mocking inflections that were sometimes alight with mischief and sometimes flicked out like a lash.

Carmen inevitably dominates "Carmen," but ostensibly the opera, like the book, is the tragedy of Don José, a man brought to ruin by the wiles of an unscrupulous, irresistible woman. Underlining this, Faggioni opened each act with a gratuitous tableau of José in prison, in a pool of ochre light, awaiting execution: the preludes and entr'actes served as accompaniment; the acts themselves became flashbacks—a narrative recounted, as in Mérimée's tale. It sounds an awful idea, the sort of old-fashioned bright notion that a director should get out of his system as a student, but the execution of it was so skillful that it proved surprisingly effective. The ochre light flooded back, and the rest of the stage dimmed, during major recurrences of the "destiny" motif; this was less acceptable. Otherwise, the staging was marvellously musical and sensitive, imaginative without being tiresomely over-inventive, sure in its long dramatic line, packed with fine but unfussy detail. Domingo, although not in his best voice the night I attended (he has spent a summer of heavy singing), was an expert and accomplished José. As Micaëla, Mirella Freni was billed for three of the seven performances, Leona Mitchell for the others. I heard the latter—a warm, true lyric soprano, appealing in timbre but perhaps a shade soft in grain for the music. Tom Krause as Escamillo was weak casting. Jean Lainé, from Bordeaux, was a capital Zuniga.

Abbado was the hero of the evening. Anything missed on the stage—passion, dramatic intensity of timbre, or rhythmic verve from the Toreador—was supplied in abundance from the pit. The King's pit is shallow and open—as shallow and open as the pits of most nine-

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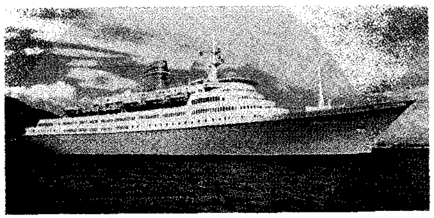

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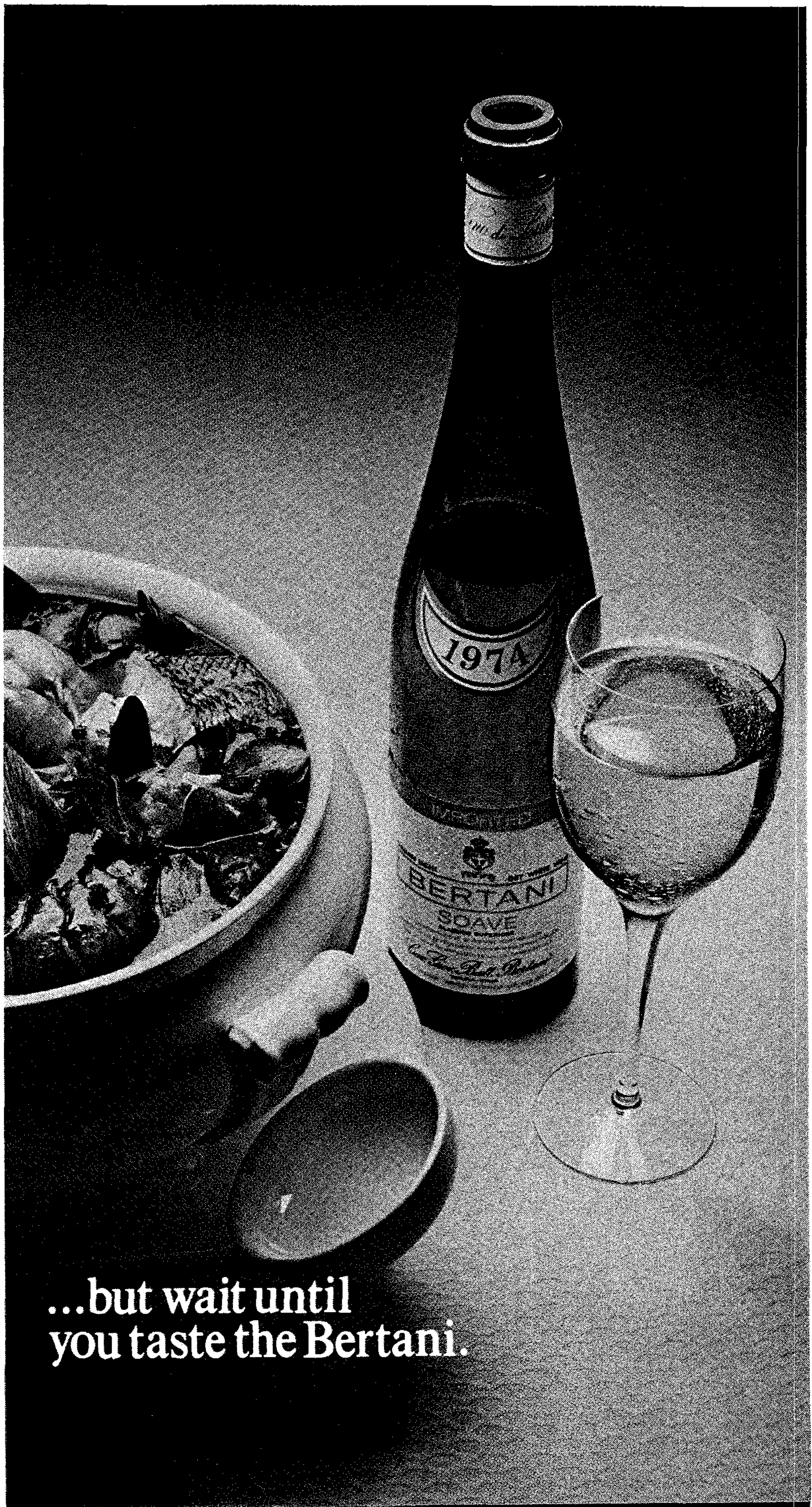
teenth-century opera houses were. Abbado made a virtue of it. One heard every detail of Bizet's amazing score, in which, as Dean wrote, "the sharp outline and virility of Berlioz" and "the grace and economy of Mozart" combine—heard it, was stirred by it, yet never felt, as happened when Karajan conducted the opera at Salzburg, that the limelight was being pulled away from the stage drama, where it belongs, onto the conductor and his virtuoso band. The singers were never drowned; the instrumental lines and colors—strings that seemed to surge through the listener's blood, woodwind playing of bewitching eloquence—supported and inspired them. During the run, Deutsche Grammophon began to make a new recording of the opera, which will also star Berganza and Domingo, Abbado and the London Symphony, but will have a different Micaëla and Escamillo—Ileana Cotrubas and Sherrill Milnes. (It will be finished in London later; Miss Berganza, more dedicated than many of her colleagues, prefers not to spend her days making records while engaged on a series of theatre performances.) No doubt the fire, finesse, and tenderness of Abbado's phrasing and the sound of the superlative orchestra will be caught on the discs; but that will only begin to suggest the full excitement of hearing them, in dramatic context, in the King's Theatre.

Ever since the Edinburgh Festival began, in 1947, there has been talk of building a modern opera house to replace the King's, whose stage and backstage are cramped, and which seemed to burst at the seams, acoustically, when at previous festivals works like "Tristan" and "Die Walküre" were played there. But in recent years grumbles about the place have yielded to appreciation of its merits. It is an attractive building, richly decorated. Andrew Carnegie laid the foundation stone in 1906. The Edinburgh Corporation bought it, from private management, in 1969. A few years ago, at the cost of many seats, the pit was expanded and the lighting modernized. And now the city has set aside its plans for a new opera house. All this is in line with developments elsewhere in Britain: the abandonment of grandiose highway schemes that destroy city blocks, and the condemnation of very tall office and apartment buildings—in general, the concern to conserve and, if necessary, adapt what stands and can still be useful. In London, the English National Opera, which once wanted to build a new house on the South Bank, goes



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from triumph to triumph in the Coliseum, a noble 1904 theatre where Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt appeared. In Glasgow, the Scottish National Orchestra restored an abandoned nineteenth-century city hall and now has a concert room of unrivalled acoustical excellence, and Scottish Opera, which also had plans for a modern theatre, moved instead into the Theatre Royal, an 1895 building that had been largely gutted to serve as a television studio but is now a very successful opera house, seating fifteen hundred and sixty. (The orchestras of St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Oakland, and Vancouver have shown similar enterprise; in New York it surely will not be many years before Lincoln Center regrets not having acquired the Harkness Theatre—which went for a mere million, earlier this year—to be a home for Mozart, Handel, Haydn, and intimate plays.) In Edinburgh, the reëquipped King's proved to be an ideal home for "Carmen." Frigerio could not, of course, design four spectacular settings; there would not have been room for them. He provided a single construction of great beauty, a plaza enclosed by weather-stained white buildings, picturesque and finely proportioned. By small additions and skillful changes of light, this was able to suggest the tavern, the *"site pittoresque et sauvage,"* and the square outside the bullring of the subsequent acts. Goya drawings seemed to be the designer's inspiration. The first impression was of décor in grisaille, delicately tinted with blue for Micaëla's dress, red for Carmen's, and yellow for the military uniforms. Gradually, the eye perceived the richness and variety within the subdued colors. Scottish Opera plans to take over this scenery; it will then possess one of the most distinguished "Carmen" productions ever seen, and one that is practicable in the fairly small theatres, throughout Britain, where it plays.

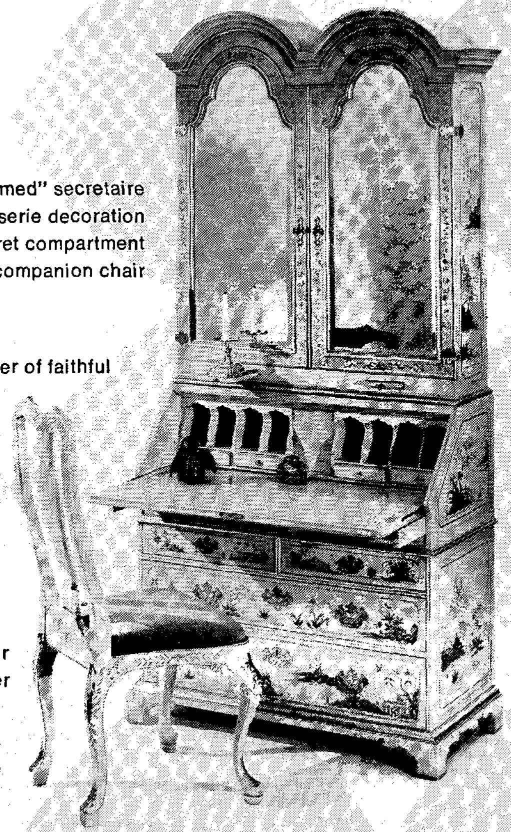
Abbado's text was based, not uncritically, on Fritz Oeser's edition; some of the newly published music, but not all of it, was included. The dialogue was spoken but had been cut to the bone; several exchanges essential to a full presentation of the characters were omitted. —ANDREW PORTER

◆

One of the twins with the Capitoline wolf located in the Court House park during the weekend was reported stolen to city police. Police said they are not certain whether it is Romulus or Remus.—*Sault Ste. Marie (Mich.) Evening News.*

Well, that's the first thing to find out.

John Widdicomb



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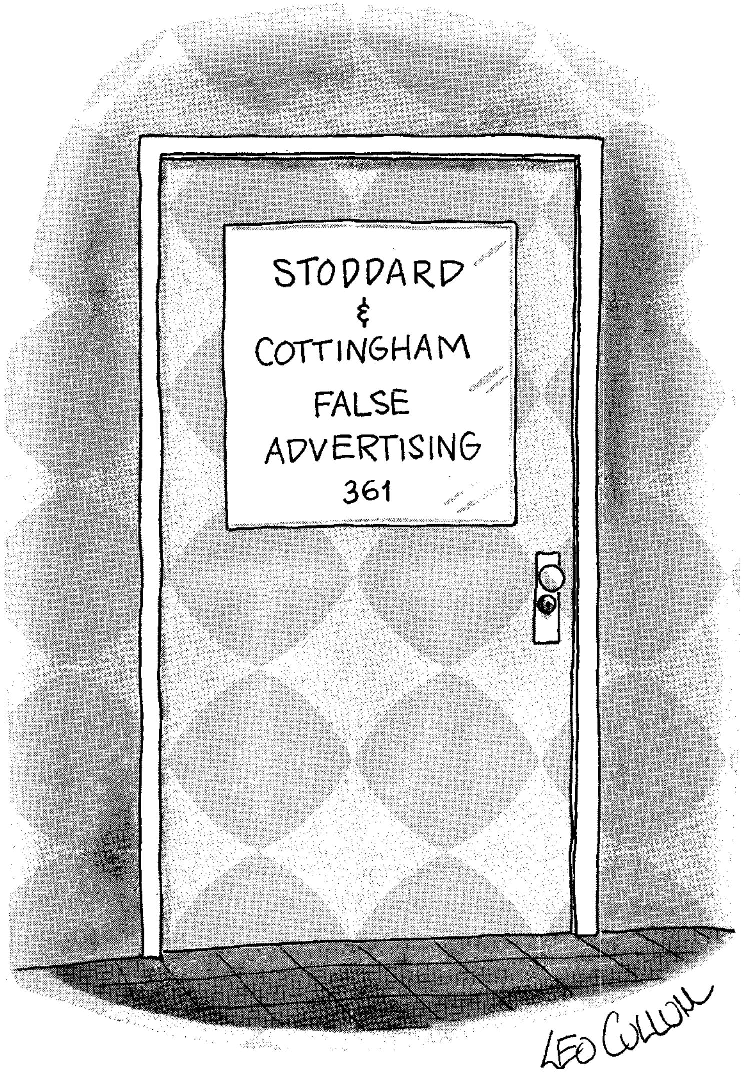
A SENSE OF SOMETHING FORBIDDING

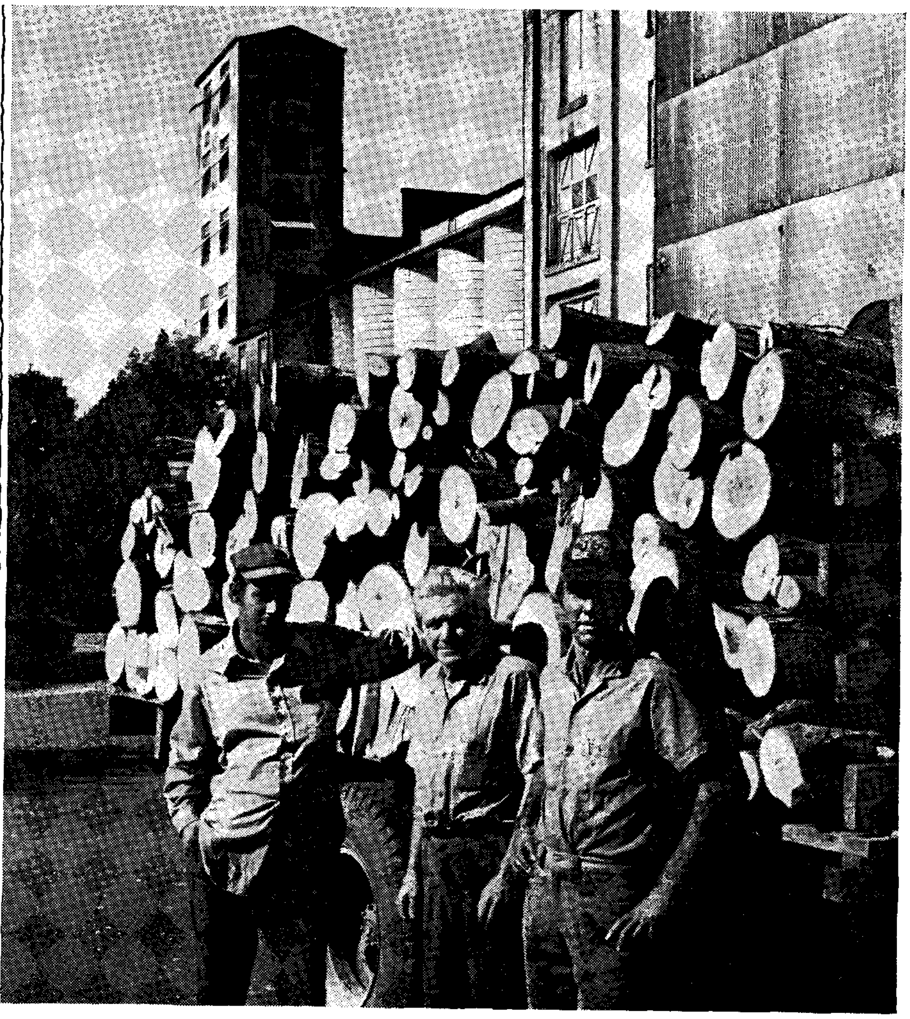
I FIRST visited the Chamonix Valley of France, at the foot of Mont Blanc, in the fall of 1959. This was just under two centuries after the Swiss aristocrat Horace-Bénédict de Saussure came from Geneva to visit the valley, in 1760. While hiking to a subsidiary peak—the Brévent—de Saussure conceived the idea that Mont Blanc, which is 4,807 metres, or 15,771 feet, high and is the highest mountain in Western Europe, could be climbed, and he offered a large cash reward—about sixty dollars—to the first person to do so. (The reward was claimed by a Chamonix physician, Dr. Michel-Gabriel Paccard, and a chamois hunter, crystal collector, and Alpine guide, Jacques Balmat, after they climbed the peak, on August 8, 1786.) With de Saussure's dream, Alpinism was created, and, along with it, the mountain aesthetic was invented. To feel that mountains are beautiful, and that snow-covered mountains are the most beautiful of all, is now part of our conditioning. But this is a fairly modern idea. Until the nineteenth century—with rare exceptions—people of the Western world regarded mountains as terrifying, ugly, and an obstacle to travel and commerce, and anyone living in or near them as subhuman. The change came about largely through Englishmen like John Ruskin, who, after reading de Saussure's "Voyages dans les Alpes," first visited the valley in 1833, when he was fourteen. He was captivated by its beauty, and revisited it frequently, and his subsequent sketches and commentaries attracted generations of Englishmen to the Alps. The English transformed climbing from an expeditionary activity with an ostensibly scientific purpose (the pioneers like de Saussure felt, correctly, that they were exploring a new medium—high altitude—and took great pains to measure and describe everything they saw) to a sport practiced simply for the pleasure and satisfaction of it. By 1865, when the twenty-five-year-old British climber and graphic artist Edward Whymper, with a party of seven, climbed the Matterhorn, almost all the major Alpine peaks had been scaled by at least one route. And almost all had been scaled by Englishmen with Continental guides—mainly Swiss. Whymper and his party were accompanied by three guides—a Frenchman and two Swiss. On the descent from the Matterhorn, four members of Whymper's party were killed in a fall, and this accident, on July 14, 1865, marked the end of the Golden Age of discovery of the Alps.

By an irony, surely unintended, future Alpine historians may well come to regard July 19, 1965—a century after Whymper's climb—as the end of the Golden Age of the Alps themselves. On that date, a tunnel some seven miles long, drilled through Mont Blanc and connecting Chamonix to its Italian counterpart, Courmayeur, was opened to the public. The formal opening ceremony, which I attended, had occurred a few days earlier. General de Gaulle had been present, along with hundreds of tourists and Chamoniards. Some of the latter were apprehensive, partly because they thought the tunnel might jeopardize the Alpine environment, and partly because many of them, like my friends the Morand brothers, who now own three major hotels in Chamonix, had borrowed large sums of money to expand their premises in anticipation of the new influx of tourists. (At that time, they owned only one, the Hôtel Mont Blanc; soon after the bonanza, they bought another, the Croix Blanche; and they recently built a third, the Beausite.) I recall the eldest of the three Morand brothers, a former professor of mathematics, who died of cancer in 1971, telling me in 1965 that if the family's gamble on the increased tourist trade did not pay off they would be in serious financial trouble. He need not have worried. In July of 1977 alone, 174,427 vehicles of all descriptions passed through the tunnel, and since the tunnel opened more than 10,300,000 vehicles, of which nearly eighty per cent were private cars, have made the trip. The *Guide Michelin* of 1965 puts the permanent population of Chamonix that year at 7,966; it has since risen to 9,002. All the other people in the valley—hundreds of thousands in any given summer or winter season—are tourists. I doubt if there has been a single night since 1965 when any major hotel in Chamonix had a spare room during a vacation period, and for August, the peak summer month, many of the hotels are booked up a full year in advance. And at all seasons of the year the hotels and motor lodges accommodate numbers of people who are on their way somewhere else.



The Chamonix Valley that I wandered into in 1959, although I did not realize it at the time, bore at least some resemblance to the one that de Saussure, Ruskin, and Whymper had known. The names of the early Alpine guides—Balmat, Charlet, Couttet, Dévouassoud, Payot, Ravanel, Tournier—were still the family names of the Chamonix guides, and were also the most common names on the local banks and stores. On the trail to the Brévent, a stone that Ruskin sat on while he sketched had been established as a sort of monument, although few people seemed to stop off to look at it, and fewer still to understand what it commemorated. The Brévent, to be sure, could be reached in a few minutes by a system of *téléphériques*—aerial tramways—instead of by a walk of a few hours. However, the major *téléphérique*, which reached the summit of the Aiguille du Midi, across the valley, was still a novelty, having been put into service only in 1954. There is now one other large *téléphérique*, which has opened up the Lognan-Grands Montets slope, five miles farther up the valley at Argentière, to thousands of skiers and hikers. The aiguilles—the granite needles of Chamonix—resembled, as they still do, the incredible spires of Gothic churches. By 1959, however, the Alpine glaciers had shrunk since Ruskin's day to an almost pitiable state. As recently as seventy-five years ago, someone who wanted to walk on the Mer de Glace, a glacier that runs alongside some of the aiguilles, could step out of the Montenvers, a nearby hotel, and be almost on the ice. Now a tourist staying at the Montenvers must descend a few hundred feet by a series of iron ladders and fixed railings in order to reach the glacier. At that time, too, ice blocks from the Mer de Glace would occasionally break off the glacier and come sliding down to the Rue du Dr. Paccard, the main street of Chamonix. Today, the glaciers are once again on the move—rising and advancing—and if they attain anything like their former size they will offer more of a threat to the dozens of new hotels that have sprung up all over the valley than any army of creditors. What did most to preserve the Alpine character of Chamonix in 1959 was the fact that the two roads that led into the valley—one from Geneva, following the route that de Saussure took, and the other a steep, winding affair from the Swiss town of Martigny—led only into the valley. The Chamonix Valley was a cul-de-sac. Anyone who took these roads did so to see the mountains. The roads led nowhere else. Then came the tunnel.

WITH the opening of the tunnel, the Rue du Dr. Paccard—or at least that part of it which goes through the center of Chamonix—was convert-



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ed into a one-way street. It is a narrow street, in many places just wide enough for two cars. One afternoon last August, as I was standing at the curb and waiting to cross, an incessant stream of automobiles, side by side, in pairs, waved on by uniformed policemen, swept down the street and off toward Geneva. They were bumper to bumper—all makes, with license plates from all over Europe. Because of automobile exhaust, a gray cloud of smog now hangs over parts of the valley. While I stood there, I recalled a rather acerbic observation of Ruskin, who as he grew older came to hate the tourists his own art work had helped bring to Chamonix. In "Modern Painters," he wrote, "I would that the enlightened population of Paris and London were content with doing nothing—that they were satisfied with expenditure upon their idle pleasures in their idle way. . . . The valley of Chamouni . . . is rapidly being turned into a kind of Cremorne Gardens." Ruskin was a thoroughgoing snob, and, to put it mildly, he failed to understand that the people coming to Chamonix in his day were there to study and appreciate "his" mountains. Most of the people inching down the Rue du Dr. Paccard last August were fleeing the mountains as fast as possible. For them, Chamonix had become just another way station on the map, and the mountains were, as they had been until the time of de Saussure's inspiration, simply a hindrance to travel.

If one sees a friend regularly over many years, one may not notice aging and other slow changes taking place in him until so much of the process has been completed as to make the change qualitative rather than quantitative. Since 1959, I have been paying visits of several weeks to various Alpine regions of Europe at least once a year: often enough so that slow changes—a new hotel here, a new parking lot there—did not strike me until recently as introducing qualitative changes in the Alpine communities. This past summer, realizing that I had not really been paying attention, I decided to try to get a feeling for what has happened to the Alps. I was shocked. In Whymper's five great Alpine seasons—from 1861 through 1865—he frequently travelled on foot from Chamonix to what is now the Italian Alpine village of Cervinia. Cervinia, which was known to Whymper by its French name, Breuil, is at the base of the Italian side of the Matterhorn, known in French as the Cervin and in Italian as the Monte Cervini. Cervinia is about sixty miles from Cha-

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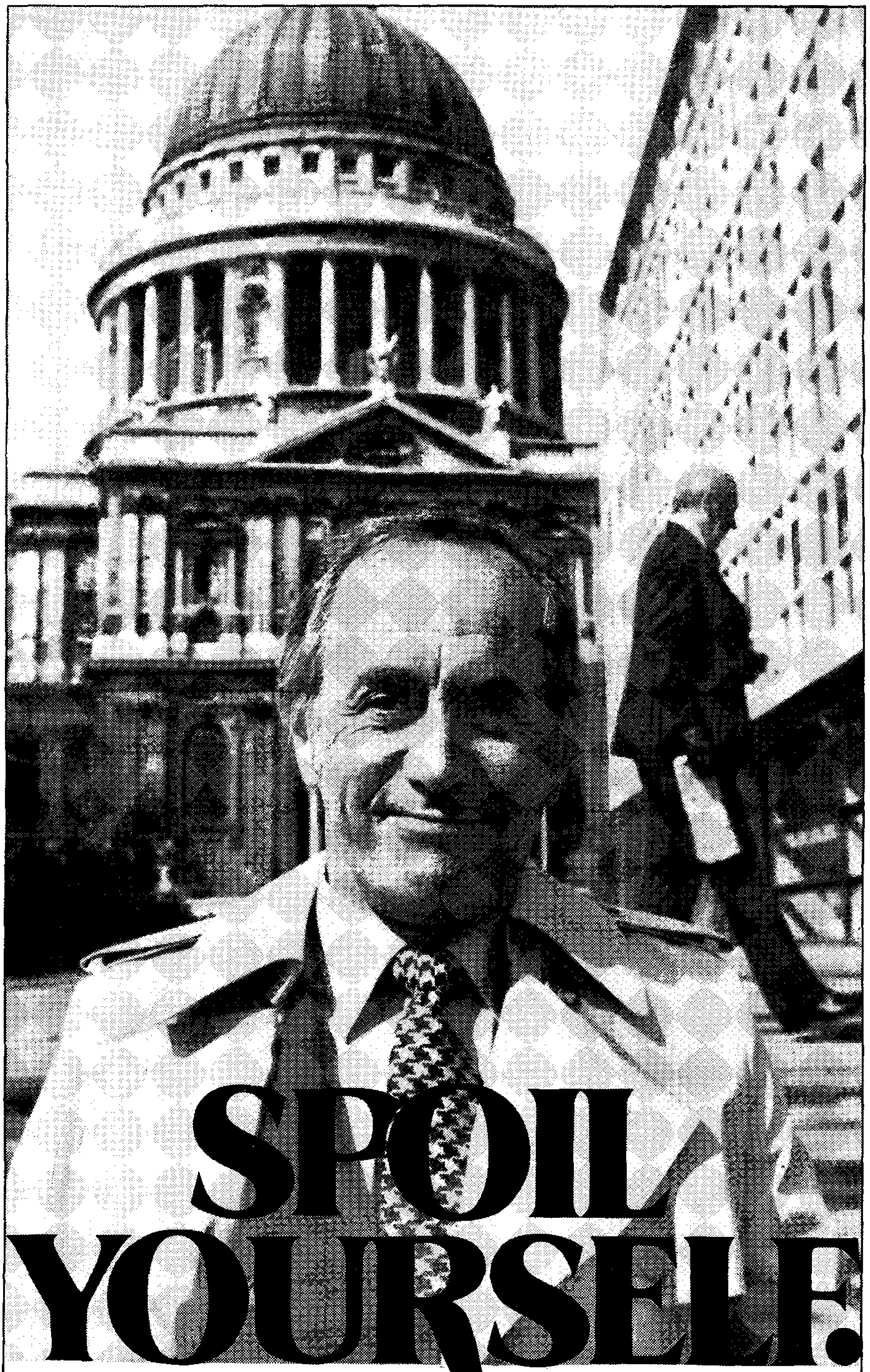
monix, and Whymper, who covered about thirty miles a day in high mountain country, would make the trip in two days. Such was the rarity of a foreigner in those parts that on one occasion Whymper, having heard of the presence of a fellow-countryman in a French Alpine town he was passing through on his walk, had only to ask the locals "Where is the Englishman?" to be led straight to his compatriot. I would like to be present to hear the answer if someone asked that question in a French Alpine town today. Whymper used to walk over the glaciers from Chamonix southeast to Courmayeur and Aosta, from there due east to Châtillon, and then due north into the Val Tournanche and on up this valley to Cervinia—a somewhat roundabout route dictated by the mountain terrain. Whymper was very fond of the Val Tournanche. In his classic account of his struggle with the Matterhorn—"Scrambles Amongst the Alps"—he wrote:

> The Val Tournanche is one of the most charming valleys in the Italian Alps; it is a paradise to an artist, and if the space at my command were greater, I would willingly linger over its groves of chestnuts, its bright trickling rills and its roaring torrents, its upland unsuspected valleys and its noble cliffs. The path rises steeply from Châtillon, but it is well shaded, and the heat of the summer sun is tempered by cool air and spray which comes off the ice-cold streams. One sees from the path, at several places on the right bank of the valley, groups of arches which have been built high up against the faces of the cliffs. Guide-books repeat—on whose authority I know not—that they are the remains of a Roman aqueduct.

The present version of Whymper's trek takes about two hours. I made it not long ago in the company of Claude Jaccoux, the Chamonix guide with whom I have been climbing for the last fifteen years. Our notion was to leave Chamonix in the early morning, drive to Cervinia, take a series of ski lifts which leads up to the Col de Théodule, and climb the Breithorn, above Cervinia, which is widely—and rightly—regarded as the easiest four-thousand-metre mountain in the Alps. At 3:30 A.M. on what promised to be a fine hot day, we arrived at the French entrance to the Mont Blanc Tunnel. The tunnel is open twenty-four hours a day. Tickets are sold at both ends, but all the customs and immigration formalities occur at the Italian end. (Taking the tunnel is not cheap. The lowest-priced round-trip ticket available, for the smallest class of automobile, is thirty-six new French francs, or, at



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the present exchange rate, something over seven dollars. The tunnel, which cost seventy million dollars and took six and a half years to build, has already paid for itself and is now making money for both France and Italy, which divide the revenues.) At that hour of the morning, we were more or less alone, but if we had waited until eight or nine o'clock we would quite likely have been part of a line of several dozen cars, trucks, and buses waiting to get through. In August, the lines can extend for several miles on either side. The tunnel is reasonably well lit, is air-conditioned, and has a single lane of traffic moving in each direction. It takes about ten minutes to get to the other end. From the Italian end of the tunnel a sort of superhighway leads down to Courmayeur. When I first saw Courmayeur, ten years ago, it was a lovely antique Alpine town with a long tradition of mountaineering. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the Italian nobility and aristocracy frequented Courmayeur, and the guides there taught many young Italian noblemen to climb. The highway now runs practically over Courmayeur. The town is still there, to be sure, but it has become a sort of appendage of the highway. It is full of gasoline stations, motels, hotels, and night clubs. Courmayeur is for most people a stopover on the way east to Venice or the Yugoslavian coast. Beyond Courmayeur, the road narrows and heads toward Aosta. We passed a turnoff to the Val di Rhême. This valley is one of the few places in the Alps where a government—in this case, the Italian government—has done something significant to preserve the Alpine environment. The valley is a *parco nazionale*, or nature preserve, with no more in the way of development than one would find in one of our national parks. It is named for the mountain that dominates it—the Gran Paradiso (4,061 metres), a mountain often done on skis—and only a stone refuge constructed at its base indicates the hand of man. How long this state of affairs will last I do not know.

Aosta is now a dreary semi-modern town, dominated by the sort of apartment houses so dear to city planners. After Aosta, one takes the superhighway—a toll road that leads to Milan and the south. The second exit from the toll road is Châtillon, where Whymper's steeply rising path to Breuil (Cervinia) began. Châtillon represents a more typical Alpine village, torn between its ancient structure—narrow streets and old stone houses—and the exigencies of modern vehicular traffic. Whymper's steep path has become a steep, winding road overburdened with cars, and Châtillon is now a series of one-way streets designed to lead the motorist as quickly as possible out of the town and onto the highway. I was driving, and so did not have much chance to watch for Whymper's roaring torrents and upland unsuspected valleys. I was mainly watching for unsuspected cars, buses, and trucks carrying tourists and merchandise down from Cervinia on the narrow, twisting road. In fact, I was so absorbed in this activity that I would have missed the first view of the Matterhorn—it can be seen almost as soon as one starts up toward Cervinia—if Jaccoux had not called my attention to it.

When one makes the trip on the Swiss side, to Zermatt, one does not see the mountain until just before one arrives at the village. The development of Zermatt is an interesting example of the kind of compromise that can be made to control the unbridled exploitation of an Alpine valley in the face of an enormous tourist influx. Recently, the citizens of Zermatt voted to continue a ban on automobiles in their village. It is true that, with the exception of doctors' cars, emergency vehicles, and the like, automobiles are prohibited in the center of the village. But there is a huge parking lot a few hundred metres from the center, next to the cog-railway station. This lot, which is open to citizens of the village and to outsiders with permits, is nearly always filled with hundreds of cars; other motorists can park their cars six kilometres down the valley, at Tasch, which is connected to Visp, at the lower end of the valley, by a superhighway. Moreover, there is a bypass road around Zermatt, which is frequented by large trucks carrying men and materi-

Judith Shahn

als to hydroelectric-power projects being constructed and maintained in the lower glacial valleys above the village. Almost every available square foot of flatland around Zermatt has been or is being developed for hotel and apartment construction. The sound of the jackhammer is heard throughout the valley. Nevertheless, Zermatt has retained much of its original charm. The simple fact that the main street of Zermatt is a pedestrian walkway makes all the difference. It seems to me that where some restriction has been placed on automobiles people achieve a kind of harmony with the environment. The mystery and the beauty of the high mountains work wonders on the human spirit if they are given half a chance.

Cervinia itself presents a view that must quicken the pulse of any real-estate developer. The town looks like one large hotel surrounded by parking lots and tourist shops. The reason for all this activity is skiing. Cervinia is one of the major winter ski resorts and *the* major summer ski station in Europe. One might say that no guide from Cervinia who was in his right mind would go mountain climbing, for there is a fortune to be made, at no risk to life and limb, teaching people to ski in summer. This is also true in Courmayeur, where there is a smaller station on the Mont Blanc glaciers, and the number of mountain guides at these stations has indeed been steadily dwindling. When we arrived at the parking area near the lower ski lift, it was about 7 A.M. The place was almost literally crawling with skiers and their cars—hundreds of beautiful sun-tanned girls in the latest ski fashions, and whole families with their private ski instructors. I don't know how Jaccoux felt, but I felt like some sort of Martian, carrying a relatively heavy pack, with crampons, ice axe, and other climbing gear in it. Anyway, off we went, and two lifts later we found ourselves at the Breithorn Plateau, thirty-five hundred metres up and seven hundred metres from the summit. The major hazard in climbing the Breithorn is not to get clobbered by a skier on the lower slopes. There were so many skiers that it was hard to see how they could avoid running into one another. The final slope of the Breithorn is quite steep—perhaps forty degrees—and by ten-thirty we were on the summit, along with about thirty other climbers. The day was perfect, and we could look over to the Italian side of the Matterhorn and study the route that had defeated Whymper again and again, until he fi-

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nally turned to the Swiss ridge. On the descent, Jaccoux, who for the fun of it had twice skied off the summit of the Breithorn the previous spring, kept muttering as we floundered along in now blazing heat and melting snow, "My kingdom for a pair of skis." We then took the two lifts back down, had lunch, and returned to Chamonix through the tunnel.

A FEW days later, Jaccoux and I made a similar climb above Courmayeur. This time, our nominal goal was the Tour Ronde (3,792 metres), which is a somewhat steeper version of the Breithorn, and which Mont Blanc overlooks. Again through the tunnel, and then to the lifts up to the Col du Géant, from which the climb begins. At the lift station here, the density of automobiles, climbers, and skiers was such that the lift operators had assigned each passenger a number to indicate which trip of the lift he was to take. When we got there, at 7 A.M., the second lift load—about forty passengers—had gone. By the time I was able to buy the lift tickets, the number was nine, and that meant about an hour's wait. By the time we got to the Col du Géant, it was eight-thirty. When we arrived at the base of the Tour Ronde, we were greeted by a bizarre spectacle. About a hundred Alpinists—an enormous number for a small mountain—could be seen toiling up and down the snow face like so many ants on a snow-covered anthill. There was only a single path in the steep snow, so all the climbers were sort of in a line, roped together in twos and threes. It seemed as if there were a single human entity stretching from the base to the summit. (Not only the Tour Ronde but all the standard Alpine routes are now overloaded. The highest refuge in the French Alps that provides restaurant service is the Goûter refuge, on the normal route up Mont Blanc. It is situated at 3,817 metres, and was designed to sleep seventy in relative comfort. About the time we were trying the Tour Ronde, a guide told me that he had spent the night at the Goûter and that two hundred and fifty-six climbers were there. They were sleeping two and three to a straw mattress, and many were on the floor of the dining room.) Not wishing to become part of a human chain, I persuaded Jaccoux to tackle a neighboring Alp, on which, for some reason, there was only a party of three ahead of us.

While we were perched on the summit, it occurred to me that there must be some place in the area—apart from

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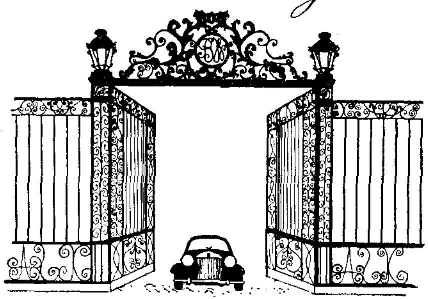

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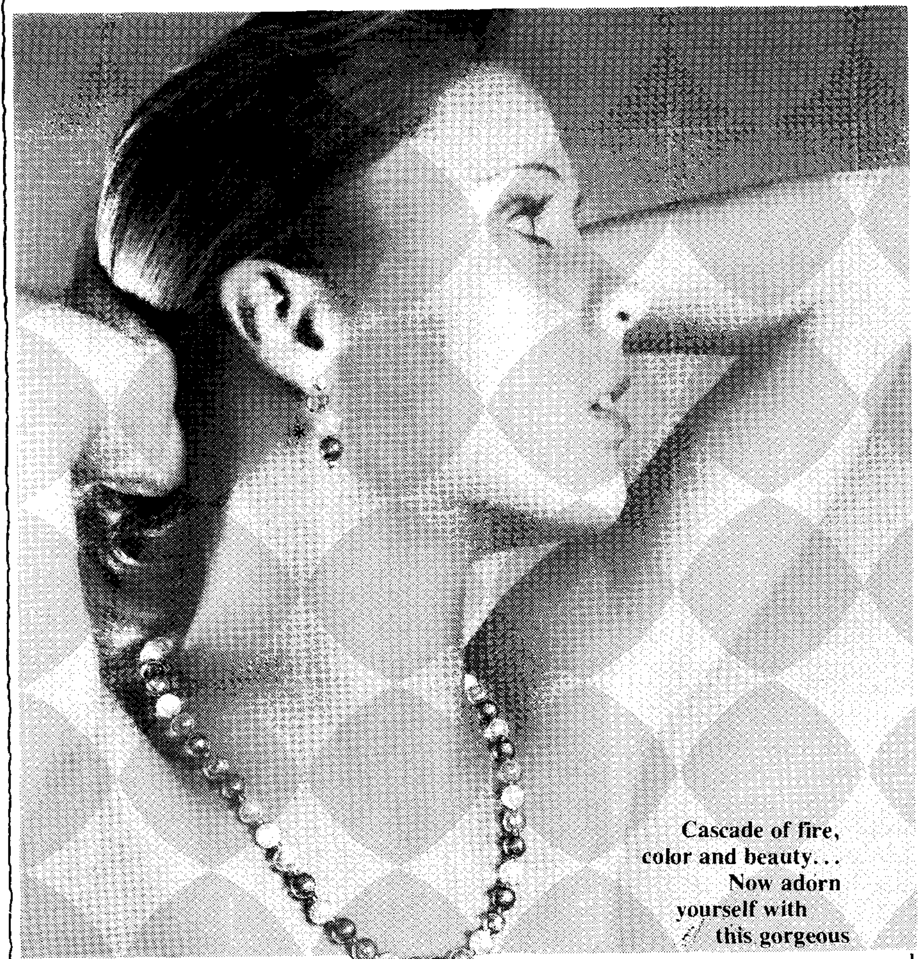
climbs that are impossibly difficult—so remote that one could find relative solitude. The previous year, I had acquired "Selected Climbs in the Mont Blanc Range," a two-volume British treatise describing more than two hundred routes, all over the range. I am a little wary of British climbing manuals, because most of them have a tendency toward understatement. Following Whymper, I suppose, a number of British climbing writers use the word "scramble" to describe routes that for me are fairly taxing. After some study of the British manuals, however, I found an area that looked promising. This, too, was on the Italian side of the Mont Blanc range, and involved still another trip through the tunnel. So be it. The area I had in mind, above the relatively untrammelled Frébouze glacier, had no refuges with restaurant service but, rather, two bivouac huts—that is, small structures, usually quonset huts. The one I had in mind—the Gervasutti Hut, named after a celebrated Italian climber who lost his life climbing in the range—was constructed to hold twelve people. I took it as a favorable sign that none of the Chamonix guides I talked with—not even Jaccoux—had ever heard of the place, let alone visited it.

Jaccoux is always eager to explore the unknown, and so it was only a few days after I mentioned the Gervasutti Hut to him that we found ourselves heading through the tunnel again—this time in the afternoon, amid very heavy traffic—and up a small road off the main highway leading into the Italian Val Ferret. I had first visited the Val Ferret in 1965, just before the opening of the tunnel, as part of a walking trip around the seven valleys that encircle the Mont Blanc massif. It was at that time a beautiful, fairly primitive valley, scarcely occupied, in which one seldom encountered a car. I expected some changes to have taken place, but nothing like what actually has happened. The lower sections of the valley are now built up with shoddy motels, night clubs, and restaurants. This was probably inevitable. It was the upper section—the more remote part of the valley—that really stunned me. The flat Alpine prairies and fragile woodlands have been turned into tent cities—hundreds of tents attached to cars, with their occupants wandering up and down the road looking for distraction. Occasionally, one of these tent colonies was interspersed with dozens of automobile trailers. No one appeared to be dressed in any sort of hiking clothes; these were herds of city people



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in city clothes, who had left the cities to create a sort of tent colony in the mountains.

Our path to the bivouac started from one of these tent colonies, where, with some difficulty, I found a place to park. The disadvantage of visiting one of these bivouacs is that one must carry all the food and cooking gear up on one's back, along with the usual array of climbing equipment. My pack was so heavy that when I put it on I tilted backward. I gave it to Jaccoux to lift, hoping he would feel that a terrible injustice had been done in the distribution of weight and would relieve me of some of the hardware. After lifting it, he said, "*C'est correct*," and back it went on my shoulders. Jaccoux was carrying in his own pack, along with his personal gear, two ropes and a large assortment of metal hardware—rock and ice pitons, a hammer, and the rest—which he takes when he ventures into parts unknown; he was in no mood to carry anything more. After a half hour of walking, we reached the edge of the glacial moraine, and what had been a faint trail was replaced by a few isolated cairns. We met a group of young Italians coming down, but they told us they had not got very far up, and they had never heard of our bivouac, either. The British manual makes mention of "glacier confluents"—streams—and we had forded two small ones. Jaccoux had gone on ahead, and when I looked up I could see him sitting on a small ice hill and calmly smoking a cigarette. Not knowing how to interpret this curious sight—Jaccoux usually moves on at full speed—I made my way up to where he was sitting. He pointed, and there in front of us was what appeared to me to be a sort of Amazon among glacier confluents, swollen by snow melted in an exceptionally hot August. Above was a steep cliff leading to a sort of steep glacier. Somewhere on that glacier was the Gervasutti Hut. I knew we had had it. I recalled coming upon a similar torrent in Nepal, near the base of Mount Everest, where a team of Tibetans and Sherpas had helped us build an improvised stone bridge, on which we crossed. Where were the Tibetans in our present hour of need? I sat down on the ice and looked out over the Val Ferret. The sun was setting, and we could make out the tent colonies in the valley. Just across the valley, in a lovely meadow perhaps twenty minutes' walk from the road, were two isolated tents—people with enough originality to find a perfect campsite for themselves. To my right, below, I could

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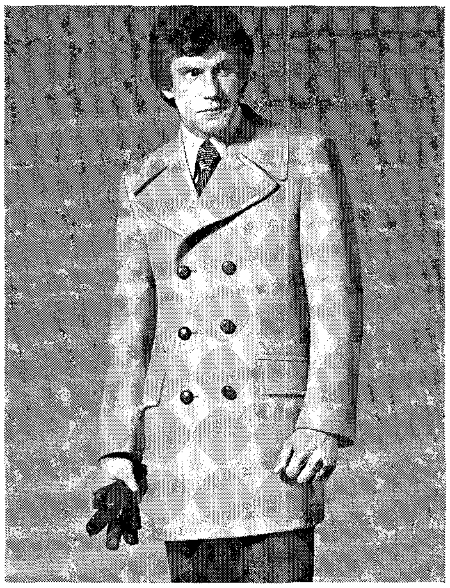

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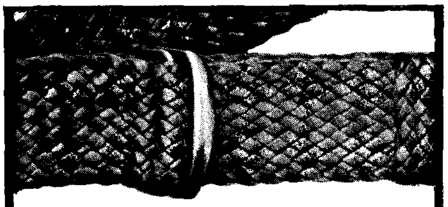

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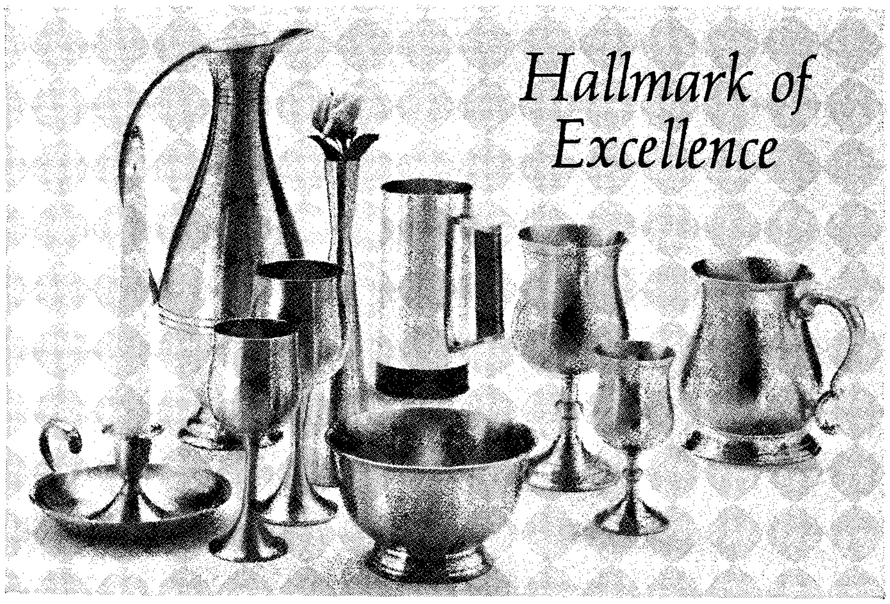
make out the highway leading from the tunnel; it was lined with cars bumper to bumper. "Where are they all going?" I asked Jaccoux. "Nowhere," he answered, and we got up and walked back down to our own car. This past summer, we did make it up to another bivouac hut on the Italian side. It had bunks for nine people. Jaccoux and I were, as it turned out, the eighth and ninth. The hut was so small that we had to eat in turns. I had carted up the food—a couple of steaks and vegetable soup—which Jaccoux cooked on a butane stove. It was a marvellous place—conserved, no doubt, by the fact that one has to climb some twelve hundred metres to get there.

THE Golden Age of the Alps was in fact a Golden Age for the very few. Whymper was conscious of this, although the "Scrambles"—which he published when he was thirty-one years old—has, when it comes to descriptions of the lives of Alpine villagers of the nineteenth century, a certain hauteur. From time to time, one comes upon a passage that offers a real glimpse of what life in the mountains was like for the many. Toward the end of the book, there is a chapter about the ascent of the Grandes Jorasses—the very mountain under whose shadow Jaccoux and I had been standing. Whymper's chapter begins:

> The Valley of Aosta is famous for its Bouquetins, and infamous for its Crétins. The Bouquetin, Steinbock, or Ibex, was formerly widely distributed throughout the Alps. It is now confined almost entirely to a small district on the south of the Valley of Aosta, and fears have been repeatedly expressed in late years that it will speedily become extinct.
>
> The most sanguine person does not imagine that Crétinism will be eradicated for many generations. It is widely spread throughout the Alps; it is by no means peculiar to the Valley of Aosta; but nowhere does it thrust itself more frequently upon the attention of the traveller, and in no valley where "every prospect pleases," is one so often and so painfully reminded that "only man is vile."

Whymper knew that what was missing in the valley of Aosta was iodine, which is leached from the soil by erosion. This lack of iodine caused goiter—an almost universal condition at that time in these valleys—and the children of parents with goiter tended to be cretins. (Friends of mine who grew up in the region remember being sent to the seashore "for their health" at least once a year when they were children; they were sent there for iodine.) This condition still prevails in



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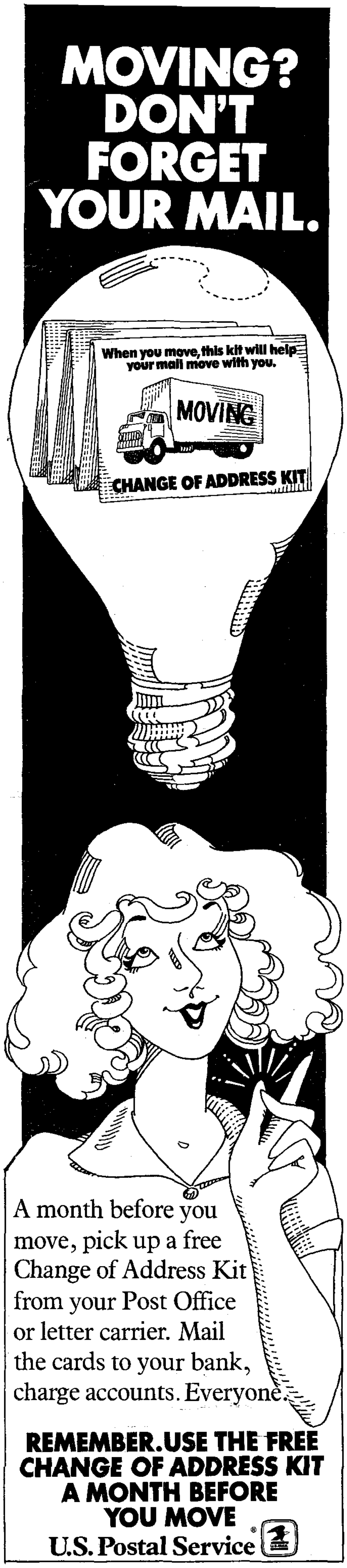
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the high Himalayan valleys. Now that the problem has been recognized, both goiter and its consequent cretinism are being rapidly eradicated.

Two other conditions common to the lives of the people in these mountain villages were grinding poverty and monotony. The Italian climber Guido Rey, who was born in 1861 and died in 1935, had a clear view of such matters. In his book "The Matterhorn," he wrote:

> I can see in my mind's eye one of those romantic travellers of the first half of the century, come from afar to venture among the Alps, in the days when they were known only through the studies of a few men of science or the vision of certain poets. I can see him climbing for the first time up the lonely valley path, his mind filled with the dream of an idyllic peace, of a free and primitive life, awakened in him by the writings of Haller and Rousseau.... And already he dreams that the happiness of the pastoral life is about to be revealed to him....
>
> But, when he enters the village street, he sees that things are not as the poet has portrayed them; a sense of something forbidding, almost akin to terror, is conveyed by the sight of the low, dark houses, huddled one against the other for purposes of mutual protection against the cold and of resistance to the shock of the winds; the garments of the hill-folk are poor and ragged [some of my friends in the region remember their grandmothers' saying that they, or their mothers, had had only one dress, which was worn every day from marriage to burial]; their forbidding faces are never lit up by a smile; their life is a hard one, as is that of all things which live and grow in those high places, and man's fate up there is like that of the pines, which fill the fissures of the rocks with their deep-burrowing roots, suck up their nourishment from the barren soil, and grow in serried groups strong enough to stand the weight of the snows, and live till the hurricane uproots them or the avalanche sweeps them away; or else die slowly of old age when the sap of life is in them no more. No man notices that there is a pine the less in the forest, or a cross the more in the little cemetery.
>
> ... Perhaps the troubles and the worries that pertain to town life are not apparent in the mountains, but there is instead a sort of stupor, of dull, continuous suffering.
>
> The summer is short: the rest of the year is winter, and the mountain dweller patiently awaits in his closed stable the sun's return; the time for harvest is short, and the work of gathering it in is heavy; the placid joys of labour do not seem to brighten men's lives in these high places, but hopeless resignation to fate shapes their course.

Today, one would have to go a long way in the Val Tournanche—the valley that Rey was writing about—or any other Alpine valley to find a mountain dweller patiently awaiting in his closed

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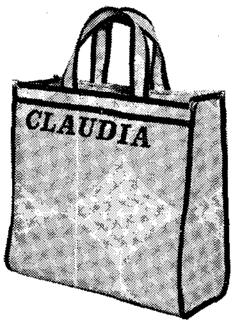

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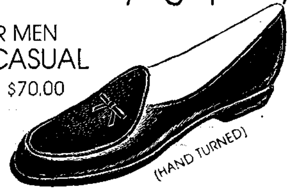

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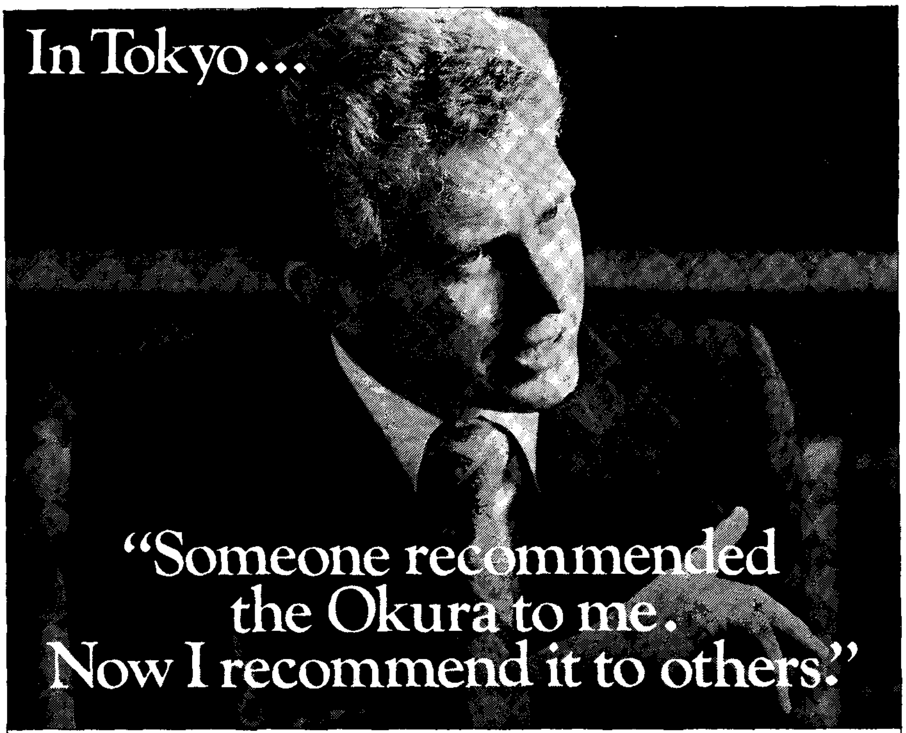
stable the sun's return. That mountain dweller is, needless to say, teaching skiing or working in a bar in Cervinia or some such place for what his parents or grandparents might well have regarded as a fortune, and who can say which offers a more attractive prospect—the tent colonies and motels of the modern Val Ferret or the closed stable? Such is the peculiarity of human beings that it is this comparison, vividly apparent in the mountains, that confronts us in different guises wherever the automobile has been allowed to proliferate.

IN the spring of 1975, something happened that, while it was minor in itself, may have set off a chain of political and emotional reactions leading to what happened in Chamonix during the past several months. That spring, a group of eighty-seven young French restaurateurs attempted, as a publicity stunt, to organize a feast on the summit of Mont Blanc. The idea was that these young people, dressed in costumes like those of the early-nineteenth-century Alpinists—who frequently climbed Mont Blanc with whole legions of guides and porters, carrying fantastic culinary provisions—would be flown to the summit in helicopters for an elaborate banquet. At best, the whole thing appeared rather silly. At worst, because there are often seventy-mile-an-hour winds on Mont Blanc, it might have ended in tragedy. In any case, almost the entire French climbing community reacted to the plan violently and negatively. Sabotage threats against the helicopters were reported, and in the end the whole project was abandoned, ostensibly because of bad weather. A great deal of heated debate in the newspapers developed over the project, much of it involving the mayor of Chamonix—Maurice Herzog, the noted French climber, who was originally from Lyon, and who led the 1950 French expedition to the summit of Annapurna and wrote a best-selling book about it. Herzog took the position that the Alpine climbers—the French Alpine Club, the Chamonix guides—did not own Mont Blanc and so had no right to forbid the banquet. Be that as it may, because of the visibility of the project and the simplicity of the issue, the banquet proposal brought out all the frustrations that the people concerned with what had been happening to the Chamonix Valley had been feeling. Here was a small issue that people could get involved with, apparently to the extent of altering the outcome.

The banquet issue was trivial indeed compared with what was being con-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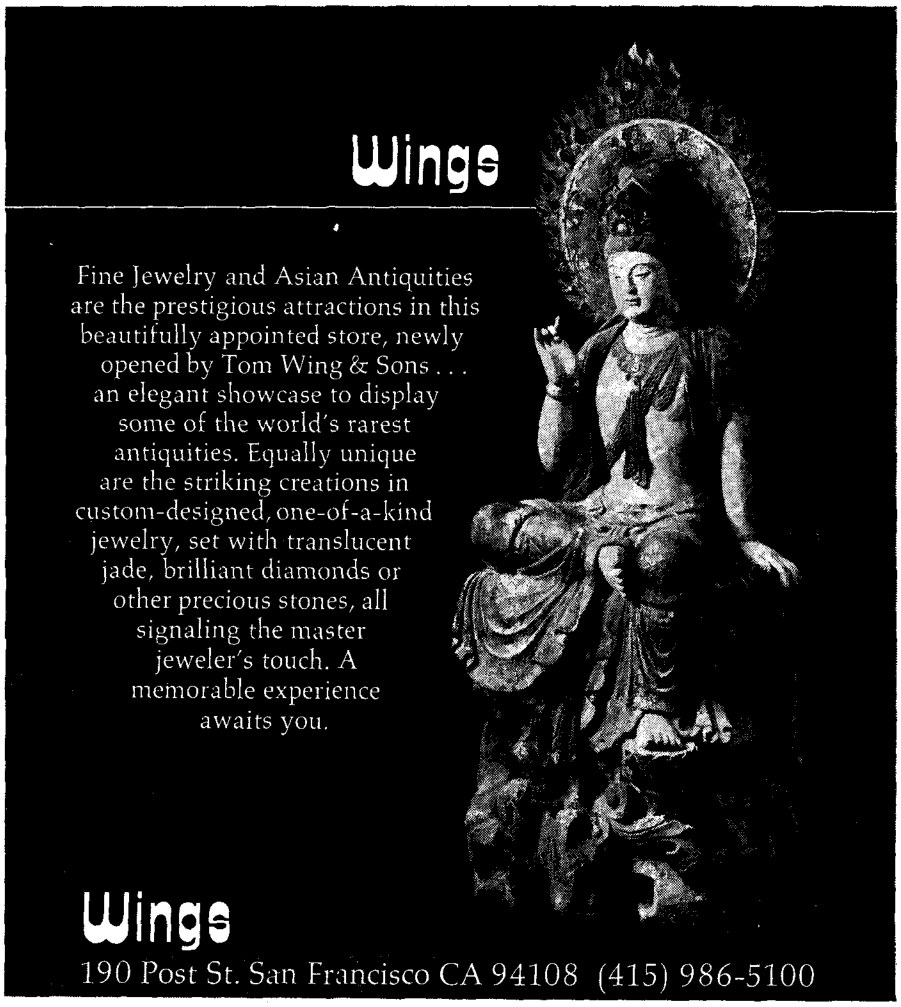
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templated for the valley itself. On its south side are the Chamonix aiguilles—the rock and snow needles that kindled Ruskin's imagination—and Mont Blanc. This side is heavily glaciated, and not well suited to ordinary hiking or to further hotel and skiing development. All the great climbing routes are on this side. The north side of the valley is dominated by the Aiguilles Rouges, a lesser set of rock needles, with little or no snow and ice. There are some small lakes at the base of the Aiguilles Rouges, and the whole area is ideal for hiking and low-altitude rock climbing. Some of it has now been set aside as a small park, and recently a good deal of effort has gone into preserving its environmental charm. The superhighway leading to the tunnel runs down the south side of the valley and connects with a small, badly outdated mountain road, which, in turn, joins a superhighway system leading to Geneva. Improvements to this stretch of road will be completed in 1983. The Alpine environment of the southern side of the Chamonix Valley near the highway is already destroyed. A number of large apartment and other buildings appropriate to a large metropolis have been built there and elsewhere in recent years, and many people find them extremely ugly. Most visitors to the valley drive down the superhighway, park their cars alongside it, get out and stare at the mountains for a while, and then attempt to drive into town, where—especially in the summer months—they create an impossible traffic bottleneck.

To deal with this traffic problem, the municipal government decided a few years ago to build a *rocade*, or bypass—another large highway, some fifty feet wide, that would avoid the center of Chamonix. The planners proposed that the center of Chamonix would become a pedestrian zone—something that the local merchants originally objected to but, according to recent polls, now favor. The *rocade*, however, would run over the relatively untouched north side of Chamonix, the only part of the community that still looks something like an Alpine village. On paper, the *rocade* looks quite neat, but its construction would destroy the last remaining parklike areas in Chamonix, and trees a century old would have to be cut down. The *rocade* would pass just behind the wonderful old Roman Catholic church of Chamonix, and then skirt an adjacent tranquil plaza where, in an old stone building, are housed the Chamonix Bureau des Guides, a weather bureau, and a municipal office that dis-

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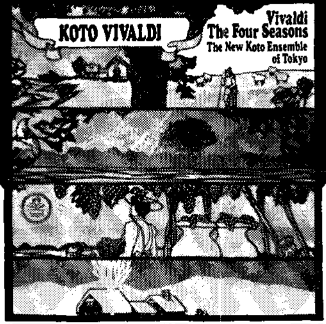

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penses climbing information. There was even a plan to run another highway through the Aiguilles Rouges, to bypass the valley altogether; this would destroy the whole area. If all this took place, Chamonix would be turned into one large highway with a pedestrian zone in the middle. And for what? Simply to make the area more accessible to automobiles—as if this were the basic objective in planning the development of an Alpine resort community.

When I left Chamonix in September of 1976, the *rocade* looked like an absolute certainty. I was told that the bulldozers would begin—and nearly complete—their work that fall. But this spring Jaccoux wrote to say that municipal elections held in March had completely changed the local government. Herzog was replaced by Christian Couttet, a native of the valley, and there were now four Chamonix guides on the twenty-one-person Municipal Council, along with a young Chamonix architect. The *rocade* project was being suspended. This August, when I returned to Chamonix, I was eager to find out why, and what it meant for the future.

The answer to these questions is not simple. But one theme did recur in my conversations with friends in Chamonix: the people of the valley have had enough development. Apart from anything else, the development has been expensive for the community: the elaborate public buildings that were constructed were costly, and Chamonix now has one of the largest public debts of any community of its size in France. There is simply not enough money to build a *rocade*, even if anyone still wanted it. In the past, a *rocade* and similar projects meant "progress," and the general attitude was that such development was inevitable. But now there is a new spirit, indicating a change in the public conscience. This summer, I read a long discussion in a regional newspaper about the building of a new ski lift in the Aiguilles Rouges—a project that had been contemplated for a long time. The discussion began with the fact that the new lift would carry a thousand people an hour to the top—three thousand people by noon. The article went on to ask some questions: What are these three thousand people supposed to do? Where will they park their cars? Will there be enough room for them to ski? What additional facilities will be needed once they have arrived at the top of the lift? The report concluded that if such questions were not satisfactorily answered, the community would be better off if it did

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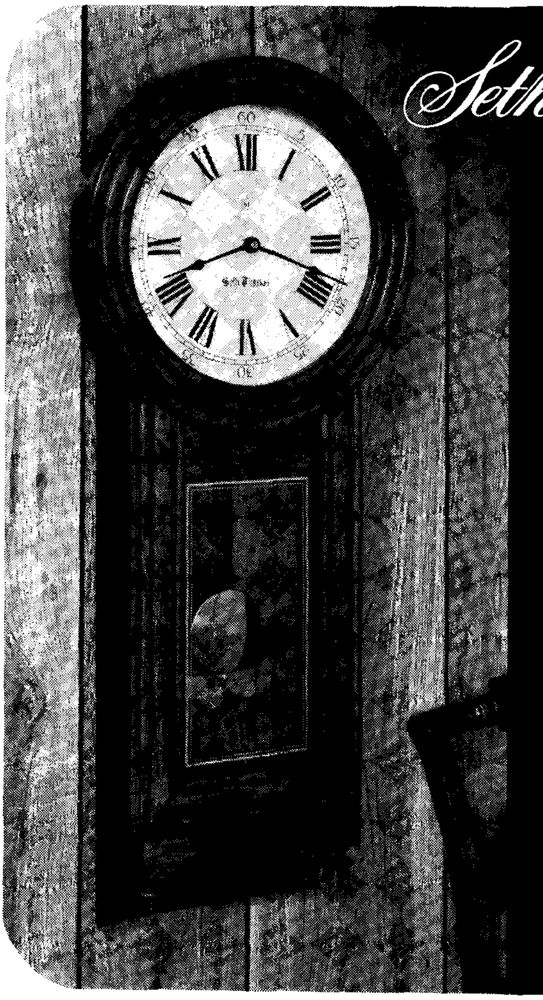

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not build a new lift but merely made a few improvements in the old one. It was the first time I had seen such a discussion in the newspaper. And even if there had been one in years past, the conclusion then would no doubt have been in favor of the new lift.

None of this solves the problem of what to do with the cars and their occupants during the peak of the tourist season, but it does suggest new possibilities and new ideas. Perhaps giant parking lots can be constructed at the end of the valley, on the model of Zermatt. (In looking into this possibility, the Municipal Council made the remarkable discovery that under one of the newer Chamonix hotels a parking lot for nearly two hundred cars had been built and never used.) Central to all this discussion is the question raised on the occasion of the proposed banquet on Mont Blanc: Who does own these mountains? The answer lies in another question: Who does *not* own these mountains? The Alps were "discovered" just over two centuries ago, and the mountain aesthetic was invented. They have served the imagination of millions of men and women during all that time. It is clear to me that, whatever else can be said about who owns them, they do *not* belong to the present generation alone. We are holding them in trust, and, as trustees, do we have the right to destroy in a few decades an environment with such a history, and to destroy it in such a way that future generations can never turn to it to be enriched, ennobled, and solaced? —JEREMY BERNSTEIN

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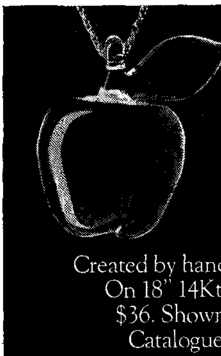

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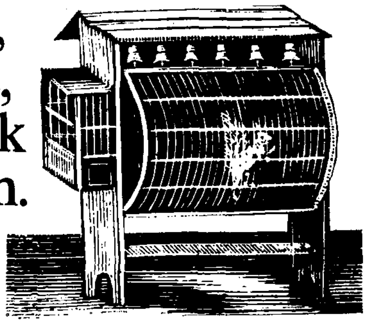
This correspondent was pleasurably surprised last weekend by the footwork and handiwork of Teevens and Ferraris, who had so much to do with the downing of a stubborn but not wholly cohesive Princeton, by the count of 14–11. Running and throwing the ball (often simultaneously), and usually to a compatriot neatly in the clear, they made Dartmouth look a great deal better than it has in some years on the



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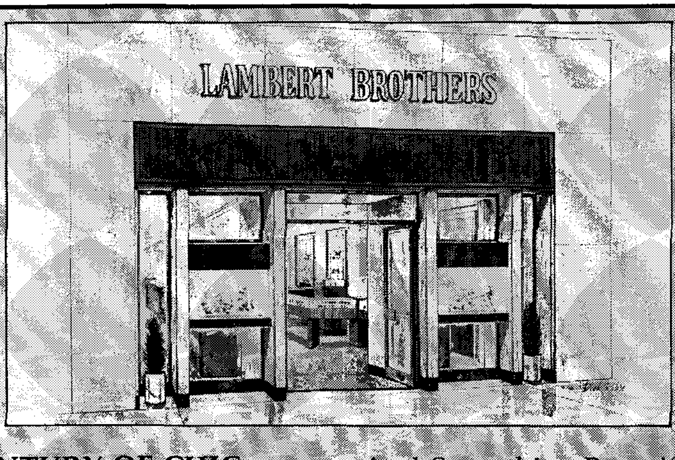

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first event of the season. Their skill was matched by the running of Oberg, that reliable of reliables, and Eden, *vice* the damaged Coffey. This correspondent was further pleased by the activities of Nadherny, Dartmouth's split end, who has bypassed Yale, where Nadherny sire spent some productive years on the varsity, in favor of living upcountry. Princeton's one-man offense, Isom, also ran well, and one can only hope that the bumping he will receive this autumn on his progress through seven other defensive lines will not completely destroy him.

My outriders liked what they saw of Davenport, who was in charge on Saturday last of Harvard's overcoming of Columbia, by 21–7, though they were bothered (since they are still bemused by memories of Kubacki's outrageously discursive open-field running in the years when he was the quarterback and Davenport was but an occasional fill-in) by what they deemed to be his ineffective scrambling. No matter; Davenport was in sufficient form for the middle of September, and Columbia passes fell into Harvard hands with such frequency that he had many an opportunity to keep Harvard rolling. The outriders stationed at Yale Bowl last weekend for a rerun of the 1976 meeting of Yale and Brown hoped for a more lustrous performance by both teams, and they got it: Yale 10, Brown 9, and no one could be sure of which way the match would go until time ran out. Brown, which graduated a superlative quarterback, Michalko, this spring, was—so the reports went—in desperate search of a quarterback, but the newcomer it fielded against Yale, by the name of Whipple, conducted himself as though he had been around for a couple of years, at least, and his pet target, another newcomer—Farnham minor, successor to the recently graduated Farnham major—hauled in two Whipple passes with distinctly unneophytic aplomb. And then there were Brown runners of longer standing—Shields and Hill and Morris—to make the ground work look extremely good. But the opinion may as well be presented right now: Yale, with Rizzo at quarter (his first season as top general at Yale), runners like Pagliaro and Angelone and Hatem (Mr. H. is at present undergoing repairs), a defensive line the equal of the Yale defensive lines of the past several years, and a set of linebackers such as Nondorf, has got by—barely, yes—what may well turn out to have been its most difficult assignment this fall.

—J. W. L.

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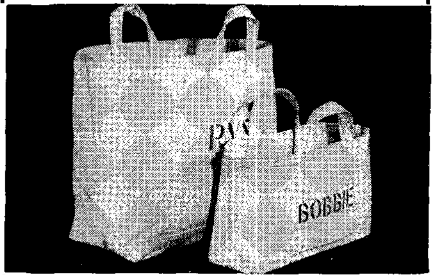

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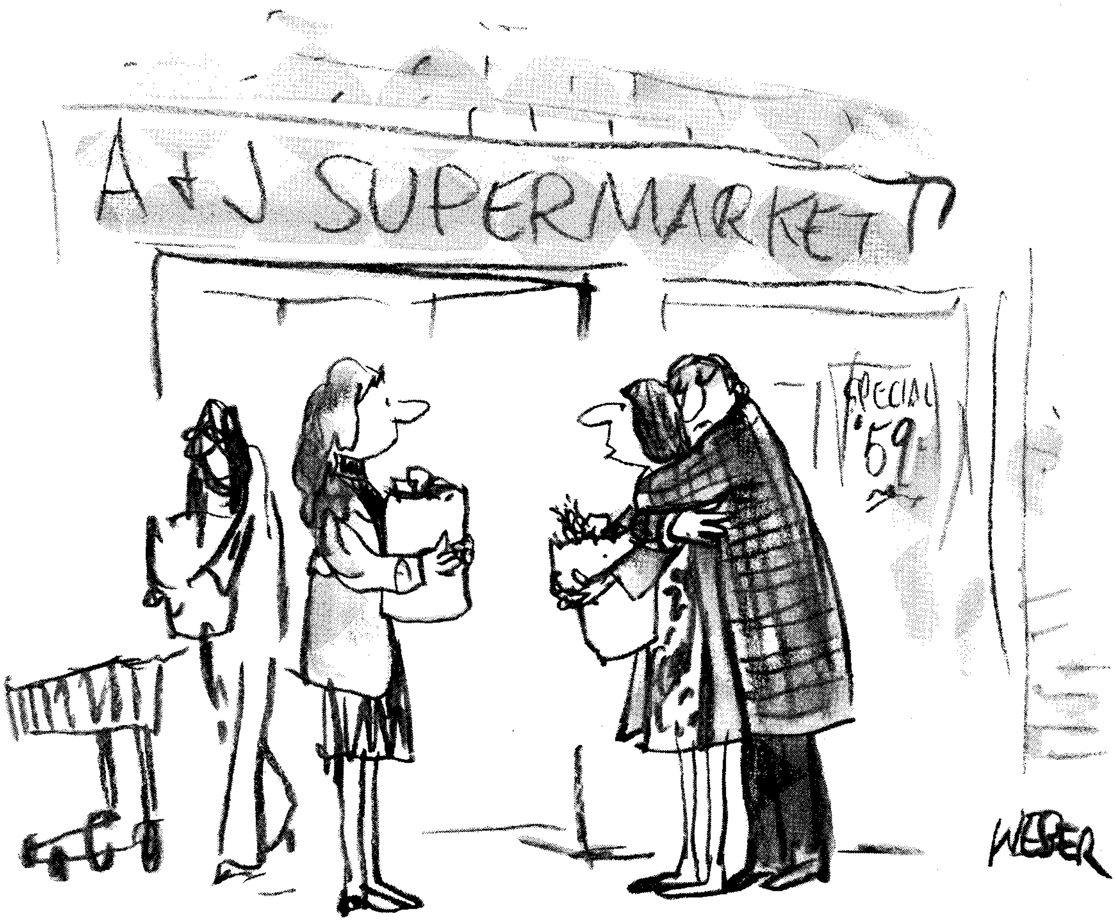
Contrasts

THE loudness, the smash-and-grab editing, the relentless pacing drive every idea from your head; for young audiences "Star Wars" is like getting a box of Cracker Jack which is all prizes. This is the writer-director George Lucas's own film, subject to no business interference, yet it's a film that's totally uninterested in anything that doesn't connect with the mass audience. There's no breather in the picture, no lyricism; the only attempt at beauty is in the double sunset. It's enjoyable on its own terms, but it's exhausting, too: like taking a pack of kids to the circus. An hour into it, children say that they're ready to see it all over again; that's because it's an assemblage of spare parts—it has no emotional grip. "Star Wars" may be the only movie in which the first time around the surprises are reassuring. (Going a second time would be like trying to read "Catch-22" twice.) Even if you've been entertained, you may feel cheated of some dimension—a sense of wonder, perhaps. It's an epic without a dream. But it's probably the absence of wonder that accounts for the film's special, huge success. The excitement of those who call it the film of the year goes way past nostalgia to the feeling that now is the time to return to childhood.

Maybe the only real inspiration involved in "Star Wars" was to set its sci-fi galaxy in the pop-culture past, and to turn old-movie ineptness into conscious Pop Art. And maybe there's a touch of genius in keeping it so consistently what it is, even if this is the genius of the plodding. Lucas has got the tone of bad movies down pat: you never catch the actors deliberately acting badly, they just seem to be bad actors, on contract to Monogram or Republic, their klunky enthusiasm polished at the Ricky Nelson school of acting. In a gesture toward equality of the sexes, the high-school-cheerleader princess-in-distress talks tomboy-tough—Terry Moore with spunk. Is it because the picture is synthesized from the mythology of serials and old comic books that it didn't occur to anybody that *she* could get The Force?

MOST of the well-known writers who have tried to direct movies have gone at it briefly and given up in frustration. Cocteau was an exception; Marguerite Duras is another. She has been writing scripts since 1959 ("Hiroshima, Mon Amour") and directing her own scripts since 1966, and the control in her new film, "Le Camion"—"The Truck"—suggests that she has become a master. But there's a joker in her mastery: though her moods and cadences, her rhythmic phrasing, with its emotional undertow, might seem ideally suited to the medium, they don't fulfill moviegoers' expectations. Conditioned from childhood, people go to the movies wanting the basic gratification of a story acted out. Many directors have tried to alter this conditioning, breaking away from the simplest narrative traditions, and they've failed to take the largest audience with them. Duras doesn't even get near the mass of moviegoers, though somehow—God knows how—she manages to make her own pictures, her own way. Hers is possibly the most sadomasochistic of all director relationships with the audience: she drives people out of the theatre, while, no doubt, scorning them for their childish obtuseness. At the same time, she must be suffering from her lack of popularity. Her battle with the audience reaches a new stage in "The Truck," in which the split between her artistry and what the public wants is pointed up and turned against the audience. She brings it off, but she's doing herself in, too. And so it isn't a simple prank.

There are only two people in "The Truck": Marguerite Duras and Gérard Depardieu. They sit at a round table in a room in her home, and never leave it. Small and bundled up, her throat covered, her unlined moon face serene, half-smiling, Duras reads aloud the script of a film in which Depardieu would act the role of a truck driver who picks up a woman hitchhiker. He would drive and ask a question or two; the woman would talk. Depardieu doesn't actually play the truck driver: this actor, whose physical and emotional weight can fill up the screen, is used



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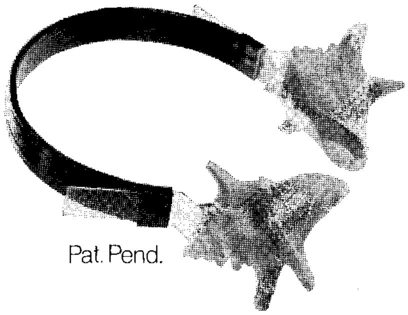

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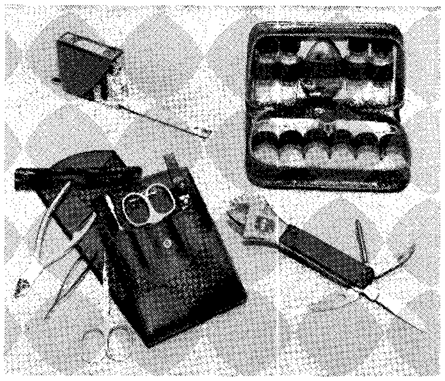
as a nonprofessional. He merely listens trustingly, a friend, a student, as Duras reads. Hers is the only performance, *and there has never been anything like* it: controlling the whole movie visibly, from her position on the screen as creator-star, she is so assured that there is no skittish need for makeup, no nerves, quick gestures, tics. The self-image she presents is that of a woman past deception; she has the grandly simple manner of a sage. Unhurriedly, with the trained patience of authority, she tells the story of her movie-to-be about the woman hitchhiker—a woman of shifting identities, who drops clues about her life which are fragments and echoes of Duras's earlier works. This woman, a composite Duras heroine, strews a trail of opaque references to Duras's youth in Indo-China (the daughter of two French teachers, Marguerite Duras spent her first seventeen years there), and when the hitchhiker talks to the truck driver about her disillusion with the politics of revolution, *and says that she has lost faith in the* proletariat, that she believes in nothing anymore—"Let the world go to rack and ruin"—she speaks, unmistakably, for Duras herself. "The Truck" is a spiritual autobiography, a life's-journey, end-of-the-world road movie; it's a summing up, an endgame. The hitchhiker travels in a winter desert; she's from anywhere and going nowhere, in motion to stay alive. Reading the script, Duras speaks in the perfect conditional tense, beginning "It would have been a film—therefore, it is a film." And this tense carries a note of regret: it suggests that the script is to be realized only by our listening and imagining.

Her seductive voice prepares us for the unfolding of the action, and when there is a cut from the two figures at the table to a big blue truck moving silently through cold and drizzle *in the working-class flatlands west of* Paris, we're eager to see the man and woman inside. But we don't get close enough to see anyone. The truck crawls along in the exurbanite slum, where housing developments and supermarkets loom up in the void, Pop ruins. Its movement is noiseless, ominously so; the only sound is that of Beethoven's "Diabelli" Variations, and the images and music never quite come together rhythmically. With nothing synchronized, the effect is of doomsday loneliness. Quiet is Duras's weapon. The Beethoven is played softly, so that we reach toward it. The stillness provides resonance for her lingering words—those drifting thoughts that



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sound elegant, fated—and for the music, and for the cinematographer Bruno Nuytten's love-hate vistas of bareness and waste, like the New Jersey Turnpike in pastels. The foreboding melancholy soaks so deep into our consciousness that when the director yanks us back to the room, you may hear yourself gasp at the effrontery of this stoic, contained little woman with her mild, Chairman Mao deadpan. When we were with the truck, even without seeing anyone in it we felt that "the movie"—our primitive sense of a movie—was about to begin. And it's an emotional wrench, a classic rude awakening, to be sent back to Square One, the room. The film alternates between sequences in the room and sequences of the rolling truck, always at a distance. Each time she cuts to the outdoors, you're drawn into the hypnotic flow of the road imagery, and though you know perfectly well there will be nothing but the truck in the landscape, you half dream your way into a "real" movie. And each time you find yourself back with Duras, you're aware of being treated like a chump, your childishness exposed.

Buñuel played a similar narrative game in parts of "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," parodying the audience's gullibility by involving us in scary ghost stories and then casually interrupting them. But that was only one of his games and he wasn't onscreen himself pulling the rug out from under us, the way Duras is, returning to her narration, all dulcet modulations, as if she thought we'd be delighted to listen. The audience reacts at first with highly vocal disbelief and then with outbursts of anger, and walkouts. Even those of us who are charmed by her harmonious, lulling use of the film medium and in awe of her composure as a performer are conscious that we have, buried under a few layers, the rebellious instincts that others are giving loud voice to. They're furious in a way they never are at a merely bad, boring movie, and this anger is perfectly understandable. But it's high comedy, too: their feelings have been violated by purely aesthetic means—an affront to their conditioning.

When "The Truck" opens at the New York Film Festival this week, there's likely to be a repetition of the scene in May at Cannes. After the showing, Marguerite Duras stood at the head of the stairs in the Palais des Festivals facing the crowd in evening clothes, which was yelling insults up at her. People who had walked out were milling around; they'd waited to

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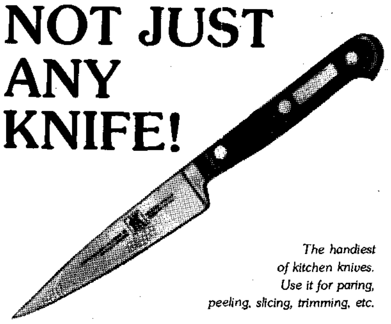
bait her. It might have been a horrifying exhibition, except that the jeering was an inverted tribute—conceivably, a fulfillment. She was shaken: one could see it in the muscles of her face. But Robespierre himself couldn't have looked them straighter in the eye. There can't be much doubt that she enjoys antagonizing the audience, and there is a chicness in earning the public's hatred. "The Truck" is a class-act monkeyshine made with absolutely confident artistry. She knows how easy it would be to give people the simple pleasures that they want. Her pride in not making concessions is heroic; it shows in that gleam of placid perversity which makes her such a commanding camera presence.

She can take the insults without flinching because she's completely serious in the story of the despairing hitchhiker. In her method in "The Truck," she's a minimalist, like Beckett, stripping her drama down to the bones of monodrama, and her subject is the same as his: going through the last meaningless rites. ("I can't go on. I'll go on.") What "The Truck" doesn't have is Beckett's bleak, funny commonness. Beckett sticks to low-lifers, and his plays are the smelly vaudeville of the living dead, the grindingly familiar slow music of moronic humanity. Duras is bleakly fancy, with a glaze of culture. She's all music, too, the music of diffuseness, absence, loss, but her spoken text is attitudinizing—desultory self-preoccupation, mystification. Not pinning anything down, she leaves everything floating allusively in midair. This is, God help us, a vice women artists have been particularly prone to. Who is this hitchhiker on the road of life? Ah, we are not to know. Indefiniteness is offered as superiority to the mundane, as a form of sensuousness. It's a very old feminine lure—presenting oneself as many women, as a creature of mystery, and, of course, as passive and empty, disillusioned and weary. Dietrich used to do it in sequins, feathers, and chiffon. Duras clothes it in Marxist ideology, and puts forth her disaffection as a terminal, apocalyptic vision: Nothingness ahead. Some of her remarks ("Karl Marx is dead," and so on) have a tinny, oracular ring. (You wouldn't catch out Beckett making personal announcements.) The hitchhiker's declaration that she no longer believes in the possibility of political salvation is meant to have shock value; the world—i.e., Paris—is being told what Marguerite Duras's latest stand is.

There are some people who are too



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French for their own good. True film artist though she is, Marguerite Duras has a sensibility that's infected with the literary culture of a *précieuse*, and partly because of the development of movies out of the common forms of entertainment, this sensibility exposes itself on the screen much more than it does on paper. Faced with the audience's impatience, Duras fights back by going further, defiant, single-minded. There's something of the punitive disciplinarian in her conception of film art; "The Truck" is a position paper made into a movie. It's accessible, but it's accessible to a piece of yourself that you never think to take to the movies. Let's put it this way: if you were studying for a college exam and knocked off to go see "The Truck," you wouldn't feel you were playing hooky. Duras makes us aware of our own mechanisms of response, and it's tonic and funny to feel the tensions she provokes. Her picture has been thought out with such supple discrimination between the values of sound and image that one could almost say it's *perfectly* made: an ornery, glimmering achievement. At the opposite extreme from popcorn filmmaking, it's a demonstration of creative force—which doesn't always cut as clean as that laser sword in Alec Guinness's hand.

RIGHT from the beginning of the film "Short Eyes," directed by Robert M. Young from Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his play about life in a men's house of detention, you hear the play coming through the documentary surface. The film was shot entirely in the Tombs, and the details of cells and showers and of trays being emptied are completely convincing, yet the illusion that this is "life" never takes hold. Each time someone has a line, there's a cut to him; it's as if the director had pointed to the actor and said, "It's your turn now, *go*." Many of the actors (an overlapping group of ex-convicts, ex-addicts, and professionals) appeared in the stage versions, and you recognize the rhythm of well-practiced stage readings. And some of these actors love their lines too much; they've been revving up, stiffening their faces, holding their breath. Piñero dances through his own role—the hairy little hipster Go Go, a ratfink wearing a cross and a yarmulke. Piñero knows how to breathe as if he weren't acting, and his lines have a pulse—watching him, we can tell how the script was meant to sound. But the scenes involving him are brief, and rushed; we barely grasp that he has planted a weap-

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on in the bunk of another prisoner (played by Curtis Mayfield) before the men take their reprisals, and he's gone from the movie. Still, "Short Eyes," hung up somewhere between photographed play and prison documentary, has an obsessive interest, and when the child-molester, Clark Davis (Bruce Davison), one of the few men in the cellblock who aren't Hispanic or black, delivers a confessional monologue about how he got started when he was fifteen with one of his little sister's friends and how he has gone on, with acquiescent eight-year-olds who will do anything for a quarter, the film gets us by the throat, choking off petty reservations.

Born in Puerto Rico, Piñero was brought to New York at the age of four; within a few years his father deserted the family, and by the time Piñero was eight he was stealing milk and bread to help feed the younger children. The police started to pick him up when he was eleven; he had been a shoplifter, mugger, burglar, addict, and drug pusher and was serving a five-year sentence for armed robbery when he joined a theatre workshop in Sing Sing, where he began to work on this play. Paroled, he was twenty-seven when it was first performed publicly, by a group of former convicts and addicts, in 1974 at Riverside Church; it went on to win two Obies and a Drama Critics Circle award.

"Short Eyes" is an insider's view of prison life. Piñero doesn't sentimentalize the men as victims. His is a reverse sentimentality, a cocky insistence that they got caught doing what they wanted to do. This insider's "realism," a neo-Cagney bravado, is much more entertaining than the usual liberal-humanitarian version of prison life; the prisoners flaunt their vices and never ask for sympathy. Their tough talk is the prison equivalent of locker-room boasting, and perfectly believable; what other form of cool could they have? Piñero, however, pushes bravado as truth: he has one of the men deliver an applause-jerking speech about being a dope fiend not because he's black or suffering from a "personality disorder" but because he likes the stuff, and there are other speeches about how the men are "responsible" for themselves. This comes from a playwright who at the completion of shooting on the film was picked up, with another member of the cast, driving the wrong way on a lower-East Side street in a stolen taxi, and was indicted for grand and petit larceny, robbery, and possession of marijuana and a dangerous weapon. A

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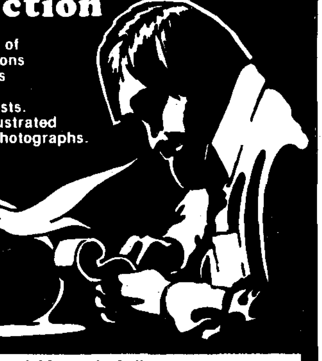

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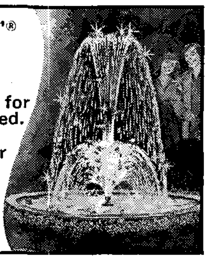

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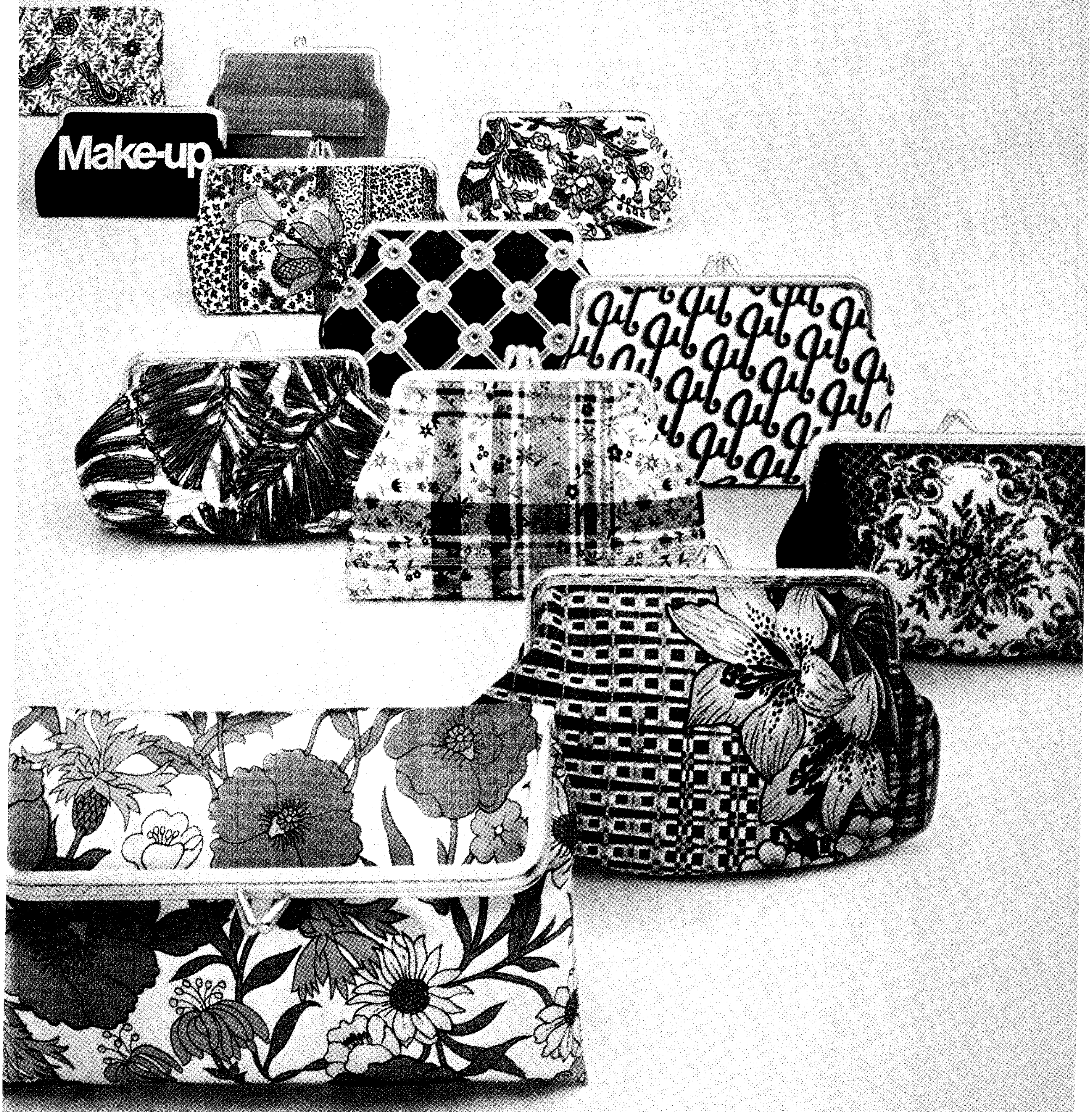

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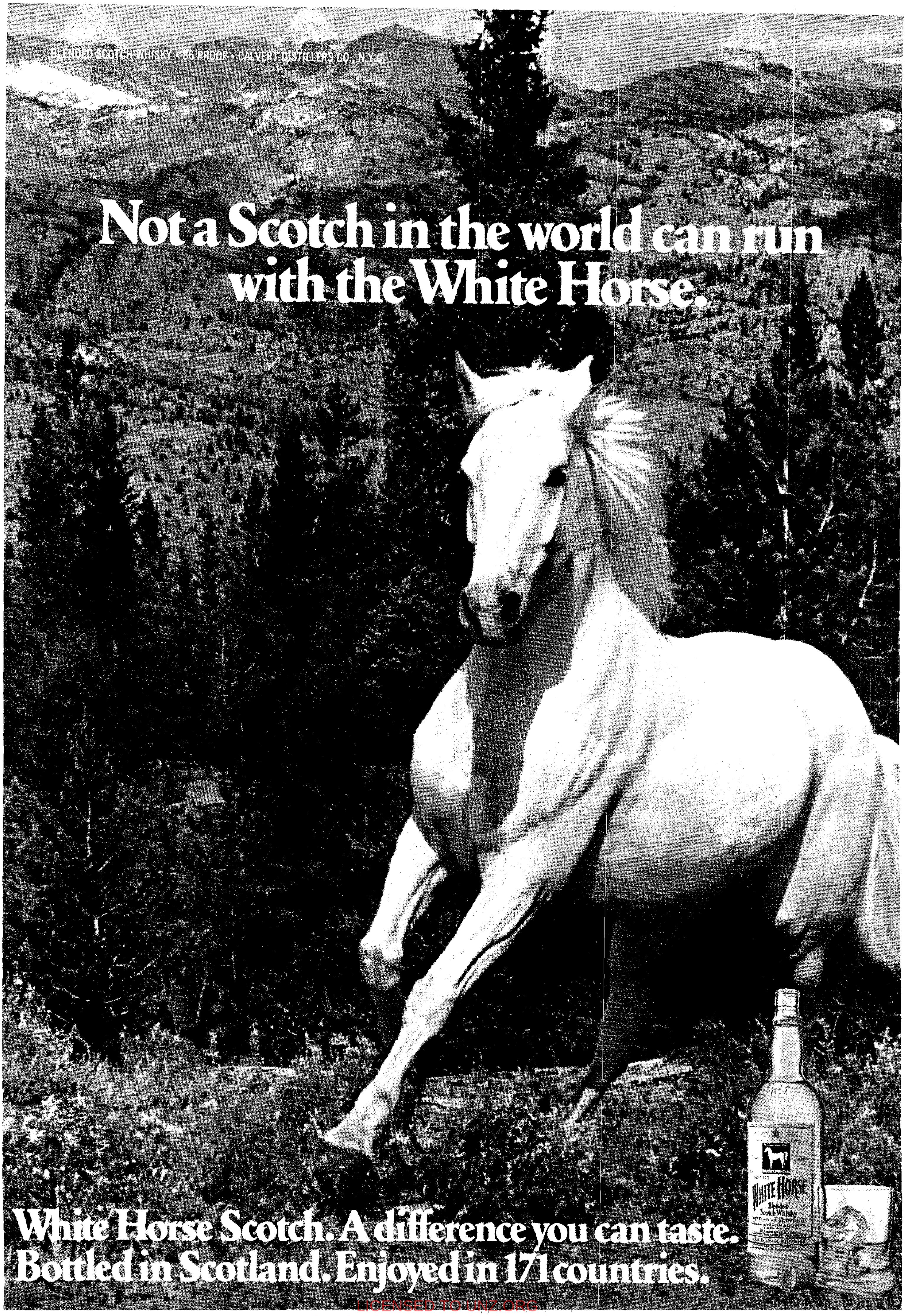
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more self-destructive hellion's gesture would be hard to find; if he's convicted, he could be sent up for twenty-five years. Of course, people are responsible for what they do, no matter what they've been through. But what does that actually mean in terms of those who have been damaged from childhood—in some cases, from infancy? What's underneath Piñero's defensive, macho oratory is what gives the film its strength: the pain that is the bedrock of the prisoners' lives.

The plot centers on the revulsion that men in prison feel toward child-molesters—"short eyes." (Child-molesting is said to be the one crime for which a man in prison is ostracized. It's at the bottom of the scale; armed robbery is at the top.) Dostoevsky grappled with the horror of sexual passion for children; the Fritz Lang film "M" touched on it; "The Mark" flirted with it. The intensity of "Short Eyes" derives mainly from its getting close enough for us to feel some heat. But we're not flung into the furnace. The men's revulsion is taken for granted, without our seeing that they react to child-molesters with such profound, murderous hatred because of their fear that they're capable of this sexual debasement. We need to see that Clark Davis, the child-molester, has given in to something the other prisoners haven't sunk to and that this may be the last barrier for some of them—the only proof of their self-control. If he were rash or crazed, if he had dark, thick blood in him—if he were a man like the others—then maybe we'd see that their sexual conflicts and miseries belong to the same world as his. But Clark Davis is a miserable whiner. A cartoon of white-collar cowardice, he's everything Piñero feels superior to; he's no more than a trivial whitey to be squished.

Bruce Davison's previous screen work (he was the student hero of "The Strawberry Statement," had the title role in "Willard," and was the nephew in "Mame") doesn't prepare one for his subtly objective performance as the molester; he's playing a conventional weasel, but he gets inside that weasel. His facial movements are so small and tense that he suggests the tininess of Clark's petty-clerk soul—so small that you even begin to think he couldn't have done any physical damage to the little girls. Clark brings a pale chill into the prison. This is his first arrest, and his fear is like a shiver he can't let out. His antennae give him all the wrong signals, and he doesn't even know how to plead for his own

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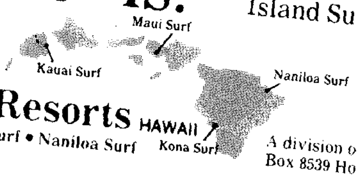

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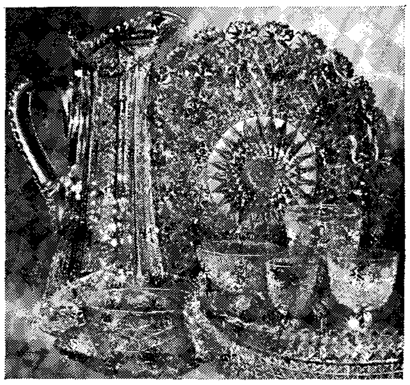

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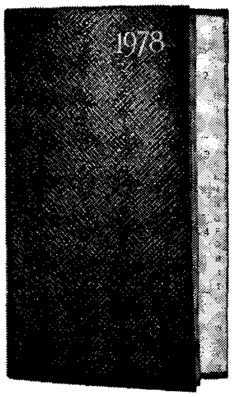
life: he asks to be spared for the sake of his wife and child. Davison's guardedness, his constricted voice, the suggestions of calculations that can't help failing are all prissily exact. Even in his confessional speech—the only lines he's got that haven't been written from the outside, that have been felt, imagined—he doesn't leap out of the character (though it must certainly have been a temptation).

Yet by making Clark Davis repugnant for reasons other than his crime Piñero diverts the script from its great subject and, at the end, is left flailing about, looking for ironies and meanings to tie the movie together, so that it will "say" something. The ideas haven't been worked out, and the film even has a stock figure of goodness and decency—the prisoner Juan, called Poet (José Perez), who appears to be the author's fantasy of himself. Juan, Clark's father-confessor, is a hip version of the kindly wardens and loving priests in old movies. But with sensational material like this, disorganization is preferable to a slick, false structure. And parts of this movie seem as good as they could possibly be. When Longshoe Murphy (Joe Carberry), a white prisoner, taunts Clark, referring to his "nice cheap summer suit," the condescension in the word "cheap" is worthy of Tennessee Williams at his peak. When Murphy gets stoned, he looks uncannily like the last photographs of Hart Crane and he has a passage of dialogue in which the language has broken down. Nothing in it is quite literal or rational, and yet the meaning is eerily clear to us. Whether Joe Carberry is acting stoned or this is stoned acting, it has a beatific quality, and the movie just eases into it. Piñero's humor, which spurts up freely, is often surprisingly gentle in this feral atmosphere. An older man, Paco (Shawn Elliott), corners a slender, boyish prisoner (Tito Goya) and propositions him, forcefully. But the scene turns around: what looked as if it would lead to violence is actually a love idyll. Paco is really a petitioner; he wants the boy to want him—it's just that he doesn't know how to express love except with threats. And the boy, known as Cupcakes, is a dish; only semi-reluctant, he has the whole cellblock turned on by his Bianca Jagger androgyny.

Young, the director, isn't overbearing, he doesn't lean on the finest bits. (It's in the least inspired material that the actors seem to be yelling "Bingo!") The director's one big attempt at ensemble playing—a musical number—recalls the inevitable spirituals sung in



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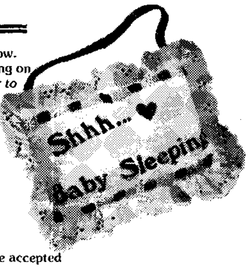

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the early "big-house" movies; we know too well what we're supposed to feel. But the violent moments are handled with a restraint that intensifies our terror; sometimes a few quick cuts show us all we need to see. During the attack on Go Go near the beginning, the suffering has just the right immediacy, and at the climax of the film the timing of the cut to Murphy's face—a vengeful God at his instant of decision—couldn't be improved on; the effect is so economical it's pure. These are the scenes that really count, because if the danger, the pain, the cruelty weren't convincing, the movie would seem a fraud. It's far from a fraud; it may even be the most emotionally accurate—and so most frightening—movie about American prisons ever made. Yet "Short Eyes" doesn't stay in the mind. Its potency is in its words. They're live, raw, profane. But a movie that is primarily words tends to evaporate.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

IN THERE

Into the rich
Last-century street
Where you are walking
Your night away,
A prodigal light falls
Over a railing
Out of a tall room
So private it closes
Nothing away.
You pause, you lean to it.
As if it could warm you,
It holds you here, this scene.

If you have everything, you have
Nothing to hide! In there,
Where it is all perfect,
As if she were waiting,
A woman is talking
To someone you cannot see.
And now she turns to the fire.
She holds her hands to the flame.
Suddenly, there is something
There you had forgotten.
As if theirs were your condition.
As if they knew your proper name.

If only you could
Enter there! If you could explain!
I am the lost prince, you would say.
I was born to this.
You would hold your hands
To their fire, the other life
Pouring out
Into the street
Where you are running now,
Where you are hiding,
Hiding in the dark, for shame.

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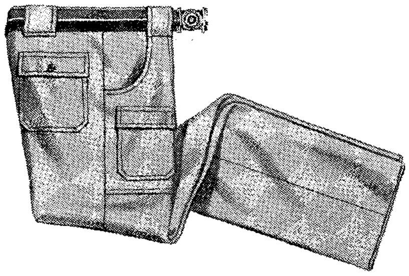

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THE RACE TRACK

Still the Old Forego

FOREGO is himself again. The big fellow finished with his old whirlwind burst of speed to win the Woodward Handicap at Belmont Park last Saturday from Silver Series, to whom he gave nineteen pounds; Great Contractor, who beat him in the Brooklyn Handicap last July; and seven other runners, among them J.O. Tobin, a star of the West who was second choice in the betting. What's more, he did it on a muddy track—footing he does not like. (In the Whitney Handicap at Saratoga August 8th, he finished last in a field of seven.) Mrs. E. H. Gerry, who owns him, and Frank Whiteley, who trains him, must have had minutes of apprehension after they decided not to scratch him on Saturday, but the old boy rose to the occasion. Taking his time leaving the starting gate, as usual, he was fourth on the turn for home; then, swinging into stride as the field came to the straight, he swept past the leaders and won going away by a length and a half. Silver Series beat Great Contractor by a neck; J.O. Tobin, who apparently didn't like the going, was fifth. Several horse-watchers were surprised at the performance of Silver Series, for in his race in the Jerome Handicap he was down the course. In the Jerome, he carried 126 pounds; in the Woodward, 114. Weight stops them.

It was Forego's fourth victory in the Woodward. He started the season impressively, winning an allowance race and the Metropolitan and Nassau County Handicaps. But in the Suburban, on the Fourth of July, he carried 138 pounds, and Quiet Little Table, to whom he gave twenty-four pounds, beat him a neck. The Brooklyn and the Whitney followed. He still has a couple of shots at a fourth Horse of the Year Award—the Marlboro Cup, on October 1st, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, on October 15th, both at Belmont. He is also a jump nearer to leading the money-winning list. (First money of $105,000 in the Woodward brought his earnings to $1,923,957. Kelso leads the list, with $1,977,896.) This department hopes he gains both objectives.

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The other main event on the card at Belmont last Saturday for the crowd of 28,511 was the Lawrence Realization Stakes, at a mile and a half, which, because of the rain the night before, was run on the main track instead of over the turf course. A gray colt named Zinov, who earlier this year had run at Ascot, in England, and at the Curragh, in Ireland, won by eleven lengths from Poor Man's Bluff, his stablemate, with Johnny D., the favorite, third.

MEADOWLANDS is rolling along merrily. Attendance the first Saturday of the meeting was 36,178. (On opening night, it was 25,158.) Horses are still running fast there. One evening last week, three horses ran the first quarter mile in their races in 0:21⅘. That is just a tick behind the world's record for the distance, 0:20⅘, which was set by something named Big Racket at the Hipodromo in Mexico City in 1945. I wonder how fast a quarter horse would do it at Meadowlands. On its first Saturday, Meadowlands had a stakes race over its seven-furlong turf course, inside the mile main track: the Boiling Springs Handicap, for three-year-old fillies, at a mile and a sixteenth. Originally a $50,000 event, it was run off in two $40,000 divisions, ten starters in the first and eight in the second, and they must have spun round as they did in Les Petits Cheveaux, the game you used to see in the big department stores at Christmastime.

THE yearling sales are still booming. At Keeneland's fall vendue last week, 1,425 colts and fillies brought $18,538,500. Top price was $200,000, for a colt by Damascus out of Chou Croute.

WELL, Secretariat finally has a winner. A filly—one of the first of his crop of foals—named Feuille d'Érable (that's Maple Leaf to you), and owned by Jean-Louis Levesque, won a race for maiden two-year-olds at Canada's Woodbine.

—AUDAX MINOR

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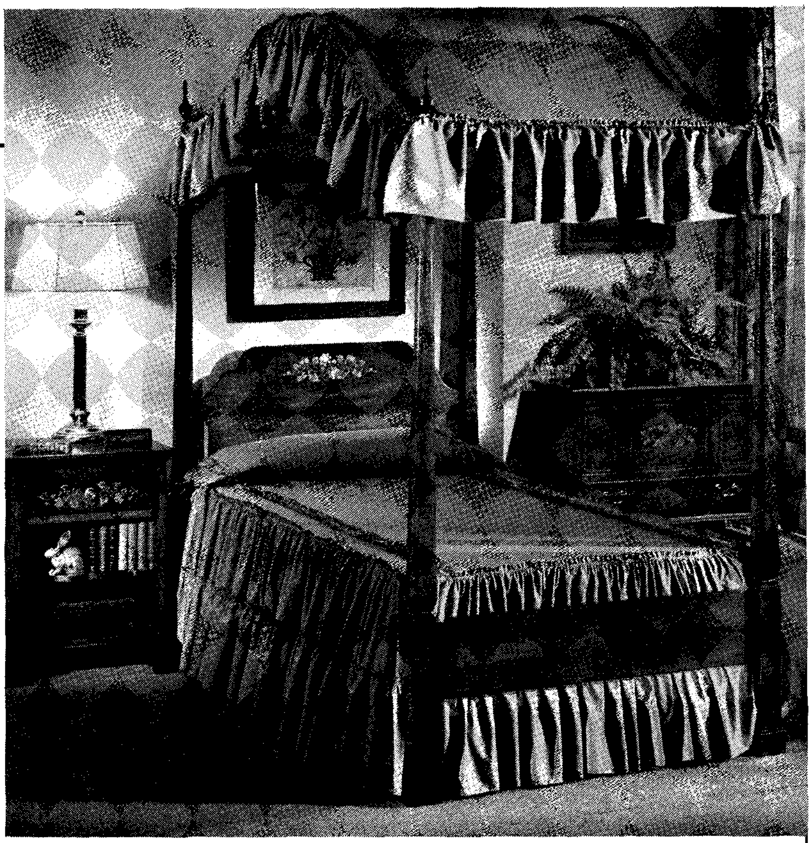

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BOOKS

Discontent in Deutsch

TWO small books from the German—"A Moment of True Feeling," by Peter Handke (translated by Ralph Manheim; Farrar, Straus & Giroux), and "The Wonderful Years," by Reiner Kunze (translated by Joachim Neugroschel; Braziller)—made a variety of uneasy impressions upon this reviewer, not the most easy being a vague one that his reactions were unworthy. Handke, born in Austria in 1942, is widely regarded as the best young writer, and by many as the best writer altogether, in his language; and there is no denying his willful intensity and knifelike clarity of evocation. He writes from an area beyond psychology, where feelings acquire the adamancy of randomly encountered, geologically analyzed pebbles:

> When Keuschnig stood up, he had the feeling that his brain was gradually cooling. He pulled down the skin of his forehead and closed his eyes firmly, as though that might warm his insensible brain.... In the next moment he felt as though he were bursting out of his skin and a lump of flesh and sinew lay wet and heavy on the carpet.

> He had the feeling of having to lower his bottom jaw to let the accumulated saliva run out.

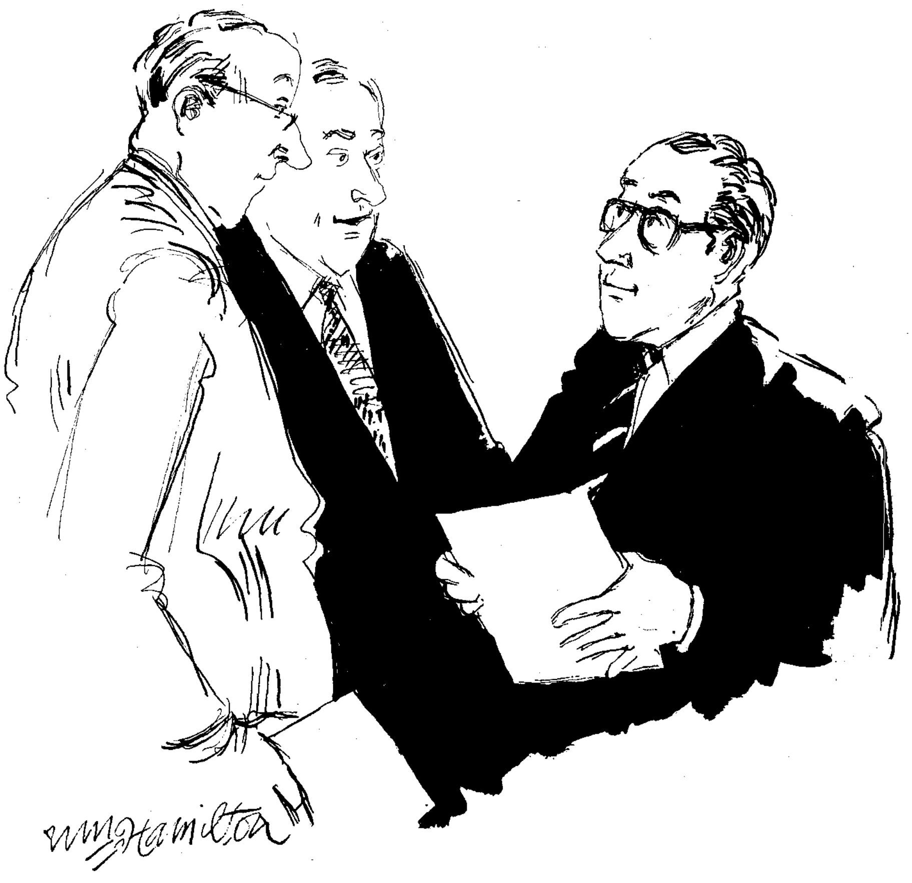
> In a bakery with little left to sell, a bakery girl was sitting alone, gazing round-eyed into space. He bought an oval loaf of bread, and she waited on him patiently. She gave him his change and started cleaning her nails as he was leaving. The sight gave him a feeling of lightness.

> Keuschnig felt so ridiculous he thought his head would fall off.... He felt himself to be something BLOODCURDLINGLY strange, yet known to all—a creature exhibited in a nest and mortally ashamed, IMMORTALLY DISGRACED, washed out of the matrix in mid-gestation, and now for all time a monstrous, unfinished bag of skin...

> In the presence of this man with his affectation of omniscience, innumerable little worms began swarming in and out of every opening in Keuschnig's body; an intolerable itch, especially in his member and nostrils. He scratched himself. Dried ear wax detached itself from his auditory passages and fell somewhere...

The list could be extended. Indeed, the entire book, all one hundred and thirty-three pages of it, is a kind of list of Keuschnig's incessant and usually unpleasant feelings.

Who is Gregor Keuschnig? He is a young employee of the Austrian Embassy in Paris; his job consists "of reading French newspapers and periodicals, marking articles or news items that related to Austria, when possible providing the ambassador with a daily digest, and twice a month sending the Foreign Ministry in Vienna a report on the image of Austria reflected in the French mass media." He has a wife, Stefanie, a four-year-old daughter, Agnes, and a mistress, Beatrice, who has two children. He seems at best bored and at worst horrified by these intimates in the course of the two days that pass during "A Moment of True Feeling;" but perhaps he is not himself. The novel begins with a dream in which he murders an old woman. "Who has ever dreamed that he has become a murderer," the first sentence asks us, "and from then on has only been carrying on with his usual life for the sake of appearances?" While we puzzle over the answer, amid the tumult of falling earwax, Handke fervently pursues the volatile moods and hallucinatory sensations of this hero cut off from the reality of his own life. Keuschnig and his wife, presumably, have been estranged for some time: "Her name was Stefanie, and only yesterday she had aroused feelings in him, at least occasionally.... Once or twice in the past he had placed his thumb on her throat, not as a threat but as one kind of contact among many others. Only if she were dead, he thought, would I be able to feel something for her again." His mistress and he, one suspects, have until now been happier: "He didn't let her undress him. If she were to touch him, he would crush her with his fist.... She wants to help me, he thought, in such a rage that he might almost have struck her in the face..." The violence latent in such an abruptly disconnected citizen of the quotidian ("But now, without warning, everything in sight became a sign of death") yawns behind every quirky event and distended perception Keuschnig suffers; we are more relieved than surprised when, while entertaining an unnamed Austrian writer and his mistress, Keuschnig takes off his clothes, smears his face with stew, has a fistfight with his guest, and insults his wife by blurting out one of his day's two infidelities.

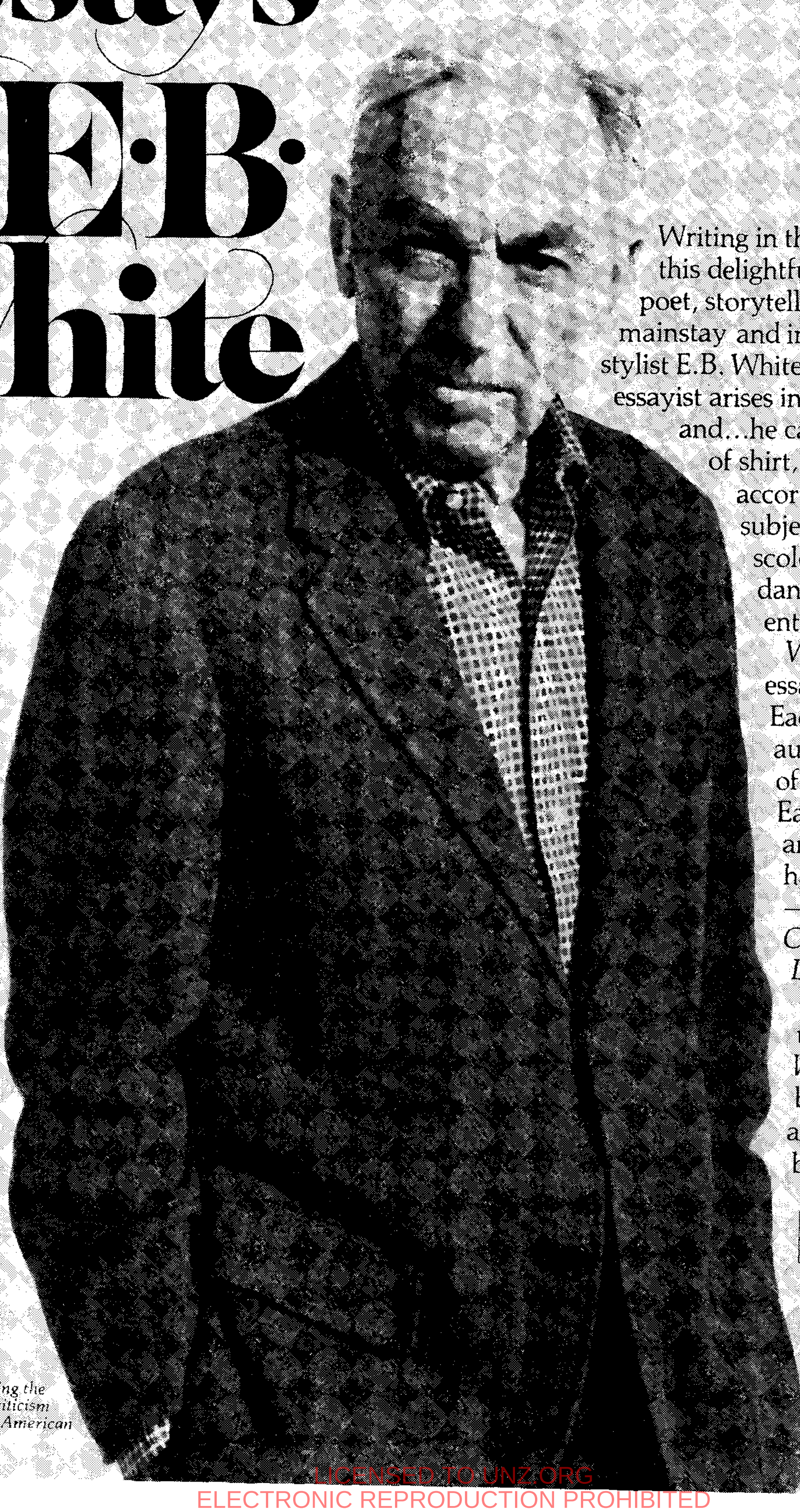


"Tom here has been tracking pizza for us."

The next day dawns with a thunderstorm, and his wife is leaving him. He finds her sitting "dressed in a gray travelling suit;" she makes her announcement ("It doesn't really matter—I'm happy, and at the same time

"If ours is remembered as a civilized era, I think it will be partly because of E.B.White."*

Essays of E·B· White



Writing in the Foreword to this delightful collection, poet, storyteller, *New Yorker* mainstay and impeccable prose stylist E.B. White says, "The essayist arises in the morning and…he can pull on any sort of shirt, be any sort of person, according to his mood or his subject matter—philosopher, scold, jester, raconteur, confidant, pundit, devil's advocate, enthusiast."

White does just this in the 31 essays which appear here. Each was selected by the author himself from a lifetime of distinguished writing. Each is marked by the wit and graceful simplicity that have endeared his work—especially the classic *Charlotte's Web* and *Stuart Little*—to so many. Like its bestselling companion volume, the *Letters of E.B. White*, the *Essays* is a book to be deeply savored and enjoyed. $12.50 at bookstores.

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From the citation accompanying the Gold Medal for Essays and Criticism awarded to E.B. White by the American Academy of Arts and Letters

Most of the essays have appeared in *The New Yorker*

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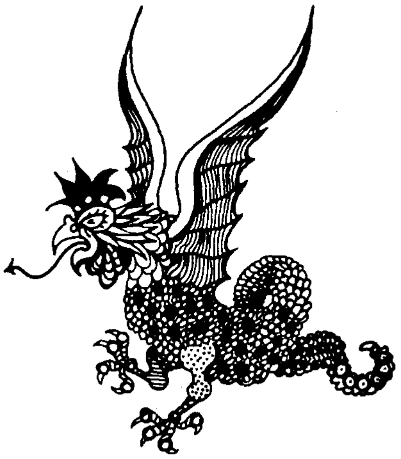

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I could kill myself, or I could just sit down and listen to records") and then falls in an abrupt faint; he revives her and tells her "I hope you die" when he meant to say "I hope you come back;" she leaves; he notices "the sky was blue, the street almost dry. Only the tops of the cars coming from the still overcast north glistened with trembling drops of water." This all rings deadly true; the peculiar crazy, sleepless staleness of our great domestic crises is here laid bare. Keuschnig spends the rest of his day babysitting with his daughter, in so desultory a style that he loses her in a playground, and walking about Paris thinking such words as "SECRETS" and "SHAPES" and "EXPERIENCED" and "COMPLIANT" in capital letters that loom more comic than the author, or the translator, perhaps intended. Early in his two-day odyssey, he noted a telephone number chalked beneath the exclamation "*Oh la belle vie*" and, impulsively, phoned the number and made a date for the Café de la Paix; as "A Moment of True Feeling" ends, Keuschnig, his spirits somewhat revived, is striding, hands in pockets, loosely knotted necktie swinging, across the Place de l'Opéra to keep the blind date.

Should we rejoice? Just as a passerby, encountering Keuschnig, is "repelled by the chaos in his face," so we tend to smirk and turn away in the face of a novel so pitiless, of a hero so repulsive and overwrought. It is true, our lives, stripped of their padding of numbness and habit, do appear horrific, flickering, and absurd; then even an innocuous female shopper on the street excites such an internal diatribe as

> In a little while, home in her hideous kitchen, she wouldn't shrink back from pouring nauseatingly golden-yellow oil into a pre-warmed frying pan. That sizzling, so preposterous you want to hold your ears, as she puts a grotesque piece of meat into the pan . . .

But, having survived such visions, to emerge again into the sunny daze of normal ongoing working, loving, and eating, one reads about them a bit as one reads about dreams and fevers. Dostoevski's Underground Man wrote over a century ago, "I swear, gentlemen, that to be too conscious is an illness—a real thoroughgoing illness." But, compared to Keuschnig, the Underground Man is a jolly companion—a keen philosopher and jaunty editorialist. Also, Keuschnig seems not only overwrought but overfamiliar. Handke is the complete child of modernism; Kierkegaard's absurdity, Sartre's nausea

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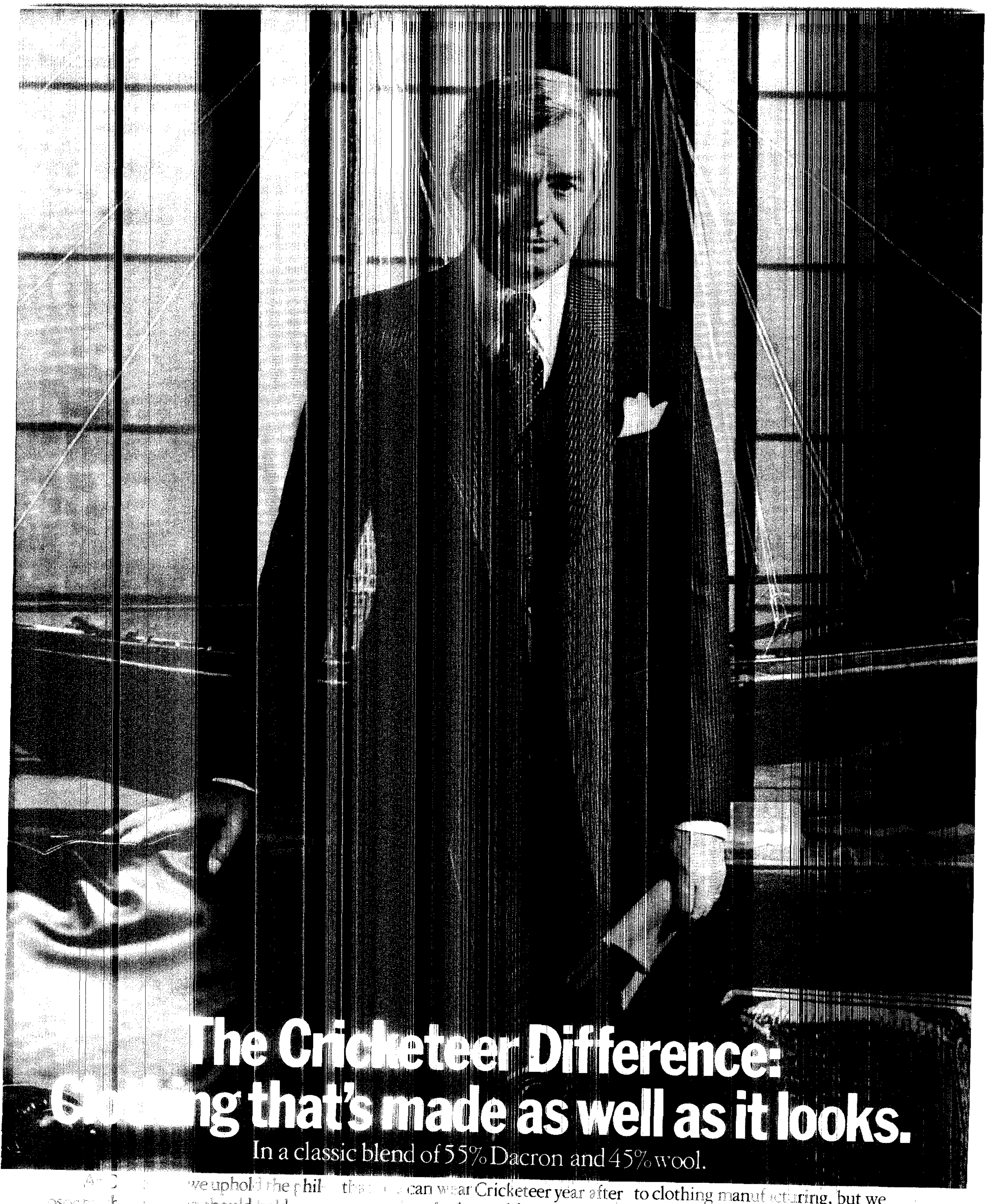

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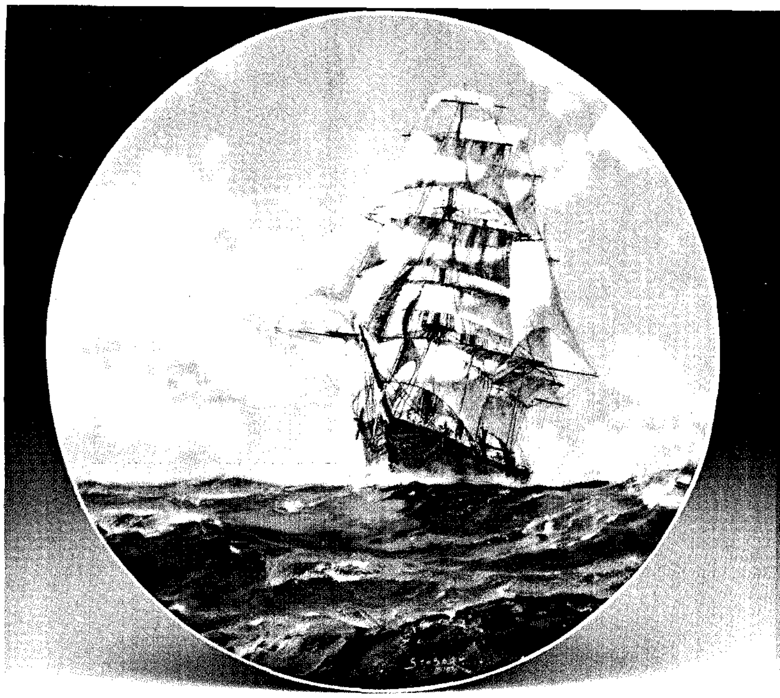

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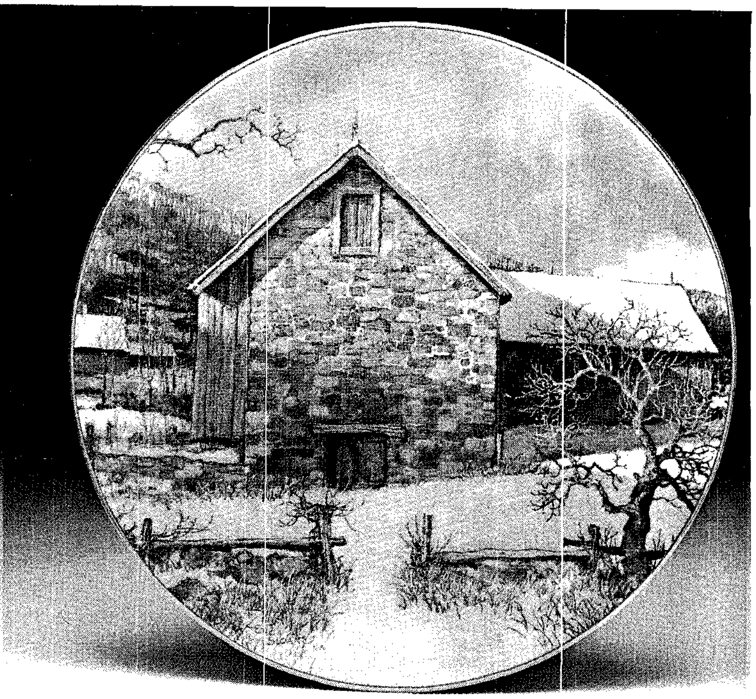

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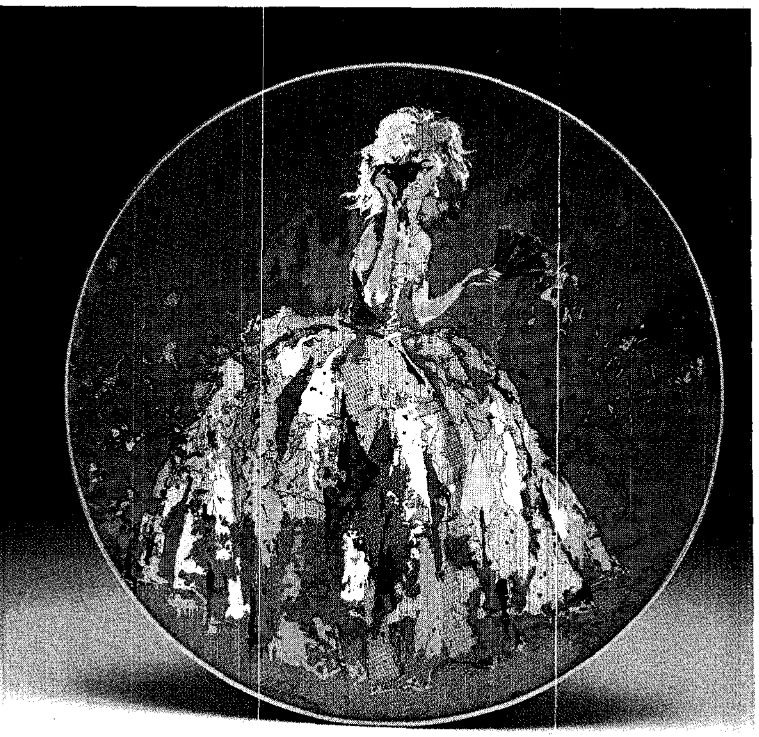

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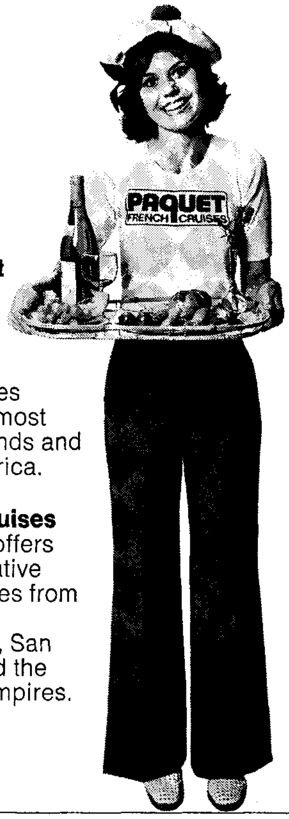
were mother's milk to him. Like Kafka, he has a hero called Gregor who awakes monstrously metamorphosed; like Joyce, he has his hero wander a city street by street; like Robbe-Grillet, he sets down physical details with a flat precision that conveys a menacing emptiness. Also like Robbe-Grillet, he is an abundant theorizer, who has announced that "story" and "invention" have become superfluous, and who in "A Sorrow Beyond Dreams" has described letting "every sentence carry me further away from the inner life of my characters, so as finally, in a liberated and serene holiday mood, to look at them from outside as isolated insects." At his best, Handke is a kind of nature poet, a romantic whose exacerbated nerves cling like pained ivy to the landscape:

> As though the sky now partook of an alien system, it became too high for the high towers of civilization in the foreground of the picture, and against the compact, menacing background the human landscape degenerated into a junkyard. The deep blue with which a time grown plethoric weighed on the world was the essential—the scattered leaflets down below, in which only fear of life or death could beguile him (or anyone else!) to find the slightest meaning, were a secondary, minor factor. Keuschnig saw the sky arching over the Place de la Concorde as something incongruous and hostile, plunging its edges down at the Place.

At his worst, Handke is a despiser of his characters, disdaining to give them coherent actions, on the theory that all human acts are essentially nonsensical; yet he asks us to follow Keuschnig—as a dogged parent follows a sulking child from room to room—and perhaps to share the holiday mood when, at the end, his tantrum exhausted, Keuschnig vows for himself "a more sustained yearning" and crosses the avenue to tryst with a stranger his disgust and terror have not yet contaminated.

REINER KUNZE'S "The Wonderful Years" comes from East Germany, and brings a whole other set of presumptions and grievances, which awakened in the apologetic breast of your reviewer another brand of impatience. Publication of this book in West Germany, it should be stated at the outset, cost the author his passport and his membership in the East German Writers' Union and represented an act of courage of a sort that American writers are not asked to perform. "The Wonderful Years," less a work of fiction than an artful mosaic of autobiographical glimpses, takes its title from Truman Capote, who in "The



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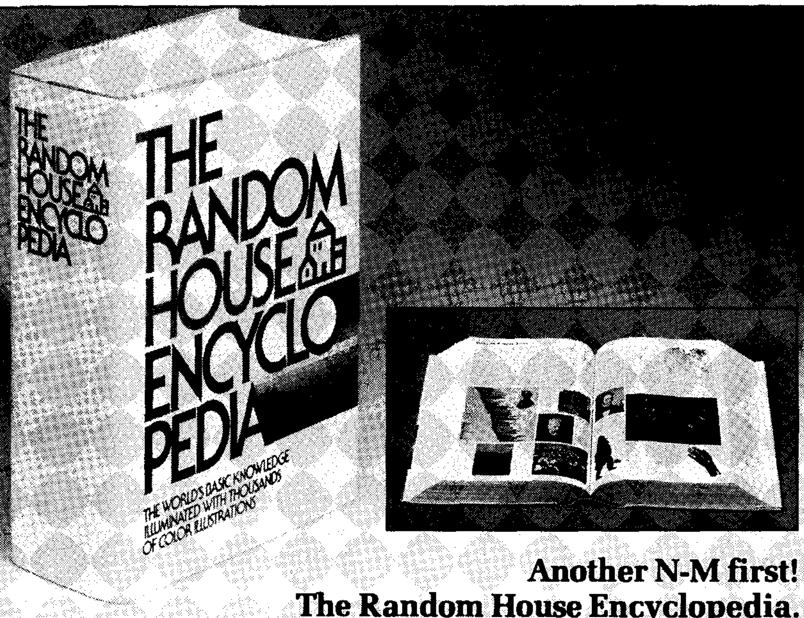
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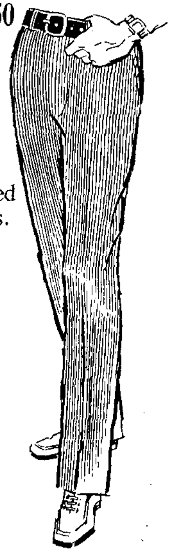

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Grass Harp” wrote, “I was eleven, and then I was sixteen. Though no honors came my way, those were the lovely years.” The unlovely process of growing up in a Communist state is reflected in a series of vignettes based, presumably, upon Mr. Kunze's years as a teacher and his fatherhood of at least one child, a daughter, Marcela, whom he names in an afterword. The youngest children overheard in the book are boys, a six-year-old sticking pins in “enemy” toy soldiers, a seven-year-old with a toy tommy gun and a rather uninstructed reverence for Lenin, a set of nine-year-olds who have the following political discussion with their pastor:

FIRST PUPIL: Americans are enemies.
PASTOR: What about Angela Davis? Didn't you do a wall newspaper on Angela Davis?
FIRST PUPIL: She's not American. She's a Communist.
SECOND PUPIL: No, she's not! She's black.

The dialectic thickens in the section called “Defending an Impossible Metaphor,” wherein the author broods over his teen-aged daughter, whose fondness for jeans and jazz and other Western fads brings her and her peers into frequent conflict with the authorities. “The parents of a student who wore wire-rimmed glasses to school were warned: wire-rimmed glasses are an imperialistic fad, decadence. To prove it, the teacher presented illustrations from a Western magazine showing long-haired males wearing wire-rimmed glasses.” Passing a Japanese postcard around the school is “spreading propaganda for the capitalist system;” sitting on a curb constitutes “beatnik behavior;” championing Pasternak is a classroom scandal; a headband moves a policeman to offer the wearer “a solid feeling of the power of workers and peasants!” These enforcements seem different in degree but not in kind from those that adolescents in this country receive from petty authorities. The elementary school I attended during the Second World War served as a collection center for scrap metal and, in our recess prattle, for a gory xenophobia worse than any childish conversation Mr. Kunze cites; in high school, every day began with Bible readings, the Lord's Prayer, and the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. Our “free way of life” was freely extolled, and some of the teachers, at least, were as militant in their anti-Communism as Mr. Kunze's academic villains are anti-capitalist. The public-school system of any society is bound to be a propagandist for the official values; useful na-

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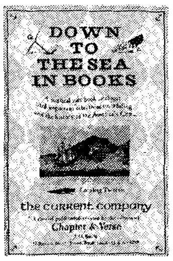

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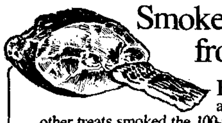

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tional citizens are the system's basic product. These examples of East German "shaping" of the young, though distasteful and as extreme as expulsion—that is, permanent exclusion from the economy's élite—for adolescent dissidence, do not illustrate a purely Communist trait, or a new one; "The Wonderful Years" quotes Goethe saying to Eckermann, "With us, everything pushes toward taming our dear young people early and driving out all nature, all originality and all wildness, so that in the end nothing remains but the Philistine."

From the schooling of children Mr. Kunze proceeds to the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, an act of international discipline by the Soviet headmaster. From an East German standpoint, the event reveals some interesting details: Mr. Kunze's wife, born in Czechoslovakia, had flowers of sympathy anonymously delivered to her; he, when visiting Prague, was denied service in a café because of his country's share in the military intervention; and an East German soldier recounts his confused tour of duty—"Big awakening: 'I thought *they* called *us*?!' " But the drama of disillusion is weak, when one has never shared the illusion; the Western press noisily proclaimed from the start what it has cost Mr. Kunze some pains to realize and great pains to suggest in print. The biases of our own news, unfortunately, so condition us that these brave writers from behind the Iron Curtain appear naïve, with their veiled allegories of trees "who stand upright all their lives" and their poignant wish that some miracle will "sweep away all the lies that satiate the air." Like many reformers, they appear to mistake the intrinsic for the accidental. Why be astounded that a state—the German Democratic Republic—founded by an army of occupation and maintained by a wall should be oppressive and hypocritical? "I am not an enemy of the Republic," Mr. Kunze has stated; "I am an enemy of lies." To his own government, this position appears menacing; to a Western reader, it seems disingenuous.

A parallel might be perceived with Handke's hero. Gregor Keuschnig is not an enemy of freedom, but he hates its daily qualities. " 'I don't believe in God!' he said, meaning nothing." Yet he seems surprised when he presses the old buttons labelled Love and Hope and nothing happens. "It's all over, he thought, I don't love anyone any more." And, a beautiful image: "He stroked the withered skin of her elbow and wanted to howl with hopeless-

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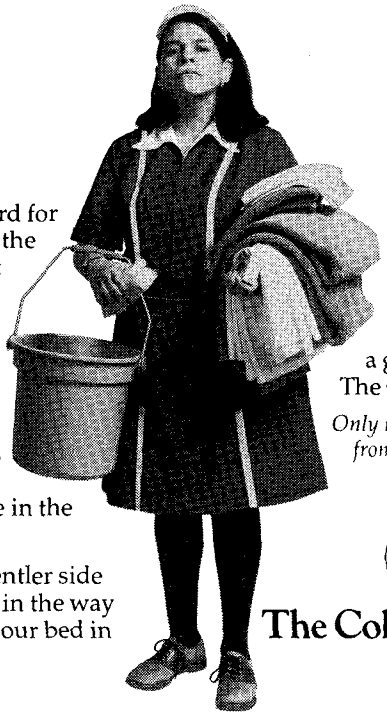

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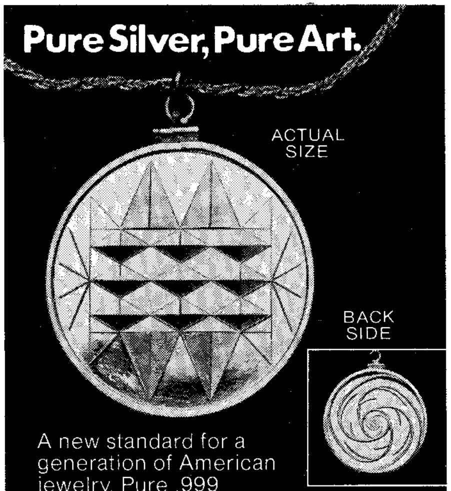
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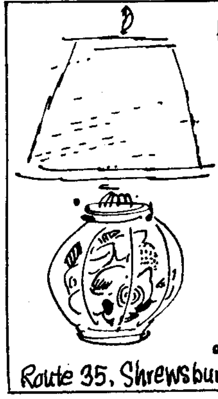
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ness." His howl has something in it of a naïve protest, of a delayed reaction to old news. Handke, for all the modernist writers he has learned lessons from, seems spiritually akin to those fin-de-siècle exquisites, those deliberately decadent self-flagellants in search of the divine, Huysmans and Baron Corvo.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

UNDER MY WINGS EVERYTHING PROSPERS, by Curtis Harnack (Doubleday; $7.95). Six stories and a novella, marked by an accurate ear, good prose, and an intimate sense of American places. The novella is an entertaining tale of two college roommates—a black girl and a white girl—fumbling their way through life despite the not very helpful attentions of a couple of young men. The black girl has volunteered to live in a white dorm, and she finds herself more fully integrated than she expected. The white girl is trying to serve God, and encounters human stumbling blocks in His path. The stories tell of an odd, tall couple that a small town will not leave alone; a suburban father's clumsy attempt to share the life of his nearly grown son; a man's nostalgia for his undergraduate years during the Second World War; a woman haunted by madness and struggling to overcome illness; a professor's memory of one of his own professors, who taught him the ineffectualness of teaching; and a guest's intrusion into the family life of his hosts. Of these pieces, perhaps only the first—about the small-town couple—trades too cheaply on the grotesqueness and surprises that are possible in short fiction.

GENERAL

THE JAPANESE, by Edwin O. Reischauer (Belknap/Harvard; $15). Mr. Reischauer, the noted scholar of Japanese history and our former Ambassador to Japan, has produced a large and useful collection of facts and thoughts about the people that he has studied for the better part of a lifetime. Something about the Japanese—something tribal in the way they think and act, perhaps—seems to lend itself to sociological generalization, and his book, although free from any jargon, shows this bent. Mr. Reischauer finds the Japanese to be, among other things, vigorous and adept borrowers from other cultures who nevertheless have main-

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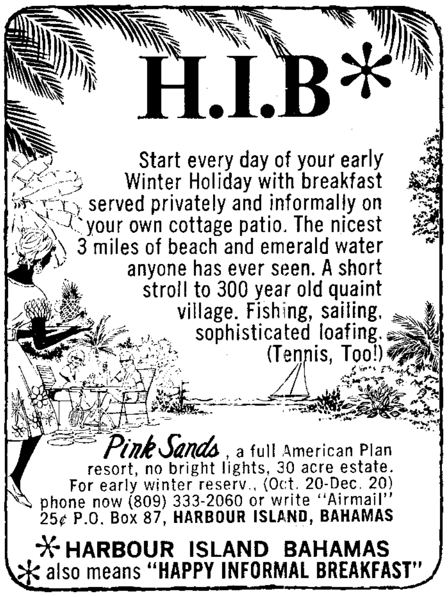
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tained not only an apparently ineradicable identity of their own but—what is quite a different thing—a peculiar sense of "separateness," which tends to cut them off from the other peoples of the world. Thus, although the Japanese written language is half borrowed from abroad, being an amalgam of Chinese characters and Japanese syllabaries, the Japanese are notoriously inept at learning foreign languages. In a self-contained concluding section, Mr. Reischauer argues, in effect, that global circumstances now require the Japanese to revise their national character. He points out that many of the weaknesses of postwar Japan—its vulnerability, as a crowded island nation, to both overpopulation and environmental degradation; its heavy dependence on world trade; and its reliance on the armed forces of other nations, including, especially, the United States—give it a particularly large stake in the creation of a stable world order. "The real front line of defense for Japan," he writes, "is not on any military perimeter. It is the maintenance and healthy growth of international cooperation." His advice to the Japanese is blunt. They must "overcome their sense of separateness" and "show a greater readiness to join the human race."

THE IVANKIAD, by Vladimir Voinovich, translated from the Russian by David Lapeza (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10). Mr. Voinovich is a Russian satirical writer who has protested the trials of Sinyavsky and Daniel, has supported Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov, and has written an open letter to his government criticizing its censorship practices—for which gesture he was denied the right to publish in his own country. Like his novel "The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin," which was published here earlier this year, "The Ivankiad" exposes some of the more flagrant practices of the Soviet bureaucracy. "Chonkin" satirized the Red Army; the present book is the story of the author's struggle to move with his pregnant wife from their one-room apartment into a two-room apartment that he had waited five years for and was in every way entitled to occupy. Pitted against him are: a Party functionary, with connections in the K.G.B., who already has a three-room apartment but wants a fourth room for a new American toilet (he plans to annex

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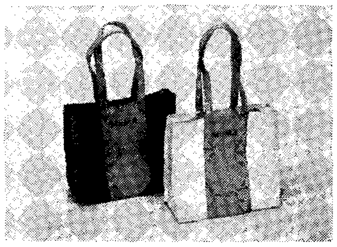

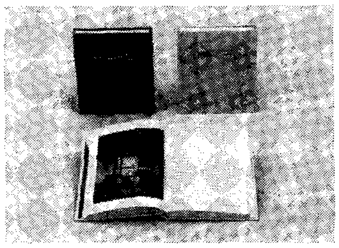

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the empty apartment to his old one); the functionary's many influential friends; and, most of all, according to Mr. Voinovich, his neighbors' fear of the bureaucracy. The story is appalling but (like "Chonkin") good-humored—which makes the fact that Mr. Voinovich has received visits, and even a poisoned cigarette, from the secret police all the more outrageous.

THE DIARIES OF A CABINET MINISTER, VOLUME II: LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL AND LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1966-1968, by Richard Crossman (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $18.95). "My talk with Robert Blake [the modern biographer of Disraeli] on Sunday confirmed . . . that the kind of diary I am now keeping has never been kept before by a British Cabinet Minister," Crossman notes. "My diary is that of a practitioner, not of an observer. That's why it couldn't be more different from Harold Nicolson's or Pepys's." And that is why students of comparative government will be forever indebted to the late author of these copious volumes. In this installment, Crossman, as Leader of the House of Commons, is trying to get the Labour Members of Parliament to work together willingly and sympathetically in support of a Labour Government beset by economic woes and foreign uncertainties. British politics, like our own, is deeply affected by personality, and Crossman's detail makes this very clear. His personal flaws are evident—he is rash in speech but considerate in action, so that he is too much bark and not quite enough bite for political success. And his day-by-day account shows why Harold Wilson, despite a large Parliamentary majority, was not a successful Prime Minister. Crossman, a Wilson loyalist, is not trying to put his chief in a bad light, but the reader notices that Wilson always seems to lack crispness in the exercise of authority.

TERRORISM, by Walter Laqueur (Little, Brown; $15). An intelligent *roundup that tries to confine itself* to what is reliably known. Mr. Laqueur says that the ancients' approbation of tyrannicide, which was taken up by early Christian philosophers, provided a philosophical justification for nineteenth-century terrorists, particularly in Russia. Terrorism has been a here-and-there, off-again-on-again activity since the last century, and has been used by

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partisans both of the right and of the left—though, as far as the author can tell, it has rarely accomplished what it set out to do. Mr. Laqueur finds no common denominator among terrorists except that in the twentieth century terrorist groups have become much richer and far more brutal than they used to be. The author rejects the argument that terror is a response to repression, noting that "wherever . . . repression has been most complete and perfect there has been no terrorism at all."

LEWIS CARROLL, by Derek Hudson (Potter; $12.95). The second edition of a standard biography. With considerable art, Mr. Hudson portrays the Victorian humorist as someone who matured early and yet never outgrew childhood. Conservative and prim in his outward life, Carroll reacted against the grownup imperatives of sense and sobriety and created a world that can still be enjoyed with a childlike innocence. Mr. Hudson is firm in rejecting the type of Freudianism that sees in Carroll's predilection for little girls and his blatant imagery signs of an unhealthy repression; he admits psychoanalytic techniques, but only when they are used with sympathy and understanding. Despite its innocence, Carroll's world had the sharp edges of parody, and Mr. Hudson succeeds admirably in untangling its complexity. The book is illustrated with drawings by Carroll himself, Tenniel, and others, and with photographs by and of Carroll and his contemporaries.

NOTE: A collection of essays by E. B. White has been published by Harper & Row ($12.50) under the forthright title "Essays of E. B. White." Many of them appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

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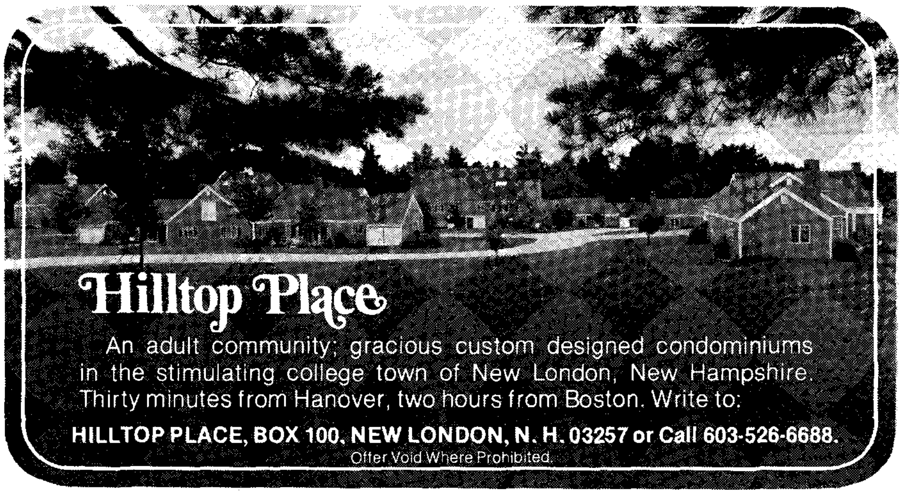

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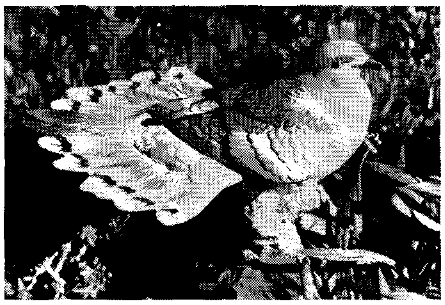

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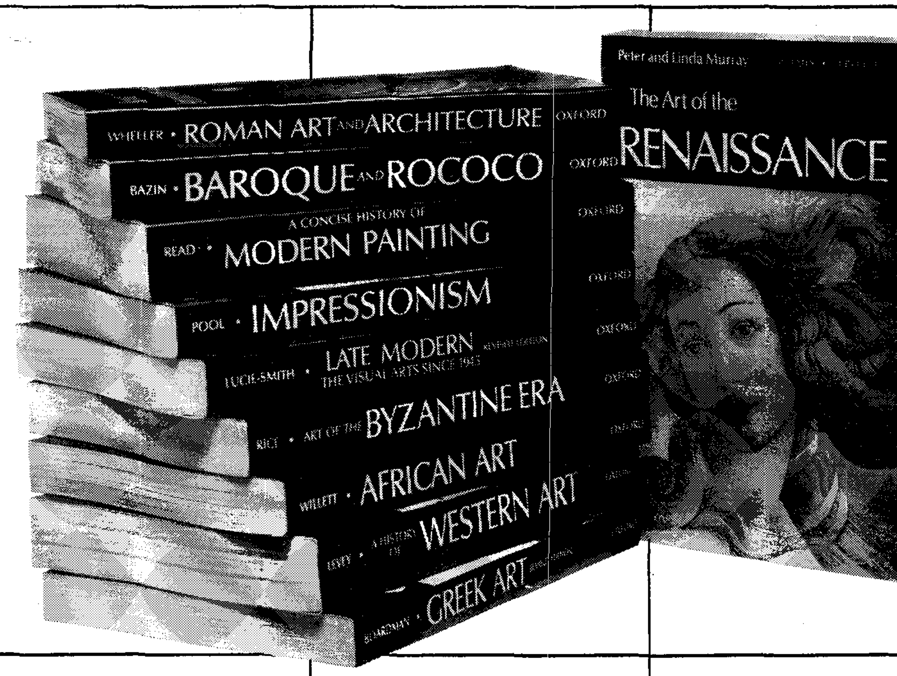
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